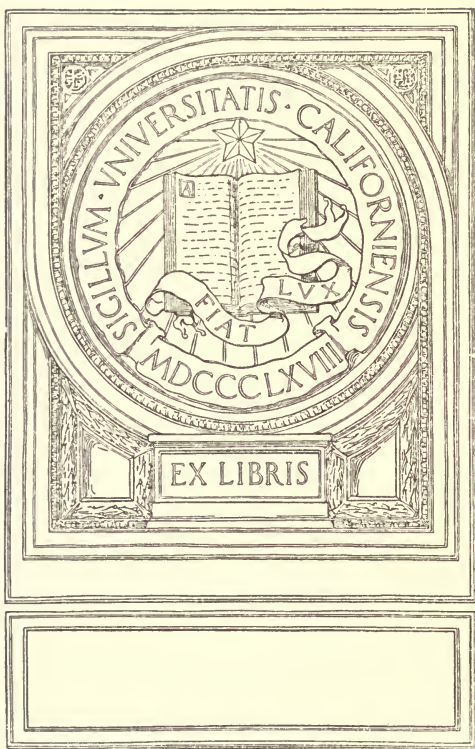


The Journal of Julia Le Grand



New Orleans - 1862 - 1863







JULIA LEGRAND

“She remembers Miss Julia as always in a soft, trailing white gown, full of romantic fancies, and always accompanied by a great dog, the gift of a lover, an absent one, about whom there was some mystery. She is remembered as being very beautiful and graceful, with a suggestion of pensiveness about her, which was no doubt heightened by a childish imagination.” See page 23.

Waitz, Mrs. Julia Ellen LeGrand

THE JOURNAL
OF
JULIA LE GRAND
NEW ORLEANS
1862 - 1863

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Edited by
Kate Mason Rowland
and
Mrs. Morris L. Croxall

RICHMOND:
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TO MR.
ALBERT

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BY KATE MASON ROWLAND AND
MRS. MORRIS L. CROXALL.

TO
EDITH PYE WEEDEN,
THE "LITTLE NIECE" FOR WHOM THE
JOURNAL WAS WRITTEN,
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED
BY THE EDITORS.

M88544

PREFACE

The period, the place, the circumstances of this diary are replete with the romance of the great war that made for the Confederate States of America the glorious name in history which is the rich inheritance of our people today. The story of New Orleans, the proud, the beautiful city, in her thralldom under Butler and Banks, is here interwoven with a family chronicle. But it is not merely a graphic recital of thrilling events. The writer, a lady of rare intellectual powers, of fine attainments, and great beauty of character, suffuses her pages with the charm of her own personality. Now humorous, now pathetic, as she tells of the trials and mortifications to which she and her friends were subjected, she preserves always a certain elevation of thought, a dignity of soul, displaying in the stress and strain of her environment, noble traits of patience, forbearance and charity.

Ardently patriotic, she claimed two States for her allegiance, Maryland and Louisiana, and this volume should appeal especially, therefore, to the Confederates of these two Commonwealths. Though a resident of Louisiana from her girlhood, she was born in "Maryland, my Maryland," and was of Maryland ancestry.

Texas also may lay claim to Julia LeGrand, for here she spent the latter part of her life; here she married and died.

But to all Confederates, wherever found, who love and remember the Cause to which their generous youth was pledged; and to all their descendants, the "Sons" and "Daughters" of the Confederate South, this Journal may be commended.

CONTENTS

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	13
JOURNAL	35

DECEMBER 1, 1861—DECEMBER 31, 1862.

- I. Sending clothes to Claude—Dinner at Mrs. Norton—Sewing for the soldiers—Free market—The LeGrands give a little supper—THE FALL OF NEW ORLEANS—Ladies sign paper praying that the city may not be given up—Mail communication cut off—The Mayor behaves with dignity—Letter to General Shepley—His character described—Letter to Mrs. John Chilton—"Butler and his Brother," poem—Letter to Mrs. Shepherd Brown—"The Ladies' Farewell to Brutal Ferocity Butler," poem—Julia Ann steals money and runs away—Negro snake worship—Rumors of a negro insurrection—Christmas dinner given by ladies to Confederate prisoners..... 35

JANUARY 1—JANUARY 28, 1863.

- II. The Ogden girls—General Shepley and Mrs. Norton—The "gorgeous French"—A young Confederate captain—Harriet steals money—Mrs. Norton's interview with General Banks—Negroes starving in the streets—Funeral of Mr. Payne—Mrs. Davenport and General Butler—Daily encounters between white men and negroes—White men always punished—Registered enemies sent out of the city—Sherman's depredations at Milliken's Bend—Mrs. Waugh—Her beautiful character—Sydney Dameron's birthnight party—Mrs. Richardson and her asylum—A week at Greenville—The Ogdens and Randolphs—Mr. Haines—The Harrisons 61

FEBRUARY 3—FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

- III. An officer's caper—Experiences at the City Hall—Register for passports—Get arrest papers for servants—Get passports, not named, Julia is "Number 46"—Banks, his rudeness and heartlessness—The

Episcopal ministers—Their treatment—Account of Doctor Goodrich and Colonel Strong—Scene of excitement at the church—New paper, the *Era*—Organ of the Yankees, *Bee*, *Picayune*, *The True Delta*, all worthless now—Mary Jane and her delinquencies—General Banks and the planters—Confederate prisoners sent off—Letter describing the scene—Artillery charge the women and children—Women and children detained on a boat all night—Nothing to eat—Mrs. Roselius and her husband—The oath-taking described—Insubordination and demoralization of Federal soldiers—Arrests of citizens and children—Mrs. Dameron 113

MARCH 1—MARCH 15, 1863.

- IV. Mr. Denman, "a Yankee, but a Southern one"—Description of Stafford, negro General—Commands 1,400 negroes below the city—Their depredations in the country—Character of Mr. Randolph—His true chivalry—The Misses Norcum and their fine clothes—Further accounts of the "Levee scene"—Poem, "The Greatest Victory of the War, *La Bataille des Mouchoirs*"—The infamy rests with Colonel French—Sewing cloth to be sent to Confederate soldiers—Wilkinson girls to wear the cloth as skirts—Mrs. Wilkinson and her imprisonment—Five hundred dollars reward offered for discovery of author of "The Battle of the Handkerchiefs"—The Misses Pritchard—Mrs. Wilkinson on parole—Must report each day to Lieutenant Andrews—State pride and love—Kentucky and Maryland—Mrs. Pinkard—Negroes without passes arrested—The Yankee woman at the corner—The Rule of Three—Kate Wilkinson and General Sherman—Federals riding furiously up and down the street—Mrs. Dameron and her children—Colonel Broadwell—A spy story—Passes for servants refused to all who have not taken the oath—These servants to be put to work on fortifications and plantations—Negroes robbed by soldiers—Picture painted in New Orleans, "The Great Massachusetts Hyena"—Judge and Mrs. Montgomery..... 165

MARCH 17—MARCH 30, 1863.

- V. Great distress and confusion among the negroes—Relatives of Farragut refused his protection and would not see him—Mrs. Colonel Pinckney—Doctor Glenn

CONTENTS

9

and Sarah—Arrest of three ladies—Thrown into a room with drunken soldiers—Other outrages detailed—Mrs. Pritchard—Mrs. Stewart's daughters—A prose article on the Levee scene—Colonel Clarke reported wounded—Great regard for him in New Orleans—Ambulances with wounded brought to the city—Letters from Charley Chilton, Mary Lou Harrison and others—Tell of their love affairs—More spy stories—Mrs. Judge Clarke—Account of Mrs. General Valle, U. S. A.—She has a woman arrested for looking at her—Mary deserts her mistress—Carries off Jake—House of Mr. Burnside, an old bachelor, described—Women wear round capes called "Beauregards"—Doctor Fenner, Mr. Dudley, Mrs. Wells—Day of fasting and prayer appointed by President Davis—Observed at Roman Catholic Cathedral—Father Mullen—His fearless replies to Butler—Doctor Stone—Mrs. Miller—The Waugh family—Mrs. Evans—Mrs. Jeansenand—Account of Mrs. Brown's house, and how it was seized—Account of Mrs. J. P. Harrison's house and its occupation—Letter to General Banks asking for articles of value taken—Doctor Palmer—His letter to Mr. Perkins—Mrs. Norton's servant, Mary—Futile effort to get back Jake—Humiliating interview at the City Hall—Insolence of Captain Miller..... 227

MARCH 31—APRIL 8, 1863.

VI. Mary Ogden and her pranks—Shepley employs policemen to listen and report conversations on the cars and in the streets—Houses to be searched in which British officers have been entertained—French and Spanish officers also in sympathy with Confederates—They visit the pretty girls—Mrs. Tutt—She brings discouraging news from the Confederacy—The Mitchell girls—Mrs. Saunders—Weitzel in the city—Mrs. Gilmour and her daughters—The paroled prisoners locked up in the Custom House—Sent off secretly in the night—Lieutenant Musselman—Mrs. Shute refused the privilege of seeing her son—Mattie and Sarah Wells—Betty Neely—Mary Harrison hears from her aunt, Mrs. Riley—Invites the LeGrands to go with them (the Harrisons) to Franklin, Louisiana—Captain Harley—Dick and James Pye—Reminiscences of the Maryland home—A cup of tea and a long chat 293

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

JULIA LEGRAND	Frontispiece
KATE MASON ROWLAND	16
MRS. MORRIS L. CROXALL	24
CLAUDE F. LEGRAND	35
CAPTAIN CHARLES MOALE CROXALL	48
COLONEL CLAUDIUS FRANCIS LEGRAND	64
MOLLIE EMANUEL	80
ELLIN NORTH MOALE	112
R. LEGRAND JOHNSTON	128
MARY JOHNSTON (Mrs. Fielder C. Slingluff)	144
MRS. R. A. WILKINSON	192
MISS EMILY VIRGINIA MASON	240
MRS. THEODORE SHUTE	296

THE JOURNAL OF JULIA LE GRAND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

JULIA LE GRAND (Mrs. Adolf Waitz)

Julia Ellen LeGrand was born at "Portland Manor," Anne Arundel County, Maryland, in 1829. She was the daughter of Claudius F. LeGrand and Anna Maria Croxall. The latter was the only daughter of Captain Charles Croxall and Polly Morris, eldest daughter of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution. The LeGrands were of French origin, coming over to America in 1789, just prior to the French Revolution. Claudius, or Claude François LeGrand and Samuel D. LeGrand were brothers. Judge John Carroll LeGrand, son of Samuel D. LeGrand, was for many years Judge of the Court of Appeals of Maryland. Claude LeGrand was sent to school in Paris, and on his return, according to family tradition, was captured by the English and imprisoned on the ship *Dartmouth*. When released, LeGrand entered the army and

became a colonel in the war of 1812. "Years and years ago," writes R. LeGrand Johnston, the artist, "my mother used to correspond with Tête and Claude LeGrand in France, children of my grandfather's brother, who with him was sent to the Polytechnique, Paris. He remained in France and married there." These three brothers are believed to have been nephews, or great-nephews of General Claude Just Alexander LeGrand, a distinguished officer of the French army under the first Napoleon.

Captain Charles Croxall was one of the ten children of Charles Croxall and Rebecca Moale. Charles Croxall, Jr., was born in Maryland, October 7, 1756, and died at "Portland Manor," November 6, 1831. When a mere youth he entered the Revolutionary Army, as ensign of the 11th Pennsylvania troops; was commissioned lieutenant in 1777, and made captain the day after the battle of Brandywine for bravery in action. He was severely wounded in a later engagement, taken prisoner and confined in one of the infamous prison ships of the British, and was finally exchanged in 1780. Captain Croxall was of an old family of Warwickshire, England, the Croxalls of "Shustoke House," Warwickshire. Richard Croxall, the first of the name in America, married Joanna Carroll, a cousin of the Carrolls "of Carrollton." The Croxalls were Cavaliers dur-

ing the English civil wars, and for many years they cherished a silver medal, as large as a saucer, signed "Charles Rex," as a receipt from Charles I for funds raised by them to provide a troop of horse for the Royal Cause. Captain Croxall was married to Mary Morris, July 26, 1781, and Robert Morris settled upon his daughter and son-in-law the splendid estate of "Belvedere," in Warren County, New Jersey.

The eldest daughter of Anna Maria (Croxall) LeGrand, Matilda, who married Dr. Arel Pye, of Maryland, was born at "Belvedere," and was old enough to attend school before her parents removed from there to "Portland Manor." She often spoke of crossing the ice from the Jersey side to Philadelphia. The second daughter, Mary LeGrand, married Mr. Reuben Johnston, a prominent lawyer of Alexandria, Virginia. The two youngest daughters, Julia and Virginia, were both women of brilliant minds. In a manuscript sketch of Julia LeGrand, by Prof. James Albert Harrison, who as a boy of sixteen knew them both, he writes:

"From their earliest girlhood these two sisters were thrown together in the most intimate way, and grew up with an affection for each other that was as tender as it was beautiful. Both remarkably gifted, one—Julia—distinguished herself by her culture, her extensive reading, her enthusi-

asm for poetry, romance and history, her love for all that was good, pure and great. A singular grace accompanied all she said and did, and her striking conversational powers were the delight and pride of all her friends, for she threw into her talk a rich inspiration, a delicate and playful wit, a generous ardor in defence of the absent and helpless, and a large fund of unobtrusive knowledge and experience, that very few men possess. In her correspondence there was an ease and spontaneity rarely found in the letters of literary women, and it was early gathered from these that Miss LeGrand bade fair to distinguish herself in literature some day."

Besides the four sisters, Matilda, Mary, Julia and Virginia, there were two sons, Washington and Claude LeGrand. In the early thirties, Colonel LeGrand sold his estate in Maryland and emigrated to Louisiana, where he settled at Young's Point, or Millican's Bend, on the banks of the Mississippi. While making preparations to establish his family in their new home, his wife moved to Alexandria, Virginia, for the educational advantages it afforded, and here Mary LeGrand met her fate. A letter from Colonel LeGrand written in 1836 to his brother-in-law, Thomas Croxall, gives an interesting picture of conditions in the Southern country at that time. Thomas Croxall was the grandfather of Morris



KATE MASON ROWLAND

Corresponding Secretary U. P. C., 1896

LeGrand Croxall, of Washington, D. C., and the latter's middle name bears witness to the affectionate intimacy between the two families.

MARYLAND BEND,
Near Tuscumbia, Louisiana,
April 9th, 1836.

Dear Thomas:

I am at last fixed in this State after examining a great part of the interior of Mississippi and this State. I finally have located myself on the margin of this noble river. I found the lands of the interior much cheaper than those I have bought, but of a quality that must in a few years become sterile, while those on the borders of the river, which are entirely made of its overflowing, can never be exhausted. I have also noticed the great expense to which the inland planter is at to get his crop to the river, to ship it from there to New Orleans, the common market for all our cotton. Most of the interior lands are more broken than the hills you sold R. Garner; the river lands are perfectly level. Those who live some thirty or fifty miles from the river have to pay from four to six dollars for every bale they send to a shipping port; those on the river can avoid expense. Our gin houses are mostly from fifty to a hundred yards from the river and they can roll all their cotton on board the steamboats that carry it to New Orleans without any other cost than that received by the boat which is \$1 per bale. Lands on the river are now becoming very scarce; planters are daily more sensible of

their real value, and many tracts have been sold for \$100 per acre, while the lands in the interior seldom sell for more than from \$12 to \$20 per acre. These dwellings in this new country are very fine; but on the other hand it is no uncommon thing to see a planter who makes from 600 to 1,000 bales of cotton, live in a house so open that he could not by shutting the door keep a dog out. They laugh at you if you say anything about the uncomfortable way in which they live, and point with pride to the fields which bring them in this yearly fortune.

The tract which I bought contains 1,320 acres, costing me \$52,800, or \$40 per acre. It has forty acres of what is called cleared land; that is to say, the cane and the undergrowth all cut out, but the large trees still standing, but have been doomed for some years. We are now planting and shall continue to plant until we plant 300 acres of cotton; we have planted our cane some time ago. If we succeed in our crop and the price remains at what it now is, our crop will be worth all I got for Portland Manor. I can not say I am sorry I came here, because I am sure I can do much more for my family than I ever could have done in Maryland. I have had my health very well since I came here; but while at Vicksburg and during my absence in search of land, I lost my poor Nancy. Her loss is severely felt by me, for she was the best of all my slaves. I have also lost some of the infant children from smallpox; my trials in this respect have been very great, and enough to almost make me wish I had never come. My people are now very hearty, and are

much pleased with their situation; living on the river banks, they have many advantages they could not have in the interior. I give them the privilege of chopping as much wood as they please, which they sell from the landing to the steamboats that pass daily, at three dollars a cord. Last year the owner of this place sold \$3,000 worth of wood to the steamboats. I have not had time to enter into that part of the business yet, but shall do so next year.

Coming down the river I visited many of the States that border on this great river, which nearly all our Western States do. On my return I shall go by the way of Nashville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Wheeling and Pittsburgh, and will be more able to give you an account of them when I see you next summer. I think I shall leave here in May after my cotton is scooped out. I am anxious to see my dear little family, from whom I have been separated now for nearly eight months. I hear frequently from them, and the only thing they complain of is my long absence and the very cold winter. The winters here are very mild; but few days have been this season that you could not sit before your door even with your coat off. The sun now is as warm as any time in June, and makes me think of making my escape to the East. My John does not live with me on the plantation; he was desirous of living at Vicksburg. He lives there at the first hotel. I get twenty-five dollars per month for him and he makes nearly as much for himself. I could get thirty dollars for his services, but the other tavern is not so genteel. Many very

splendid fortunes have been made here the past three years and many can be made by buying wild lands, clearing them and selling them that cost but \$2.50 an acre for \$20 or \$30. This is done daily. My former neighbor, John Weems, went to New Orleans about a month ago to close the purchase of a place for which he was to give \$30,000. This sounds big to the ears of a Maryland tobacco planter, but here it is not considered anything. Several places and negroes have been sold since I came here for upwards of \$300,000. I was offered one some months past, for which they only asked \$500,000, and this was considered cheap at that. Anything under an hundred thousand dollars scarcely takes the attention of a Mississippi cotton planter. I go on a slower, though perhaps not more sure plan than they do, for where the means is adequate to the purchaser, it is quite as easy to pay the one as the other.

Vicksburg is a flourishing town, and though not nearly as old as Natchez, from its local situation, as it is by a fine, rich country, it will soon leave her in the background. I paid a visit to the great city of New Orleans, and was really more than surprised at its growing wealth; more than I expected to be. It is destined to be the greatest city in the Union, and when the lands on the Mississippi, Ohio, Miami, and the many hundred rivers that empty into the Mississippi and carry their produce to New Orleans are cultivated, its ports, though spacious, will not be half large enough to hold the foreign vessels that will be necessary to carry the productions of this great Western country from this Queen of the South.

The levee, or wharf, at New Orleans, is now upwards of four miles long, and the shipping are moored all the way along it from six to eight deep. Vessels from every country. I really had no conception of this town until I saw it; the facility of doing business in this country must always induce strangers to settle here in preference to in our cold-hearted towns of the North. It is much easier to get a loan of from twenty to thirty thousand dollars without any security than your word than it would be to get five thousand on a mortgage on the best property in Maryland from the cold-hearted Marylanders; such a State as this and Mississippi can not help but make their inhabitants wealthy.

Remember me kindly to all the family, and believe me, with the most esteem,

Yours, etc.,

CLAUDIUS F. LEGRAND.

If you should write to me, direct to Vicksburg, Miss. The mail is much more certain.

A patriarchal scene is here before us of the old Southern plantation life, where the well-cared-for slaves were as much a part of the family as the children, and were affectionately known to their master as his "people." It was a long journey in those days from Maryland to Louisiana, and a serious undertaking, the transportation of servants and household effects from the Potomac to the Mississippi. "The new life," for the emigrant family, writes Mrs. Weeden, Julia

LeGrand's niece, was "full of vicissitudes, of struggles with the wilderness, the land often overflowed by the mighty currents of the river, held at bay only by the levees. Then there was the loss of household treasures, plate, pictures and furniture by the sinking or burning of a steamboat; fluctuations in the price of cotton, heavy and severe expenses in its cultivation; the unknown diseases of a new country, with many privations all casting a gloom over the once happy household, and greatly reducing its finances."

But a brighter picture of the LeGrands in their Louisiana home comes to us through the recollections of R. LeGrand Johnston, who visited them as a boy in the fifties: "In the opera season in New Orleans, Colonel LeGrand, with his daughters and a train of servants, would go to the St. Charles Hotel and stay until it was over. In the summers, Julia and Virginia, with their maids, their luggage piled high on wagons, would go to the Springs in Virginia." We have also the delightful reminiscences of Mrs. C. W. Frazer, of Memphis, Tennessee, contributed by her daughter, the authoress, Virginia Frazer Boyle. She writes: "When we were children there was nothing which charmed us more than my mother's stories of Miss Julia LeGrand. When my mother was about twelve or thirteen years old, my grandfather, Col. H. R. Austin, owned the Mississippi

Springs in Hinds County, where his family spent a great deal of time, and about that time old Colonel LeGrand exchanged plantations with an uncle of my mother, William P. Stone, which brought the LeGrands upon the place next to the Springs. My mother was at a most impressionable age, and as Miss Julia took a great fancy to her, she became the heroine of her childhood, which no one ever displaced. She remembers Miss Julia as always in a soft, trailing white gown, full of romantic fancies, and always accompanied by a great dog, the gift of a lover, an absent one, about whom there was some mystery. She is remembered as being very beautiful and graceful, with a suggestion of pensiveness about her, which was no doubt heightened by a childish imagination." Mrs. Frazer says that "the whole family were most interesting and romantic. Miss Julia played very beautifully upon an old harp which had a history, and Colonel LeGrand, the father, played on a tiny Spanish guitar which he had picked up in his travels. They had had immense wealth, but were still considered rich, though they had lost a great deal, and by comparison they believed themselves quite poor and tried to economize, or thought they did. Through mismanagement later, after the death of their parents, they really lost everything and Miss Virginia and Miss Julia opened a select school for girls in New Orleans."

Julia LeGrand was engaged in early youth to a charming and brilliant young man, Charles Theodore Horlon, of Vicksburg, Miss. He served on the staff of General Taylor in the Mexican War and received honorable mention for gallantry. As he was poor, the marriage was postponed until the lover could realize his plan of securing a competence through some speculation in Mexican lands. He went to Mexico with a party for this purpose, and letters to his betrothed are preserved, telling of the successive stages of the expedition. Finally he came to a point where he left the wagons and went forward on horseback beyond reach of communication by mail. He never returned, nor were any of the party heard from again. It was supposed they were murdered by hostile Indians. Under the name of "Guy Fontenoy," he was made the hero of an unpublished novel by Julia LeGrand.

Both the sisters, Julia and Virginia, were great admirers of Edgar Allan Poe, and their devotion to the poet inspired them with an ardent interest in Mrs. Virginia Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law. They corresponded with her and offered her a home in their family. But Mrs. Clemm was not willing to go so far South. Then Julia LeGrand induced her sister, Mrs. Reuben Johnston, to invite Mrs. Clemm to her house in Alexandria, Virginia. And in this way Mrs. Clemm was received into the Johnston home, where she was affection-



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MRS. MORRIS L. CROXALL

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE CHAMBERS,
ALBANY, JANUARY 12, 1909.

ately known as "Muddie Clemm" by the children of the family, and where she remained until the breaking out of the war between the States.

Upon the formation of the Southern Confederacy, and the consequent hostilities, Claude LeGrande, who was living in Texas, joined the Confederate Army from that State, and made for himself a most honorable record. Two letters of his to his sisters, Julia and Virginia, written from the Virginia battlefields, are here given:

Thursday, May 30th, 1861.

Dearest Sisters:

If this reaches you be satisfied of my continued health and safety. I wish I could get such an assurance of yours. A man leaves today who will try and get through. I am happy now in my profession, and do not wish to come back except to see you all. God grant the rascals will not molest you, if you are still in the city. We have had no mails from the army for a long while, which is the reason I have not written. Some few letters have come to the camp by indirect means. I trust you are still with Mrs. Chilton, in Madison. I write in haste and have only time to say that General Jackson has driven the enemy back to Harper's Ferry, and that our brigade, regiment and company have done their share. We have been highly complimented. Our brigade loss has been considerable in killed and wounded, but not very great considering that we followed and fought

every now and then for three days. One man, Jennings, was killed from our company. I wish to God you had gone to Texas in time. I have written to Mrs. Chilton and Mrs. Smith to find out where you are. If we have any kin in Baltimore, please let me know their names and conditions, and get me any polite letters there or elsewhere you can; no one knows where the fortunes of war may soon take us. We are on the eve of breaking camp, so I must quit. Do go to Texas as soon as you can.

Your very uneasy brother,
CLAUDE.

July, Tuesday 24th, 1861.

At the Battle-ground near Bull Run.

Dear Sisters:

We have had so many small marches and large fights lately that I have had no time to write, and because we left everything but blankets and provisions when we set out to meet the enemy last week—paper among the rest—I borrow this, and am fortunate in doing so. Last Tuesday, the 18th, we, the 7th regiment, hurried up to the aid of the 1st Virginia and some other regiments who were defending Blackford's Ford, on Bull's Creek. We went in under a heavy fire of musketry, but we were in some measure protected by trees and the overshooting of the enemy. Colonel Hays considered the fire there very heavy. On Sunday the enemy attacked the whole line guarded by our troops, but at this point, Stony Bridge, the main

battle was fought. Our regiment was entrenched where the first battle was fought that morning at the Ford, but gave up the situation to some others, and we were held as a reserve. We were kept marching around, with an occasional bombshot falling about us and taking off a few of our regiment, for I suppose about five hours; then we came here too fast by a long deal for comfort, and arrived almost exhausted, but still, from all accounts, our approach decided the affair, and we were not in the fire of the enemy more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before they retired. I cannot give particulars; you will get them from the papers, and I wish you would send brother and sister an account of same.

I have heard many a ball sing its death-note since I saw you, but am as well as ever I was, and honorably so, too. The day after the battle I was in search of water, and strayed over the battle-field; it was wet and foggy, and it did not take me as long to get lost as it did to find my way back to camp again. One of my messmates went to the Colonel and told him that I was long gone, whereupon the Colonel paid me the compliment to be uneasy and to say he would willingly send the whole regiment to my rescue if the enemy had me, adding, that the first day he saw me he knew that I was to be depended upon. I had given the Colonel a cup of coffee that morning; there was almost none in camp, and perhaps that attention and my coming from West Texas helped me to get the compliment. I tell the anecdote to you, knowing that it will please you, as it did me.

Direct to the same place to be forwarded. I

have not drawn the money yet. Some of the company fell back, but your brother was not among the number.

CLAUDE.

My position here is much to my satisfaction; the snobs are becoming modest. Colonel Hays' saying he would turn out the regiment for me was of course only a compliment, but I think he likes me. I would not be anywhere else for anything. Write to Texas for me; our things have not come up yet, so I can not write for myself.

About ten days after this last letter was written Claude LeGrand was shot in the right arm, near the shoulder, at the battle of Port Republic, in the Shenandoah Valley. "After he was wounded, without paying any attention to his own hurt," writes his niece, Mrs. Weeden, "he assisted in putting others of the wounded into wagons. In helping lift a heavy man his superior officer reproached him for seeming lack of energy. LeGrand replied that he was doing the best he could, as he could not use his right arm. On examination the officer was overcome with sympathy, and told him that he should have been one of the first to receive attention and assisted LeGrand into the wagon himself. He was then jolted over a rough road to Charlottesville, with only straw for a bed and but a bucket of water by his side as dressing for the cruel wound. There he lay in a barn for three days

without attention, with the result his arm had to be amputated at the shoulder. He gave great promise as a sculptor, and it can easily be seen what the loss of his right arm meant to him." Fortunately, there was nursing at the Charlottesville hospitals at this time a friend of Claude LeGrand's sister, Mrs. Johnston. This was Miss Emily Virginia Mason. She at length discovered young LeGrand among the crowd of wounded men, and nursed him carefully, sending tidings of him to the distracted brother and sisters, who had been for a long time without news of him.

The year 1861 found Julia and Virginia LeGrand living in New Orleans, keeping house together in a small cottage, on Prytania Street, "where I often took tea with them," writes Mrs. Pierce Butler, the "Mary Lou Harrison" of the JOURNAL; and Mrs. Butler adds: "I can never forget Miss Julia and Miss Virginia LeGrand, for they are associated with that time in one's life which one always remembers, and all the glamour of youth and happiness is thrown over the recollections. Both these ladies were intellectual and cultured, thoroughly unworldly and unselfish. Both were full of romantic enthusiasms and high ideals, but Miss Julia possessed peculiar charms. Her reverses and sorrows only broadened and deepened and sweetened her lovely nature. They were very fond of me, and I passed many happy

hours with them.” The quiet, cultured little home of the two sisters was broken up by the fall of New Orleans, and they closed their house and went—for mutual safety and protection—to the home of Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Butler’s grandmother. “My family,” says Mrs. Butler, “left New Orleans immediately after the fall of the city, leaving behind my grandmother, Mrs. Norton, and two aunts, Mrs. Shepherd Brown and Mrs. William N. Dameron. We went to an old plantation home near Clinton, Mississippi, the home of my third aunt, Mrs. John Marshall Chilton, who was the particular friend of the Misses LeGrand.” After their troubled and forced sojourn in the captured city, now become their prison, a part of which period is covered by the JOURNAL, the sisters, unable to rejoin their Texas relatives, went first to Jackson, Mississippi, and then to “Nortonia,” the home of Mrs. Chilton. “My aunts,” writes Mrs. Weeden, “had gotten as far as Mrs. Chilton’s when Vicksburg fell, and they had some hairbreadth escapes from straying bands of depredating Yankees and negroes. While Mrs. Chilton had gone to Vicksburg to bring her sons home (they had been besieged in the army there and were paroled after the surrender), a band of negroes and soldiers came to the front door, threw down their guns with a loud bang on the gallery floor, and asked for admission. Aunties, with the little ones of

the family in their little night clothes, opened the door and held parley with the enemy. After some insolent and threatening behavior, the marauders held conference with each other, and then told the ladies it *had* been their intention to 'pick them as clean as birds and then burn the house,' but the sight of the little ones aroused from sleep made them think better of it." Mrs. Butler narrates of their further adventures that "they accompanied Mrs. Chilton and her family across country, camping out, to where we [the Harrisons] had taken refuge, Newnan, Georgia, and lived with my aunt, Mrs. Brown, who had followed us out of New Orleans. Of course, we were all like one big family, and saw each other daily. After the battle of Chickamauga, we fell back to Thomasville, Georgia, which is just eighteen miles from the Florida line. The Browns and LeGrands went with us and lived in our home. I can not now recall the date of the departure from our midst of our dear friends, the LeGrands. I know they were always hoping and planning eagerly to join their sister in Texas, Mrs. Pye. I can vaguely recall their brother, Claude, coming for them, and how sorry we were to have them go, especially upon such an uncertain journey. We knew they must suffer many hardships before reaching their destination, and both were so delicate. I never saw them again, but had letters quite often from Miss Ju-

lia. Their family had suffered much, so these beautiful letters were very sad, being full of the wreckage of war." The maimed brother, Claude, says Mrs. Weeden, "drove all the way from Texas with his one arm a team of mules attached to an open wagon for his sisters. They followed in the wake of Joe Johnston's army through Georgia and Alabama, nursing and ministering to the sick and wounded, until they reached Tampa. From there they were sent on a Federal transport across the Gulf to Galveston, where they became again a united family with those there they loved so well."

Julia LeGrand was married in Galveston, Texas, May, 1867, to Mr. Adolph Waitz, of Germany, "a gentleman of fine abilities and attainments." Virginia LeGrand died suddenly in 1875, in escaping from one of the great Galveston floods. Mrs. Waitz survived her husband several years, continuing to live in Galveston, where she died in the early part of January, 1881.

Mrs. Waitz never published anything, but she left in manuscript two novels, besides the portion of her war JOURNAL here given. Of her gifted aunt's literary works, her niece, Mrs. Weeden, says: "In her happy girlhood Mrs. Waitz had written, purely for her own pleasure, a novel which is a vivid picture of the life of

Southern people in those days. [It is called 'Our Neighborhood,' and is dedicated to Prof. James Albert Harrison.] After her marriage, Mrs. Waitz wrote another novel, dealing with the dreadful days following the close of the war. The fragment of her diary now offered to the public, owes its preservation to chance. This diary, which extended from the beginning of the war until the surrender of General Lee, had been written for a little niece [Mrs. Edith Pye Weeden], and Julia, fearing their baggage might be searched on their journeyings, destroyed it, as she thought. The portion preserved was hidden among the leaves of an old novel she had been reading aloud to her friends during the long and tedious evenings of their forced marches."



CLAUDE F. LEGRAND

Member 7th Louisiana Regiment Infantry "Crescent
Rifles," and member Harry Hays Rifles

Brother of Julia LeGrand

I.

DECEMBER 1, 1861—DECEMBER 31, 1862.

THE JOURNAL

*December 1st, 1861,
New Orleans.*

Just completed another bundle of clothes for poor Claude, which we hope will reach him before Christmas, the other bundle having failed to reach him. Mrs. Brown (Mrs. Shepherd) went with me to Lyon's to choose his coats and gloves. We have roasted some coffee and made some cake, which we have stuffed in his pillow. I wonder how long the poor boy's head will lie peacefully on the latter. We have cut up our flannel double-gowns to make him shirts, as everything is so dreadfully high these blockade times. I have longed for money that I might send him many things to gladden both, his heart and those of his comrades, in their darksome little log huts at Manchac. We have done what we could, but have been cut off from further supplies, and have the troublesome spirit of proud people who will exist on a crust rather than ask help. I believe our friends would love us better if we were less

proud. Went in Mrs. Brown's carriage to the confectioner's to-day for Claude's cake—got out of sick bed to do so—called for Mrs. Brown, who went with us to the Southern Express office. There is a kind old man in there whom I love to hear speak of "Our Soldiers." He refuses all freight except what is sent to our poor boys; he promises Claude shall have his things before Christmas. My heart turns so lovingly to our poor brother—shall I ever see him again? Will he die in battle, or will this wretched cough that keeps me awake at night and makes me feel so worn and weak in the morning, kill me before he can return a victorious soldier?

Christmas Day. Had a kind note from Mrs. Brown begging us to come to dinner. Low-spirited; did not go.

New Year's [1862]. Took dinner with Mrs. Norton. Miss Betty Callender and Doctor Richardson the only strangers present. Mrs. Chilton keeping us all alive. Dr. R. has some machine on hand with which he intends to blow up Federal rebels. It is highly approved by all who have seen it. In the evening, Edmund (or Edward) Harrison, whom they all call "Duck," came in. He has lately returned from Europe; he was studying at Bonn, but our Southern troubles have brought him home. He is a quiet, modest young man; though his father is so rich, he is retiring

in dress and deportment and seems to have no desire beyond a quiet room and a book. He does not represent the idea of "young America" in the least. He is in love, I think, with his pretty cousin, S. C., who is altogether unsuited to him, being fond of admiration and the world generally.

Lizzie Ogden, speaking of her brother Billy, now in the Confederate States Army as lieutenant, says, that as an officer, he has been let into the secret of Beauregard's plans, which he, Billy, thinks excellent—said brother not being twenty. The mingled pride and simplicity of this speech made me laugh—in my sleeve—though I would not hurt Lizzie's feelings for the world.

Everybody sending blankets to our soldiers. We have sent all of ours except two thin ones. Mrs. Chilton and I go to the Ladies' Sewing Society and bring home bundles of work to do for the soldiers.

Free market kept up by contribution. Planters all over the county send in to support it. The poor, it seems, are quite fastidious; some scenes in the free market are quite ludicrous. Some of the women, if told they cannot gratify some particular taste, refuse all that is offered; for instance, one became angry a few days ago because presented with black tea instead of green, and another finding no coffee turned up her nose at all the other comfortable items which the market

contains. Some women, they say, curse their benefactors heartily when disappointed. Coffee they had at first, but blockade times have changed this once familiar berry into something resembling gold beads. Cleopatra, with her pearls, was scarcely more "wastefully given" than a coffee drinker in these days. Strange to say, I have not relished it for years until now. I have not parted with my tea yet, though I dole it out somewhat less lavishly than in old times when tea caddies were as "plenty as blackberries," rather more so in New Orleans.

Mrs. Chilton, going up to Hinds County, begs us to go with her, but there is something in our own little home which we cannot give up. We are so lonely-hearted, so wasted by early afflictions; anxious, nervous years and desolating losses, that we have nothing of feeling or interest to interchange with any, even those we approve.

X Gave Mrs. Chilton a little supper the very night before she left. Mrs. Montgomery without the Judge (no gentlemen invited), Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Parham, Sarah C., Mary Lou Harrison and Mrs. Dameron were the guests. Mr. Dameron came, not knowing gentlemen were interdicted. Charley Chilton came in after awhile, and Mr. Parham sent word that it was very unkind to admit but one of the "Confederate Guards." Amused Mrs. Montgomery and several others

with a trick with a key and a book which told the fortune accurately of everyone present. If I had found the philosopher's stone, it could not have given more general satisfaction, I believe. Wanted to keep Mrs. Chilton for a good-bye late talk, but Mrs. Norton hurried her off.

New Orleans, May 9th [1862]. It has been long since we heard from our dear brother, for the letters I sent to his last encampment must have failed to reach him, and of late have had no means of communicating with him. I would have told him of events which have come to pass in this city at the time of their passing, but I have been too excited to take orderly note of anything. Before he sees this, if ever he does, he will have heard of the surrender of the city. A pitiful affair it has been. In the first place, Lovell, a most worthless creature, was sent here by Davis to superintend the defense of this city. He did little or nothing and the little he did was all wrong. Duncan, the really gallant defender of Fort Jackson, could get nothing that he needed, though he continually applied to Lovell. Only a few guns at the fort worked at all, but these were gallantly used for the defense of the city. The fort is uninjured and could have held out till our great ram, the *Mississippi*, was finished, but a traitor sent word to the commander of the Federal fleet to hasten, which he did, and our big gun, our only hope, was

burned before our eyes to prevent her from falling into Federal hands. First and last then, this city, the most important one in the Confederacy, has fallen, and Yankee troops are drilling and parading in our streets. Poor New Orleans! What has become of all your promised greatness! In looking through an old trunk, I came across a letter of my father to my Uncle Thomas, in which, as far back as 1836, he prophesied a noble future for you. What would he say now to see you dismantled and lying low under the heel of the invader! I am going to write this letter of my father's here in my journal. [See Letter, p. 17.]

Behold, what has now come to the city! Never can I forget the day that the alarm bell rang. I never felt so hopeless and forsaken. The wretched generals, left here with our troops, ran away and left them. Lovell knew not what to do; some say he was intoxicated, some say frightened. Of course the greatest confusion prevailed, and every hour, indeed almost every moment, brought its dreadful rumor. After it was known that the gunboats had actually passed, the whole city, both camp and street, was a scene of wild confusion. *The women only* did not seem afraid. They were all in favor of resistance, *no matter how hopeless* that resistance might be. The second day matters wore a more favorable aspect, and the Mayor and the City Council assumed a dignified position to-

ward the enemy. Flag Officer Farragut demanded the unconditional surrender of the town. He was told that as brute force, and brute force only, gave him the power that he might come and take it. He then demanded that we, with our own hands, pull down the flag of Louisiana. This I am happy to say, was refused. Four days we waited, expecting to be shelled, but he concluded to waive the point; so he marched in his marines with two cannons and our flag was taken down and the old stars and stripes lifted in a dead silence. We made a great mistake here; we should have shot the man that brought down the flag, and as long as there was a house-top in the city left, it should have been hoisted. The French and English lay in the Gulf and a French frigate came up the river to protect French subjects.

Farragut allowed the women and children but forty-eight hours to leave the city, but the foreign consuls demanded a much longer time to move the people of their respective nations. If we had been staunch and dared them to shell, the Confederacy would have been saved. The brutal threat would never have been carried out, for England and France would never have allowed it. The delay would have enabled us to finish our boat, and besides a resistance would have showed the enemy and foreign nations, too, what stuff we were made of and how very much we were in earnest. I

never wished anything so much in my life as for resistance here. I felt no fear—only excitement. The ladies of the town signed a paper, praying that it should never be given up. We went down to put our names on the list, and met the marines marching up to the City Hall with their cannon in front of them. The blood boiled in my veins—I felt no fear—only anger. I forgot myself and called out several times: “Gentlemen, don’t let the State Flag come down,” and, “Oh, how can you men stand it?” Mrs. Norton was afraid of me, I believe, for she hurried me off. I have forgotten to mention—at first, the Germans at the fort mutinied and turned their guns on their officers. In the first place, several gunboats had passed the fort at night because a traitor had failed to give the signal. He was tried and shot, and Duncan telegraphed to the city that no more should pass—then came a report that the Yankee vessels were out of powder and coal and they could not get back to their transports which they had expected to follow them. We were quite jubilant at the idea of keeping them in a sort of imprisonment, and this we could have done but for the German mutineers. The wives of these men were allowed to visit the fort, and they represented the uselessness of the struggle, because the city had already surrendered. They were told, too, that Duncan intended to blow up the

fort over their heads rather than surrender. So they spiked their cannon and threatened the lives of their officers and then the Yankee fleet poured up. These people have complimented us highly. To quell a small "rebellion," they have made preparations enough to conquer a world. This is a most cowardly struggle—these people can do nothing without gunboats. Beauregard in Tennessee can get no battle from them where they are protected by these huge block steamers. These passive instruments do their fighting for them. It is at best a dastardly way to fight. We should have had gunboats if the Government had been efficient, wise or earnest. We have lost our city, the key to this great valley, and my opinion is that we will never, never get it more, except by treaty. Many think otherwise. The most tantalizing rumors reach us daily (though the papers are not allowed to print *our* news, we hear it). We have heard that Stonewall Jackson has surprised and taken Washington City; that Beauregard has had a splendid victory in Tennessee; and our other generals have annihilated the enemy in Virginia. Sometimes we are elated, but most generally depressed. My dear, dear brother! We are filled with anxiety for him! Even if he is spared through this fight, when and where can we see him again! I feel wretched to think of his hardships and loneliness, hearing nothing from home. I hope he is

not uneasy about us—for we are to leave the city with kind friends—and sister Matilda is in a safe place. Mail communication is cut off. I hope he is not anxious because he does not hear.

This is a cruel war. These people are treated with the greatest haughtiness by the upper classes and rudeness by the lower. They know how they are hated and hang their heads. Shopkeepers refuse to sell to them, and the traitor who hurried them up the river has to have a guard. Public buildings have been seized by the troops, but so far the civil government has not been interfered with. I think their plan is to conciliate if possible. The cotton and sugar have been burned; that is one comfort, and the work of destruction still goes on on the plantations. I shall never forget the long, dreadful night when we sat with our friends and watched the flames from all sorts of valuables as the gunboats were coming up the river.

My dear brother! If I could only, only hear from him! If I could only see him for but a little while! And if I could be near enough to get to him if he were wounded—I would be content. Thoughts of the long ago fill my heart as I write, and I feel that he may not even be alive while I do so. I long so for his safety and do not care for distinction. Oh, if we were only all safe and together in some quiet land where there would be no war, no government even to make war! I long to be rid

of the evil and suffering which spring from the passions of men! Clap-trap sentiments and political humbugs! I almost hate the word "Flag" even!

Mrs. Norton and all our friends are so kind to us and we are safe in their hands. Billy Ogden is with Claude, and his brother Abner, who served at Fort Jackson, is on parole. He is much grieved at the surrender of the Fort. No one can leave the city without a pass. How I am ever to get this I don't know. Mrs. Brown told me to write to-night and she would try to get a letter through for me to Claude. I am told that a stand will be made at Vicksburg. They are working hard at batteries there. They will at least delay the gun-boats until we can do something that we wish. About their having the whole river, that is of course only a question of time. Fort Pillow will fall, if it has not already done so. Our only hope now is from our soldiers in the field, and this brings me to my dear brother again and all he will have to endure. Sometimes I feel that nothing is worth such sacrifice. These States may divide and fight one another, too, sometime. This war has shaken my faith. Nothing is secure if the passions and follies of men can intermeddle. Often, though, I feel that these insolent invaders with their bragging, should be conquered—come what will. Better to die than to be under their

rule. The Yankees have established strict quarantine. The people of the town are frightening them terribly with tales about the yellow fever. We are compelled to laugh at the frequent amusing accounts we hear of the way in which they are treated by boys, Irish women, and the lower classes generally. Mr. Soulé['] refused General Butler's hand (they were old friends), remarking that their intercourse must now be purely official. Our Mayor has behaved with great dignity. Butler says he will be revenged for the treatment he and his troops have received here—so he will, I expect, if matters go against us in other places. There is some fear that the city will need provisions very much. The country people won't send in anything; they are so angry about the surrender. The Texas drovers who were almost here as soon as they heard of it, sold their cattle for little or nothing just where they were and went home again. I wish we were all safe back there again. I don't think Texas will ever be conquered.

God bless my dear brother; God protect him and let us meet once more. I do not feel anxious about sister Tilly, only him. I hope he will send us a line whenever he can. I hope he will inquire about returning soldiers and not let one come in without trying to send us a line to say he is well. Letters directed to Mrs. Chilton or Charley in Hinds County reach us. But I must be careful

how I write; it may reach other eyes. Oh, to say good-night to my poor brother. Ginnie is not well. Our love to our brother from JULIE.

October 22nd [1862]. Sent this note, or got Mrs. Richardson, who has great influence with the Federals, to do it for me:

GENERAL SHEPLEY:

SIR: Some months ago I enclosed to Mrs. S. N. Chilton, a sister of Mrs. Shepherd Brown, eighty dollars. The envelope containing the money was given by Mrs. Brown to a Mr. Burkett, who was afterwards arrested for matters wholly unconnected with it. I applied to General Weitzel, who promised to procure the money and leave it with my friend, Doctor Cartwright. Since that time I have heard nothing of it.

Eighty dollars is a sum which is a mere nothing to a Government authority, but 'tis really something to a gentlewoman, away from her connections, who has been surprised by a blockade. I hope General Shepley will suffer me to remind him that no matter of justice is too small to be regarded by one who wishes to represent a kindly Government.

Respectfully,
J. E. LEGRAND.

Afterward called to see General Shepley; got promises and nothing more, as might have been expected. Federals, in the city at least, don't disgorge. General Shepley is a deceitful-looking,

querulous man, but has the ambition to be thought a gentleman, and therefore does not show off with Butler's brutal and theatrical manner.

Packing up to go to Mississippi City with Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Dameron.

Later: Disappointed, no passports, those given by General, or Governor Shepley as they call him, proving worthless, Butler having refused to place his glorious autograph to one for less than a clear thousand or two—*sub-rosa*.

A letter to Mrs. Chilton:

NEW ORLEANS, *Nov. 17th, 1862.*

DEAR MRS. CHILTON:

I have sent you two or three letters and though I have once had a line from you, you did not acknowledge the receipt of anything from me. I would have written oftener, but I always feel that it is almost unkind to burden anyone with a line now-a-days, and besides I am so unfortunate both in small and great things that I feel as if I risked the letters of other people by enclosing mine with them. I would give much to see you all and more to meet you without anxiety and dread upon your mind. I feel heavy-hearted always and would be glad to creep into a cave even, to forget and be at rest. I have looked anxiously to hear more of Claude, poor worn-out wreck. How I long to see him! I pity him all the time. How can he perform the commonest services for himself now. I



CAPTAIN CHARLES MOORE CROXALL
Of the Revolutionary Army

First an ensign in Washington's Flying Camps, present at the battle of Long Island; one of "Maryland's Four Hundred"; later one of the "Prison Ship Martyrs"

Grandfather of Julia LeGrand

7 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

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long to go to sister in Texas, and if Claude is sure of returning to Hinds, will press through to meet him. I have some money owing me here which I cannot get until next month. I should like to take it with me for I have a great horror of being left somewhere in a strange place without this arm of protection. If that long journey were only over. I long so to see my sister. I feel great anxiety for her just now. I wonder why G—— was not burned instead of being abandoned. You used to doubt my feelings, but it was because you did not understand them. I have met no one whose ideas of *defense* were more stringent than my own. I would give up all, sacrifice all to honor. What is a city compared to a city's good name. I was in a rage and frenzy last spring; I was so much before the *hitherto* most violent people that I hardly knew where I was. The love of housetops prevailed to a degree that I had never formed the most distant idea. The housetops were preserved intact and we are all reaping the benefit of what they shelter. Yet I feel just as I used to do, that this honor and truth do not belong to any land exclusively. I have had ample proof of this. Men of Northern birth here have gone to prison as bravely and nobly as any, while our own people have been in many instances recreant. It is a safe philosophy which teaches us a love for the good and hatred of the bad of all lands, and a resistance *to the death of all* invaders. I ache to think of all the horrors that have fallen and that are yet to fall. There is no hope left in me. I do not talk much, but the suppressed life of pain which I lead is enough to kill a stronger

person. We lead a lonely, anxious life and are sick most always. Come what will, you must think of us always as friends of the old time. I think of the *old, old time* before all of the illusions faded until my heart feels like breaking. Be kind to my poor dilapidated soldier, should he return to you. Give love to each and all of the children. Tell Charley that I am gratified to see that he remembers us. Tell him I have heard alarming reports of him—is he about to surrender his freedom? I would be in at the death if I knew when the solemn sacrifice is to be made. There was a great frolic on board the English ship, the *Rinaldo*, a few nights ago. The contraband flag waved freely over seas of red wine and promontories of sugar-work. Mr. F——, of the little Sanctuary, made *I thought* a dreadful concession last spring and I never went to hear him afterward. He was married, unhappily, I think, about two months ago. Latterly he has acted quite a bold part and is now in a prison at the North. He called from the ship as he went off: “When I come back the Confederate flag will wave over New Orleans. Hurrah for Jeff Davis!”

J. E. LE GRAND.

Copied into the Journal:

BUTLER AND HIS BROTHER.

Two brothers came to New Orleans,
Both were the name of “Butler,”
The one was Major-General,
The other only Sutler.
The first made proclamations,
That were fearful to behold;

While the sutler dealt out rations,
 And took his pay in gold
 From women that were starving,
 When the Yankee Doodles came;
 This was his way of carving out
 The road that leads to fame.
 The sutler had some excuse,
 The truth I'll not smother;
 While making money like the deuce,
 He gave one half to *Brother*.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah,
 The ass and mule will bray,
 The Rebels think that ev'ry dog
 Is bound to have his day.

["Stonewall Jackson's Way," written by Dr. John Williamson Palmer, was here copied by Julia Le Grand into her diary. Although she does not say so, Doctor Palmer was her relative. His mother was Catherine Croxall, daughter of James Croxall, of Baltimore. A. B. C.]

A letter to Mrs. Shepherd Brown:

NEW ORLEANS, *Nov. 17th, 1862.*

DEAR MRS. B——:

I have nothing to say, and might not say it if I did have it, for you know there is a heaviness prevailing in this latitude, which is not favorable to expansion of idea. I only send a line to remind you that I live and wish you to

remember me. A dull and heavy anxiety has settled upon us. We hear nothing upon which we can rely, and know nothing to which we can cling with comfort. Those who come in say there is much joy beyond the lines, but no one can give the why and wherefore. In the meantime we are leading the lives which women have lead since Troy fell; wearing away time with memories, regrets and fears; alternating fits of suppression, with flights, imaginary, to the red fields where great principles are contended for, lost and won; while men, more privileged, are abroad and astir, making name and fortune and helping to make a nation. ~~There was a frolic on board the English ship a few nights since for the benefit, the *Delta* says, of Secession women. I did not go, though Miss Betty Callender offered her services in the way of invitation. I am told that the contraband "bonny-blue flag" waved freely over seas of red wine and promontories of sugar-work. The ship represents secessiondom just now; it has not a stronghold in the city. Many a lady opened her vial of wrath, I suppose, for all were told that freedom of speech should be the order of the night. There was acting and dancing, and fish, flesh and fowl suffered in the name of our cause. Toasts were drunk to our great spirits to whom it seems the destiny of a nation is entrusted. How my heart warms to the weary, battle-stained heroes. I never fancied carpet knights even before the stern trial came.~~

I can't tell you what a life of suppression we lead. I feel it more because I know and feel all that is going on outside. I am like a pent-up

volcano. I wish I had a field for my energies. I hate common life, a life of visiting, dressing and tattling, which seems to devolve on women, and now that there is better work to do, real tragedy, real romance and history weaving every day, I suffer, suffer, leading the life I do.

The Episcopal clergy are true. Three have been sent to prison, the rest are under marching orders. When the ship was leaving, Mr. Fulton's last cry was, "When I return the Confederate flag will wave over New Orleans. Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" You will feel an interest I hope in my poor, dilapidated brother if you see him. He looks rough because he neglects his appearance, but there is no truer gentleman than he, no truer, braver or less selfish. I long so to see him and render the service he must need with only one arm. Things go on just as they did. Daily life presents the same food for sorrowful reflection. Tiger, Jake and Emma hold their own within doors, and nothing has happened to prevent us from parading the streets without. A shrill horn breaks often upon my sad speculations. I rush out perhaps and sometimes find a train of striped and bestarred cavalry and sometimes only an orange cart. "What an age we live in," says philosophy, and goes in again to repine and wonder. The *Advocate* was suppressed an hour or two ago, but the pliant Jacob made haste to smooth his phrases. A quarrel is reported between the French admiral and the General. There has been a great commotion about the money sent from the New Orleans bank. Lemore has gone to prison and some others. Where are our people?

Can't you contrive to let me into the secret, if you have any? You can't read if I keep on, so good-bye, with best wishes to all.

Ever your friend,

J. E. LEGRAND.

December 20th [1862].

THE LADIES' FAREWELL TO BRUTAL FEROCITY BUTLER.

We fill this cup to one made up
Of beastliness alone,
The caitiff of his dastard crew,
The seeming paragon,
Who had a coward heart bestowed,
And brutal instincts given
In fiendish mirth, then spawned on earth
To shame the God of Heaven;
His every tone is murder's own
Like those unhallowed birds
Who feed on corpses, and the lie
Dwells ever in his words.
His very face a living curse
To mankind's lofty state,
Marked with the stain of branded Cain,
None knew him but to hate.
Fair woman's fame he makes his game,
On children wreaks his spite,
A tyrant mid his bayonets,
He never dared to fight.
Think you a mother's holy smile
Ere beamed for him? Ah, no.
The jackal nursed the whelp accursed,
Humanity's worst foe.
On every hand, in every land
The scoundrel is despised,

In Butler's name the foulest wrongs
And crimes are all comprised.
'Twill live the sign of infamy
Unto time's utmost verge,
Ages unborn will tell in scorn,
Of him, as mankind's scourge.
We fill this cup to one made up
Of beastliness alone;
The vampire of his Yankee crew,
The lauded paragon.
Farewell and if in h—l there dwell
A demon such as thou
Then Satan yield thy scepter up—
Thy mission's over now.

I copied this parody of Pickney's beautiful poem almost in sorrow, to see anything so filled with sweet and tender fancies so desecrated, but these things are waifs borne on the wind, indicating whence they blow, and, as such, are valuable. The town of late has been flooded with things of this kind. Bank's arrival and Butler's disgrace has created a vent for a long pent-up disgust. It would have been nobler, perhaps, to have had these papers circulated while Butler was here in power, but men cannot indulge in such pastimes when cruel balls and chains and dark prison forts are waiting for them. Butler then, after his long, disgusting stay here has been compelled to yield his place, his sword, and much of his stolen property.

General Banks has, so far, by equitable rule

commanded the respect of his enemies. We know him as an enemy, it is true, but an honest and respectable one. Every rich man is not his especial foe, to be robbed for his benefit. Butler left on the steamer *Spaulding*, was accompanied to the wharf by a large crowd, to which he took off his hat. There was not one hurrah, not one sympathizing cry went up for him from the vast crowd which went to see him off—a silent rebuke. I wonder if he felt it!

Ginnie saw Julia Ann in the street to-day; did not speak but watched her closely. She left us during the summer, having previously stolen money from our box. We had so spoiled her that she would not take the trouble to answer unless she pleased. She pouted always, and passed all of her time in the street. She was persuaded off by a policeman's wife. She had been with us ever since an infant—about our person—and was consequently associated with much that is past and dear. Though she behaved ill often, we would not allow her to be punished, and the day she ran away was as unhappy a one as I ever passed, though I tried to conceal my feelings from the other servants. Some days after her flight a policeman took her up in the street and was about to convey her to jail. She preferred being brought to us, she said, and we gave the man ten dollars to leave her here, as she cried and appeared to be re-

pentant. She stayed at Mrs. Waugh's, where we were obliged to place her near us, just three days. We had not even cast a reproach upon her for her behavior, but encouraged her in every way. Mrs. Norton wanted us to let her go to jail and when she ran away again I believe felt much triumph over us for our continued confidence in her. We had made every effort to bring Julie up an honorable and even high-toned woman, but she preferred lying to confidence, stealing to asking, and a life of vagrancy to a respectable and comfortable one. I have learned this lesson both from experience and observation that negroes only respect those they fear.

Heard to-day of the existence of a negro society here called the "vaudo" (I believe). All who join it promise secrecy on pain of death. Naked men and women dance around a huge snake and the room is suddenly filled with lizards and other reptiles. The snake represents the devil which these creatures worship and fear. The existence of such a thing in New Orleans is hard to believe. I had read of such a thing in a book which Doctor Cartwright gave us, but he is so imaginary and such a determined theorist that I treated it almost as a jest. The thing is a living fact. The police have broken up such dens, but their belief and forms of worship are a secret. These people would be savages again if free. I find that no

negroes discredit the power of the snake; those who do not join the society abstain from fear and not from want of faith.

December 31st [1862]. I write, this beautiful last day of December, with a heart filled with anxiety and sorrow; with my own sad history that of others mingles. Our side has gained again. The Confederate banner floats in pride and security, but who can help mourning over the details of that ghastly battle of the Rappahannock. Oh, Burnside! moral coward to lead men, the sons of women, into such a slaughter-pen to gratify a senseless president and a tyrannical giver of orders!

Our town is filled with rumors. There has been a bloody fight at Port Hudson, it is said, and the brazen cannon which we have so often seen dragged through these streets have all been taken by our Confederate troops. Banks has ordered the return of the Federal troops sent up the river so proudly and confidently a short while ago, but it is reported that they are so surrounded by the Confederates that they cannot extricate themselves. It is rumored that we are to have a negro insurrection in the New Year (New Year's Day). The Federal Provost-Marshal has given orders that the disarmed Confederates may now arm again and shoot down the turbulent negroes (like dogs). This after inciting them by every means

to rise and slay their masters. I feel no fear, but many are in great alarm. I have had no fear of physical ill through all this dreary summer of imprisonment, but it may come at last. Fires are frequent—it is feared that incendiaries are at work. Last night was both cold and windy. The bells rang out and the streets resounded with cries. I awoke from sleep and said, “Perhaps the moment has come.” Well, well, perhaps it is scarcely human to be without fear. I wonder my Ginnie and I cannot feel as others do—whether we suffer too much in heart to fear in body, or whether we lack that realizing sense of danger which forces us to prepare for it. Mrs. Norton has a hatchet, a tomahawk, and a vial of some kind of spirits with which she intends to blind all invaders. We have made no preparations, but if the worst happen we will die bravely no doubt.

The cars passed furiously twice about midnight, or later; we were all awaked by sounds so unusual. There are patrols all over the city and every preparation has been made to meet the insurrectionists. I indeed expect no rising now, though some of the Federals preach to the negroes in the churches, calling on them to “sweep us away forever.” General Banks is not like Butler; he will protect us. The generality of the soldiers hate the negroes and subject them to great abuse whenever they can. This poor, silly

race has been made a tool of—enticed from their good homes and induced to insult their masters. They now lie about, destitute and miserable, without refuge and without hope. They die in numbers and the city suffers from their innumerable thefts.

Christmas passed off quietly, and, to us, sadly. The ladies gave a pleasant dinner to the Confederate prisoners of war now in the city. Rumors from Lafourche that Weitzel has been defeated. His resignation was sent on the *Spaulding*, but has not been received yet by the President. He resigns, they say, to marry an heiress, Miss Gaskett. She, a creole of Louisiana, consents to marry one who has spent months in command of soldiers who have been desolating her country.

II.

JANUARY 1—JANUARY 28, 1863.

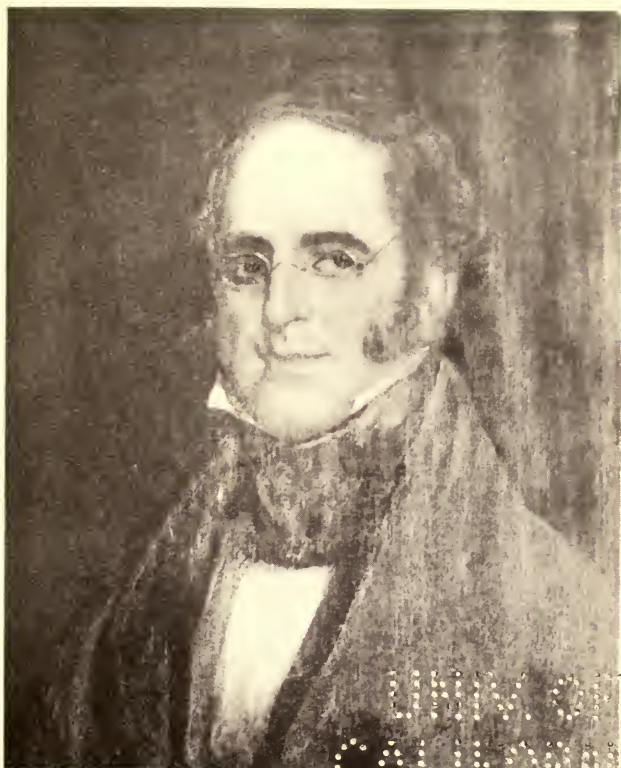
January 1st [1863]. The long expected negro dinner did not come off. Banks has forbidden all public demonstrations. During Butler's reign a great many wooden figures, painted black and wearing chains, were made for exhibition on this occasion. The programme was a procession bearing along these figures, which were to be met by the goddess of liberty, who was to break their chains. One may imagine the scene if it had only been acted out. The Ogden girls in from Greenville. Lizzie in much distress; came to tell a tale which she did not wish us to hear from others. It seems a young naval officer, attracted towards the girls from having met them on the cars, has got the family physician, Doctor Campbell, to take him to the judge's house. The judge met the gentleman on the railroad, and, though hating the sight of a Federal officer, was weak enough to express no disapprobation of his visits. The girls fearing to hurt the old doctor's feelings, entertained the officer to the best of their ability. The young gentleman came every day; brought books, also some of his naval friends. The judge was in distress and the girls, no matter how they felt,

knew that friendly intercourse with those against whom four of their brothers are in arms, was not proper. Remarks were made by the neighbors and the Harrison family especially had been very bitter, she said. Jule, who reads novels, asserted defiantly that "no one had a right to speak of what they pleased to do; indeed, she had read of instances where passages of romantic love had passed between rebel ladies and English officers (always officers) in our first revolution." "This is a war for the union, Lizzie," said I, "therefore we should avoid carefully any show of entertaining union feelings; besides it is scarcely decorous to take a hand in friendship which is red with Confederate blood. If Lieutenant Hale had been a gentleman he would not have entered your house as he did, knowing that true Southerners are compromised by receiving Federals. In the next place I don't think he would have brought you Harper's illustrated papers, in which the Confederates come off second best, to say the least of it. If Lieutenant Hale was ill and needed help I would not hesitate to give it to him, but as a guest I would not receive him. No woman's smile should cheer these invaders. There is a latent disrespect of us when they force their way into our houses, and we make tacit acknowledgment of want of self-respect when we receive them. I would not be rude, for rudeness in a woman is always vulgar,

but you can freeze those young gentlemen with such glances and quicken them with such politely pointed remarks, that they will not wish to come again." This I said because she was afraid they would injure their father if he should forbid them the house. The girls have little knowledge of character, but are kind and good and have all the soft instincts of a lady. Mary Harrison was in; reports a larger camp in Greenville than ever before. We told her of the supposed bitterness to the Ogdens'. It was, as I thought, a misunderstanding.

Reports of Confederate victories fill the town. There is great excitement and many women are jubilant. I, too, am glad that we are safe from conquest and desolation; each victory makes this assurance doubly sure, yet even a great victory to one's own side is a sad thing to a lover of humanity. I accept a bloody triumph only as the least of two evils. My friends, I think, look upon me as half Yankee. They say my state of feeling is unnatural. Men's suffering always excites me, let the men be who they may. When it comes to "oath-of-allegiance" taking, I am staunch; let me lose what I may by refusing. Only yesterday I held argument with some that they should not accept their slaves on the plea that Louisiana is a "loyal" State. I wouldn't take mine on such a plea, because it should be our individual pride now

to prove that Louisiana is *not* a loyal State. This is called romance. I plead with my acquaintances last summer to resist the unlawful taxation which Butler ordered. I tied up my few relics to bear to prison with me, when he ordered the police to report each inmate of households who had not taken the oath with as good faith as I ever had done anything in my life. When I see these officers I do not hide the scorn I feel. I cannot condescend to smile or render more than a haughty politeness, even though I lose my object by it, yet I am thought wavering in my faith to the Confederate cause because I can still pity the slain foe and the sufferings of the living—and because I cannot hurrah for a victory. Of course I rejoice that the Fredericksburg and Vicksburg heights have not been carried, but my heart bleeds inwardly at the bloody reports. These men have many to mourn them at home, and their love of life was as ours. It is true they need not have joined in such unholy war, yet numbers perhaps have not been moved by evil motives. There is no infatuation so baleful that good men by artful tongues cannot be brought within its influence. The human mind is a strange thing—professing forever to seek happiness and truth, it constantly immolates one and crushes out the other. Oh, these are sad days and I regret that I ever lived to see them. I hope our country will be spared an-



COLONEL CLAUDIUS FRANCIS LEGRAND
(From an original painting by Healy)

Born in France; fought in the War of 1812 under Perry
Father of Julia LeGrand

70 350

100 000 000

other revolution, but I doubt it. Bad politicians will never be wanting to stir up evil for the sake of gain. Since the Constitution of our forefathers has been forgotten, the security seems to have gone from everything.

The *Picayune* gives a long account of victories in Tennessee and at Vicksburg; we have slain many, taken prisoners many, and sunk ships. A report was circulated that the Texans had recovered Galveston, sunk some Federal vessels and captured others. This was believed by Confederates and hooted at by Unionists. Bets are passed but I feel in no humor for such things. We asked Mr. Roselius, our neighbor, of the news and were advised by him to believe no "such trash" as that, but on the morning of the 5th of January the Yankee *Delta* admits the truth. The *Harriet Lane* was boarded just after the moon had set and, after a desperate struggle, captured. The *Westerfield*, Commodore Renshaw, was threatened, but he blew up the vessel. The *Delta* claims a glorious martyrdom for him and his crew, as they were all destroyed with the vessel, but report proclaims the loss of life an accident, the blowing up of the boat only being intended. We had but four gunboats—half launch, half old steamers—yet the Federals here claim that their "fleet" *escaped* from them. Two companies of the 42nd Massachusetts regiment were captured, also two trans-

ports. This fight has made a profound and awful impression on me. It was bold, it was glorious! I can imagine our men, on their insecure crafts, stealing out into the bay under cover of darkness; the suspense, the surprise, the desperate, bloody struggle, the contending emotions of fear and hate, the confusion, the triumph, and, last of all, the horrible explosion. Ah, when will they let us go in peace and such things cease! Mrs. Roselius, as great a Southerner as exists, comes over every day to talk her "good Southern talk," she says. She leaves her husband, who, though a *native* of Louisiana, is a Unionist. We have a sort of contention on political subjects whenever we meet. He wanted to bring some good Federal officers in. I told him "that he had better not try it," and Ginnie laughingly said "if he could find a *good* one he might bring him in."

January 8th [1863]. To-day a great show of artillery; no other parade that I see. This day, sacred to a victory over a foreign foe [battle of New Orleans, 1815], finds us in a sad plight. We Confederates are victorious, but over those who should have been our brothers. Went with Mrs. Dameron to look over her sister's house (Mrs. Shepherd Brown), which has just been given up by one set of Federals, and another has moved in—General Banks and staff. We missed lace curtains, some parlor ornaments, and the beauti-

ful picture of the Magdalen. We were treated politely by servant and orderly; with the latter we had a long talk. He is from Boston, whither he longs to return. I think he would be glad of peace on any terms. I felt not the least bitterness towards the poor fellow, who looks sad enough. We talked our views freely. I told him that my brother had last been seen in a battle of "Stonewall's" with this very General Banks. Banks was defeated, but I didn't remind him of it. We took a glass of Yankee ice water. Mrs. Dameron was kind and gentle, though she had many reasons for anger, seeing these people in her absent sister's house with the household relics scattered and the carpets worn and faded with Federal footsteps; she was driven out of her other sister's house earlier in the fall; this last, the finest in town, is occupied by General Shepley, as they call him. Can there be a Governor who has never power to do anything? When I was there to see his lordship with Mrs. Norton, the house and furniture looked so familiar and natural that I sat there speechless at first, speculating on the strange state of things. Once I was near opening Mrs. Brown's bed-room door. His lordship kept us waiting a long while, and when he came in with his deceitful smile I did hate him, the vulgar-minded official who imagines that place will make him a gentleman. I have heard that he was one

at home, but his voice betrays him. I made as biting remarks as the business would admit of. He gave me a side glance of hatred from his leaden eye. Mrs. Norton "gave it to him," to use her own words, but being the mother of the lady whose house and furniture he had taken possession of, he felt as if he could bear with her I suppose.

Mrs. Norton called at her daughter, Mrs. Harrison's, house before Butler's people left it, and asked that the sheep might be put out of the yard, as they were ruining the beautiful shrubbery. The mulatto at the gate gave her much insolence; told her "to go about her own business," he intended that the sheep should stay there, that the shrubbery should be destroyed, and that if she had a daughter "he intended to come and see her." My blood ran cold when she told me this, and for the first time I realized our position here among these lawless negroes. Mrs. Norton told General Shepley that she demanded of him as a gentleman and a ruler to have that man punished. She asked him what he would feel if a negro should tell him that he would visit his daughters. "I would knock him down," replied the stalwart Governor. "Then," says Mrs. Norton, "I demand that you punish him for me." The smiling Governor promised to go immediately and have him arrested, but that was the last of it. I won-

der how a man contrives to smile so, yet look querulous? I recalled Shakespeare when I met him, "a man may smile and smile, etc." We had an interview with Colonel French. Mrs. Norton went to get her husband's old gun (her husband had been dead for many years), which she had given up last summer for fear that the negroes would have her arrested, as many have been for retaining weapons. "French could do nothing; we must go to General Banks' people." This gentleman has nestled himself in Judge Pinckard's house, a very sweet one. He was polite enough, and our interview was soon over. He looks like a great overgrown schoolboy with a lovely complexion, but there is no play of intelligence either in his face or manner. The Yankee *Delta* calls him the "gorgeous French." His dress was gorgeous, being laced with gold or brass in all directions.

Called this evening on Madame François; met her daughter, a delicate creole, married to a real robustious Englishman who has grown rich and important in this country; heard from him that the Federals acknowledge the capitulation of Rosecranz and the 4,000 men; heard also that the bombarding fleet has left Vicksburg to return to Memphis for fear of being cut off. Banks has requested, so report says, that no more news be printed until tomor-

row, as the town is in a dreadfully excited state. He need not fear; the excitement of joy rarely injures. A flag of truce has come in—report says that Banks has refused to receive it. This cannot be so as I see prisoners are to be exchanged. It might not have been allowed to enter town for fear of excitement; the heart of the city warms to the Confederate uniform. Last summer when it was a rare sight here, we all went to a friend's house to see a young Confederate captain who, after being confined in the custom house for some time, was allowed to be out on parole. The Ogden girls were with us. After we arrived we found the young man, a Texan, so exceedingly diffident that we were abashed. He was so alarmed that he was quite alarming. His name was Blount, and a more sincere, ingenuous and stalwart young soldier I could not wish to rely upon in time of need. He has long since been exchanged. I saw in the paper to-day that General Chalmers is wounded. His sister-in-law was here a few days ago, expressing great uneasiness for her husband, who is General Chalmers' brother, and upon General Chalmer's staff. She hears nothing from him and cannot get a passport to go out. The registered enemies were on the eve of departure when Banks arrived; General Butler had issued an order that they should leave, bearing with them baggage to the amount of \$50 only. Hundreds were disap-

pointed when Banks issued another order, changing the entire programme. Many families had parted with everything, having reserved only enough to bear them out, and now they are suffering. Passports are not sold now as in Butler's day, and we rarely hear from beyond the lines. I never hear from my dear ones in Texas; the few lines from poor Claude, written with his left hand, being the last I received. He was then on his way from Virginia, having bid good-bye to "lines and tented fields" and left one gallant arm behind him. He stopped with Mrs. Chilton, who lives at Jackson, a day or two; there, I hear, he got a situation in the commissary department in Texas.

January 9th [1863]. A very sad day to Ginnie and myself. I was careless enough to leave the key in my trunk, for I shall never, never learn to lock up, and my purse with \$30 or \$40 was taken out. There is a child in the house who stays to wait on us in our rooms, the greatest story-teller in the world; she is accused, and I suppose will be punished. If I had lost it in the street I should not have felt so unhappy about it. Punishment of no matter how great a criminal afflicts me. I have gone into the room in which Mrs. Norton has locked Harriet, to try and move her to tell the truth. She has been singing and amusing herself, while we have been suffering for her. She vows that she never touched the

purse, yet no one else was in our room. I feel miserable lest she may be punished wrongfully. She is considered so dreadfully bad that she never gets a kind word from any one. The servants hate her and her old grandmother, who has taught her to lie and steal, almost beats her to death sometimes. Ginnie and I have been very kind to her, and she has waited on us so cheerfully and with so much apparent affection, that I feel an indescribable pang at the idea of having brought her into trouble. She says she would not have stolen from us. Oh, well, we are always in trouble of some sort. I feel so low in health and spirits that I wonder sometimes what more can happen. We have had \$303.50 stolen in less than two years. It is our habit to be gentle with dependents, though we are proud and exacting with our equals. I begin to think that this is bad policy. The world will not let us be what we wish; it seems a part of chivalry, to my mind, to be gentle to the lowly and proud to the high. I have always practiced this, both from impulse and principle, but I must admit that I have always suffered for it.

Mrs. Norton called on General Banks to-day. She wished us to go with her, but we were not well enough. The orderly did not present her card, so the gentle-mannered ruler demanded of her quite bluntly who she was. "The mother of Mrs. Harrison," she returned. "What Mrs.

Harrison?" "The mother of the lady whose house you occupy." He started visibly, but roughly demanded, "What do you want?" She stated her desire to sell her house, but as she had not taken the oath of allegiance to the United States she didn't know if the sale would be lawful. He had no objection, he said; is that all you want? She then asked him if Mr. Harrison were to return to New Orleans would he be compelled to take the oath. "I know nothing about it," returned the polite general. "I would be obliged if you would tell me who does know, as I had thought you are the very person to whom I should apply." The General scarcely waited to hear her remark before turning on his heel to leave her. Other ladies were present with their requests. To each and all he spoke rudely. Having waited in vain for his return to the room, they all left. These people rob us of our houses, make laws forbidding us to sell property, or to leave town, or in fact to do anything without their permission, yet they are angry and rude when one calls on this necessary business. Men have been snatched up without knowing wherefore and kept in forts or in the custom house, and their wives and friends have been treated as impudent intruders for even making inquiry after them. Mr. Wilkinson, grandson of old General Wilkinson of the last war, has just got out of confinement, having been

placed in same by Butler on the testimony of a negro woman—offence, keeping arms in his house—with the town filled with homeless, lawless negroes who commit robberies and other offences daily. I never realized until this Yankee rule here how many bad men America had produced. I took a walk with Katie Wilkinson; poor girl, she lost her father in the battle of Manassas, the last Manassas. She was devoted to him and he was fondly attached to his girls.

January 10th [1863]. A long train of artillery has just passed. The news is kept from us as much as possible, but it is thought that the men are on their way to attack Port Hudson. The mortar boats have been brought from Mobile and are now lying here, some think, to shell this place in case of attack by Confederates, but for the Port Hudson attack, I think. Many rumors are afloat as to our recognition by France; some think the matter already settled, that Slidell was received by Louis Napoleon on 1st January. We look eagerly for news; we are prepared to fight our own battles, yet recognition is longed for. Once, how the thought of foreign interference would have fired our blood! I can scarcely comprehend my own feelings. I do hate those bloody wretches who have made war upon us, and I glory in our Southern chivalry, but I feel towards the Government of the United States as if it had been

seized by usurpers. I feel that we should have retained the old flag, as we alone held fast to the Constitution. The Yankees have no right to it; they have been persecutors and meddlers even from the witch-burning time until now. I wish that we may part with them forever, yet I cannot look at an old map of our country, magical word, without a strange thrill at my heart. Mr. Roselius passed by just now—sneered at our Confederate victories. Says we'll get back New Orleans when the "geese have teeth." I was informed by a friend later in the day that geese have splendid rows of very sharp teeth. I sent Mr. Roselius a teasing message on the subject. In truth, though, the taking back of the city which involves the misery of so many is no subject for jesting.

January 12th [1863]. "*Picayune extra*" is called through the streets to-day and late to-night. Terrible slaughter at the battle of Murfreesboro on both sides; all Rosecranz's staff killed; Breckenridge's division on our side defeated; the Federals mowed down by thousands and their slaughter, especially in officers, to use their own words, "heartrending." The dauntless Confederates, our splendid braves, went down by thousands, leaving many a sweet babe fatherless and many a widow mourning. Ah, when will this deadly, wild war be past? The *Monitor* is destroyed. Lincoln about to take the field in person,

and McClellan restored to command. He is the only Federal general I either fear or respect. Two long trains of artillery passed our door to-day.

One young officer particularly attracted my attention; he looked so truly gallant—some mother's darling, I know. In his young enthusiasm he has come to fight for the Union; he will die for it, probably, without in any way contributing to its restoration. We find a great difference in the appearance of Banks' troops and those of Butler; the last appeared to be mere scum of the earth, nevertheless I am sorry for them because they suffer. A Federal officer stopped at Mrs. Harrison's gate a day or two ago, asking a few rosebuds that he might press them to send to his wife; there are no flowers where she is now. This pure remembrance and thought of the soldier touched me. I was touched, too, at the remark of a private passing the gate. "Here I am," said he, "so many miles from home, and not a soul that cares a damn whether I live or die, or what becomes of me." Another remarked, when the newsboy cried out "a new order," "I wish it were an order for peace and one to go home." Mrs. Norton got quite impatient with Miss Marcella Wilkinson to-day for praising several of the officers who had been kind to her family, and interested themselves in procuring the release of her brother, who had

been arrested by Butler. Mrs. N—— thinks no one can be a true Southerner and praise a Yankee. She thought it no honor “to be treated decently by one of the wretches; she wished the devils were all killed.” There is a difference even among devils, it seems, as some of Banks’ people do try to be kind to us, while Butler’s were just the reverse. How few people have an enlarged liberality! I wonder if it will ever be possible for a novelist to render to view the faults of his countrymen in this land; the mention of one failing even in private conversation raises a sort of storm, not always polite either. I am thought all sorts of things because I endeavor to do justice to all parties; one day I am an abolitionist, another a Yankee, another too hot a “rebel,” another all English, and sometimes I love my Maryland, and no other State; all the while I love my own land, every inch of it, better than all the world and feel a burning desire ever kindling in my heart that my countrymen should be first in all the world for virtue. They are so kind, so generous, so brave, so gallant to women that I desire for them all the good that belongs to human character, the graces of chivalry as well as its sturdy manhood, and the elegant liberality of philosophy and benevolence.

Went with Mrs. Dameron and Ginnie to look at a house, after the sale of her home; we found

one room filled with pretty furniture, which the old man said he could not remove without asking Banks, or Clark, or some of our Yankee rulers, the owners thereof having left town when it was captured and being Confederates, their property having been seized. We found a garden filled with sweet blooming roses and jessamines and violets; also an old picture which interested me, "The Soldier's Dream," the foreground representing a man covered with a blanket by a rude camp fire; the background, which is misty and dreamlike, presents a woman and little ones clasping a returned soldier almost at the hamlet door. This picture made me very sad. It suits our present times very well. Will men ever be civilized and let war cease? Did not go out again all day, but saw several visitors in our rooms; I hate the squares and streets and would be content in a prison to be rid of them.

January 14th [1863]. Just this moment got a letter from Mrs. Chilton; it came from Vicksburg, where she has been to attend Miss Emanuel's wedding. She went by boat with a flag of truce. She writes enigmatically, but informs us, who understand her, that all is safe in that region for our Confederate arms; she has just heard from our dear Claude, whom she calls Claudine, who writes with his poor left hand from Texas. All well and all safe there. She has just written to

our dear sister there that we are well; I wish she could have said happy. I feel grateful to hear even through others when so many here are cut off entirely. Mrs. Stone has lost her young son in the army; so also has Mrs. Prentiss. How my heart aches for the poor desolate mothers in this cruel war. Mr. Brink came up with a few lines from Mr. Brown, written without date or signature; all are in fine spirits beyond the lines and Bragg's fight with Rosecranz in Tennessee is considered a victory to our side in the Confederacy, though here the Yankees dole it out to us in the papers as a defeat. An order of Banks' to-day enjoins on all of us a most respectful treatment of Federal soldiers; parents are to be held responsible for the behavior of the children. I had no idea rulers could descend to such trifles, for my part I consider it beneath me to treat anyone with rudeness, least of all would I treat with indignity these wretched privates who have been induced to leave their homes by thousands of pretenses, and are uncomfortable and miserable enough without our jeers. They all have a serious, heavy-hearted aspect; men fighting for home and fireside feel differently; our Confederate knights have at least this consolation to support them under all their trials. The wind blew a perfect hurricane all day; I thought of the poor soldiers at sea. Spent the evening at Mrs. Dam-

eron's; got an old music book containing many songs which are among my first recollections, when my father's guitar and his melodious voice seemed to me the finest music. As I recalled one by one the friends whose voices are forever stilled, who used to sing those songs, I felt a pang like that of a new parting for each and all; my heart would cry out, "What is life after all?"

An order to-day tempting planters to bring down their produce. The earnest desire to open the river is made known by other means than those used at Port Hudson and Vicksburg. These places both hold out, though it is represented in Northern papers that both have fallen. This is a deliberate falsehood gotten up to prevent recognition. By the fall of either we would lose the supplies from Red River and Texas, upon which a large portion of our people depend, and by the seizure of the railroad which would follow, the Confederacy would be cut in half. The fleet has all left Vicksburg, being threatened from above. A large force is drilling here daily for an attack on Port Hudson. We hear that our people are killing the enemy rapidly in various portions of Louisiana, where they have been burning houses, stealing negroes and all other property, and committing frightful depredations. We Confederates of New Orleans consider that Louisiana has been neglected by our Government; Mississippi gets



MOLLIE EMANUEL


Married the Rev. John E. Wheeler; President Jefferson Davis was one of the guests at her wedding. Present residence at Roslyn, Baltimore County, Maryland

the credit of holding out better against the foe, but as soon as she was threatened the Government made haste to help her with tried soldiers from all parts of the Confederacy. Louisiana and Kentucky bled in defense of Vicksburg, coward "New Orleans" is the cry. There were no troops left to defend New Orleans, though such an important point. We had no soldiers except the "Confederate Guard," a sort of holiday regiment composed of the well-to-do old gentlemen of the city, who were anxious to show their patriotism on the parade ground, but who never expected to fight. The pomp and circumstance they kept up finely. They had beautiful tents, too, on their camping-out excursions, to which they transported comfortable bedsteads, sundry boxes and demijohns. I have no doubt that the idea of being of immense service to a grateful country, gave quite a flavor to their expensive wines; these were our defenders, and General Lovell was given to feasting with them. They were called his pets. When the forts fell the most valiant of these gentlemen returned with General Lovell to Camp Moore, and others, using much discretion, made haste to pack away their epaulettes and became the most unassuming of citizens on a moment's notice. We had no tried men at the forts. Congress was appealed to again and again, but the President and House seemed to keep up a hard-

ened blindness as to its condition. I am told that Davis said that two guns could defend New Orleans, and that Benjamin laughingly said that "Timbuctoo would be attacked as soon." Well, well, here am I writing, nearly a year after its fall, running out to look at Yankee cavalry instead of the Confederate Guards, while, more serious matter still, the poor, surprised plantations are defended by hastily gotten up guerrilla bands. There is a fight at Baton Rouge, in Yankee possession, nearly every night; no Yankee boat dares go beyond a certain distance up the river. The guerrillas, not infrequently, fire on them and sometimes capture or burn them. To what a dreadful condition is our dear country reduced—our country which once lay in happy security.

Every wile is used to obtain cotton; when it can be seized, it is, of course. Men are going round constantly buying even the smallest parcels of this now precious commodity—mattresses and small samples—offering fabulous prices for the same. On our old plantation, with what little reverence I regarded this beautiful staple! Now it seems to represent so much that it appeals to my fancy almost like a matter of poetry. "King Cotton dethroned must mount again." How the working world is suffering for his aid. A letter has recently arrived from Mrs. Roselius' sister, who is

English and in England; she dwells much on the suffering of the people near her; she had had no idea that the world could contain such distress; she never saw anything like it in America, where she lived so long. The Government is allowing the starved operatives five cents per day. Food is as dear there as here, and I am sure that no American, no negro slave, could support life on such a sum. Ah, if men would only grow wise enough to let the evils of other countries alone until they had remedied those near them! "The Greeks are at our door," said John Randolph once, when called on to contribute to their assistance.

January 15th [1863]. It stormed all night. I lay awake and thought of the poor, poor soldiers. I thought, too, much of the fall of Ft. Donelson, where the flag of the Confederacy went down in storm and blood. How sadly I recall my feeling of horror the night an "extra" made known to us that tragic event! How much blood shed since! Lincoln calls the slaughter of Fredericksburg an accident—some new road to Richmond is to be proposed, his troops are not to go into winter quarters. This will keep our poor Southern boys also exposed, and now, even in this latitude, the cold wind is singing its melancholy song, both by night and day. God help them all, and the poor anxious women who are watching. 

Mrs. Blinks conversed with a gentleman who

had spoken with four different ship owners at the North; each had lost a vessel at nearly the same time, and each loser reported himself to have been robbed by the *Alabama*, Captain Semmes. He and others think that we have several privateers out; the *Arrieto* lately ran the blockade at Mobile. I have just read the captures of the *Ariel* by the *Alabama*, and the speech of Captain Semmes to the frightened crew. "We are gentlemen, not pirates," and "We gentlemen of the *Alabama* harm no one," are speeches which especially took my fancy. In answer to a voice which cried, "You nearly sunk our ship just now with your shot," he said, "That is our duty; we war upon the sea." He is no pirate, he claims, but carries a Confederate State's commission. He is a gallant fellow, and I am glad he comes from Maryland. These Southern soldiers often stir a vein of poetry in my heart which I had thought belonged exclusively to the knights of old. I remember when Bradley Johnson rode into Fredericktown, Maryland, he cried out to the timid, "We come to harm no one; we are friends, we are not robbers, but Southern gentlemen." The Northern people have not shown their boasted civilization in the progress of this war. Robbery, house-burning, and every species of depredation has marked the course of the Northern armies. Our soldiers at least respect woman, but even in this town helpless

females have been driven from their houses without their personal effects, and insulted in the grossest manner. I hear that our Louisiana boys often go into a fight with cries of "New Orleans and Butler."

Negroes are starving in the streets, though the Federals have taxed all citizens here who have had anything to do with the war for the support of the poor. They boast of feeding our poor, but the city furnishes the means; they do not contribute a penny themselves, but sell their provisions at the highest rate. Butler boasted to the last of having fed this starving city.

January 16th [1863]. The Ogden and Harrison girls all in to-day from Greenville, looking rosy from the cold, and fat and cheerful in spite of blockades. They are brimful of the pride and glory and chivalry of "Rebeldom." Our Southern heroes are fondly talked of by thousands of firesides from which they are shut out. I read an amusing letter written by an Englishman, one of the *Alabama's* men. Semme's Southern chivalry, it seems is sometimes put to the test—he spared the *Tonawando* from destruction because of the female passengers, though it well nigh broke his heart to part with so fine a vessel. Ah, never let it be said that Southerners injure women! All prisoners are treated well, this Englishman says, though many are not grateful for having their

lives spared. The Englishman says he is "taking both to the people, the ship, and the cause."

Mr. Payne's funeral took place to-day; died from brain affection brought on by trouble caused by this war. His sons are in the army, and he has left two young and pretty daughters. They have no mother and he was the fondest of fathers. The breaking up of the home is a solemn and awful thing to see. In after years we often realize how dear has been the common daily routine of the old home life.

A Yankee soldier remarked in the car to-day, "I wonder if these Southern girls can love as they hate? If they can, it would be well worth one's trying to get one of them." Another, passing the gate, said to his companions, "I tell you these Southerners have real pluck; if they were man to man with us they would whip us all to smash, but we have three to one, and that's the only way we'll whip them." Strange that they have so many men yet always complain when defeated that they were overwhelmed by numbers. I am told that there is a great speech of Valandingham out. How I admire this man, with his clear, keen, practical sense, imbued by a lofty sentiment; his rectitude, his strength, his sagacity to see the right, and his courage to speak it, in a time so corrupt that there is danger in so speaking. He can never become the mere man of wood that so many are. His

noble protests against this cruel war have given positive comfort to me; it is so bitter to believe humanity corrupt. The number of his admirers in his own country proves that the Northern people are not all filled with spite and hatred of us, as so many believe. I love my own land as well as any man or woman that it nourishes! How gladly would I submit to sacrifices for her benefit or ennobling! How proudly would I shed my blood in her defence if I could, but my heart has yet to learn to take pleasure in the idea of evil in other lands! Love of country does not consist in hatred of other countries, or patriotism in believing that ours is free of faults; an honest desire to rectify the faults of one's own country should stir the heart of each man and woman in it. This is a greater safeguard than boasting of our excellences. The statesman, or author, who tells us the truth is a greater benefactor than he who flatters our pride. No fear, with our English blood, of our becoming too humble-minded.

There is a war of parties expected at the North; I wish for it if it can result in letting the South pass in peace, but this great end gained, I cannot contemplate without horror the idea of civil war and its desolations. "They deserve it," say my friends, who are ready to shake me for what they call luke-warmness. How painful it is never to be comprehended; of two evils, both for myself

and my enemy, I would choose the least. If the North can suffer enough from the reign of her bloody radicals to bring back her good sense and humanity, I will be glad enough for her to suffer; further than this I wish her no ill; my prayer is ever that she may repent and go in peace. They have treated us cruelly and I wish companionship, fellowship and community of interest, never any more. Just heard from a gentleman from the North, that there is no hope of peace from that quarter. The radicals, knowing that they have the reins of Government in their own hands, are determined to press the war and overwhelm us before the Democrats can come into power. There is no hope that Lincoln will extend the time of Congress, and therefore the Democrats must sit in silent patience. These dreadful radicals are the jacobins of America and their cry is like the old one, "More blood!" The Democrats treat them, I hear, with the greatest contempt socially and politically. We have been hoping so for peace; my God, can we endure another year of war! Mrs. Roselius has just told us of some of the sufferings of Pierre Soulé in Fort Lafayette; he was an intimate acquaintance of hers and she has learned much concerning him. A friend of Soulé's who knew how comfortably he had lived in New Orleans, got permission from the Government at Washington to send him little luxuries

in prison. These she carried to him daily with her own hands, trusting none except the one to whom her little offerings were necessarily consigned—the jailer himself. What was her surprise after Mr. Soulé's release to hear that he had never received one of the articles which the jailer had made so many kind promises to deliver. Mr. Denman rode in the car in New York with an old woman who publicly cursed the secessionists and wished them all sorts of horrors; one of her sons they had killed outright, she said, and another to whom she was hastening had been wounded. "Were they drafted men, or did they enlist?" asked Mr. Denman. "They enlisted." "Ah, well, they must have expected and been prepared for the consequences of war. They went to invade the South; their country was not invaded."

January 17th [1863]. Company all day. Mrs. Roselius and a sweet little girl, who came to let us know they had a letter from Henny Davenport. She and her mother had a stormy passage across the water; had put in at Cork, but were now safe with friends at Kingston. Henny sends word that she likes Europe, but New Orleans better. She longs to see the Confederate uniform. Mrs. Davenport had a private interview a few days before she left for Europe with two gentlemen—friends of her husband. During this interview she agreed to accept from Mr. Wringle, one of

the gentlemen, a certain amount of household silver, in payment of a debt, he being at this crisis unable to give money, though worth millions. She thought, and so did the gentleman, that the interview was strictly private; their astonishment was therefore profound when General Butler sent for all three and opened up the silver subject. Mrs. Davenport, though angry enough, trotted along with Butler's orderly. She found his Lordship walking the floor in his usual theatrical manner. The two gentlemen were summoned and accused, in brutal language, of swindling. "Do you know that these men have cheated you?" he said to Mrs. D——. "How did this happen?" he said, turning to Mr. ——. "Mind how you lie to me." "You do not awe me by threats or such language, General Butler," returned Mr. ——. "I lie to no man." The precious image of brutal Judge Jeffries now stamped his foot and made his favorite threat—Fort Jackson. Mrs. D——, trembling, said she had made a previous contract with these gentlemen and by it she was determined to abide. After more threats and much sifting he ordered the gentlemen to prison and Mrs. D—— to leave his presence. The silver had been conveyed to the vessel upon which Mrs. D—— was to sail. Butler had the hatchways broken and the silver delivered over to his tender and honest mercies. The gentlemen were ordered

to raise a certain sum of money by such a time, one of them was bought off by one of his nieces. The next day the orderly was sent again for Mrs. D——, and through a broiling sun she had again to follow him. This time she was so angry she forgot to be afraid. “Here is some money for you,” said Butler to her, pointing to \$500.00, “in return for the debt out of which those men cheated you.” “I will not take it,” she said firmly; “I abide by my bargain.” “You won’t, won’t you? Here have I been to the trouble to do you justice and you don’t choose to accept of it; they tell me you are going to Europe; how well you would look now to go among your friends there with a bit of silver marked in one name and another bit in another. You are not so young, I think, that you don’t know something of business. When are you going to be off?” “On Monday, sir.” “I shall send you sooner.” “I shall go when I am ready, sir,” very firmly. “You shall go tomorrow,” stamping. “I shall go when I am ready, sir,” more firmly still. “I wish none of your impudence; you have a very long tongue of your own.” “Yes, sir, I have, but I only use it, as now, when I have occasion.” “I wish none of your impudence. Orderly, show that woman out,” and so ended the matter. The lady, being born a British subject, though long a resident here, hopes to get the silver. The matter rests with Mr. Coppel,

the British-acting Consul here. Butler does as he pleases with the Consuls here and as he is a notorious thief, my private opinion is that her silver may be put down in the family account book, but it should not be counted in the family exchequer.

Mrs. Montgomery and the Judge and Mrs. Wells spent an evening with us. The Judge says we'll have peace before spring, and though he is considered an oracle, I feel inclined to doubt him this time. Mrs. Montgomery read in an "extra" that her nephew was wounded at the late battle of Murfreesboro, and was sad in consequence. Mrs. Wells has not heard from her sweet daughters since December 4th. They left Vicksburg on account of the late attack there both by boat and land. They are still near enough to hear the cannon roar—I wish I was. The girls, Mattie and Sarah, had had their tea and other delicacies stolen. They had procured passes for them with so much trouble, too. Mrs. Wells says that she is glad of it, as they were always laughing at her locking-up system; that has been the rock upon which our household economies have split. It is so pleasant to trust; so convenient to say, "Oh, nobody will trouble it."

January 19th [1863]. Mary Waugh spent the evening; talked about ghosts and goblins until Jake, the little darky, was afraid to go to bed.

Mrs. Norton said "nonsense" and "how can people be so silly?" to each veracious tale unfolded, but presently fell to telling the most wonderful spiritual visitation that I ever heard of, which had come under her own experience. She also quoted the spiritual accidents which happened in John Wesley's family—people whom she could not doubt, being a fervent Methodist. These are the only ghosts she believes in; she says all the others are "lies and nonsense."

January 20th [1863]. Wrote letters to-day to Claude and Mrs. Chilton by persons going out. My heart felt so like breaking to feel so far off from all, that I was forced to relieve it by crying before I could go on.

Mr. Hill has just stopped in. He says that the Yankees will not hold this city much longer. Although I have heard this so often, it gives me a gleam of comfort every time I hear it. Oh, to break our prison bonds here, to be able to go once more where and when we pleased, to send comfort to those who are sick away from us and to be able to write a letter without thinking that some ruffian with epaulettes may read it, and perhaps send an orderly for us for not making it respectful enough to our jailers. Just had an offer for Greenville place; don't know yet how it will turn out. Mr. Randolph called with fresh negotiations for the Greenville place. He advises

us not to sell, as all property has been depreciated by the war and that in a few years a house like ours with three acres attached, lying on the Carrollton railroad, will be very valuable. He told us much war news. Banks has gone to Baton Rouge, it is said, to quell a mutiny among the soldiers. They say openly here that they do not want to fight us and they will seize the first opportunity to be paroled by being made prisoners. Others again hate us, and preach openly to the negroes to arise and kill us. Why they have done nothing except rob and steal, is a wonder. If they were not negroes we would have had another bloody revolution among us, but the African must shed several skins and pass through various stages before his red tide can mount at the words, "Give me liberty or give me death." Almost daily encounters pass between white men and black, and the white man is always punished. Colonel French, however, has issued an order that no negro shall go out at night without a pass from his master; many arrests have been made; even the Yankee police hate them, and have been treated so badly by them that they are glad to rid the streets of them. A white policeman was beaten to death by negro soldiers in United States uniform—no punishment for the soldiers.

January 21st [1863]. The registered enemies went out to-day by Government permission. No

man whose age subjects him to the conscription law in the Confederacy was allowed to go. Women went without their husbands, hoping that afterwards they might be able to run the blockade; they may die in this attempt; dread time of anxiety. About three hundred went out, some sick and feeble had to be carried on board the small steamer. Clarke, more generous than Butler, allowed a few provisions to be taken. Mrs. Ogden has gone to join her husband, a major at Vicksburg. Her mother had to be carried—she may die on the way, for the United States steamer only conducts them to the Confederate lines, and transportation thence may be difficult and fatiguing. The poor lady, however, wants to see her son, who has been in the Confederate army long separated from her. One old lady displayed the Confederate flag in her bosom, saying that she was going out to die under the bars and stars. I hope further opportunity will be granted to the enemies to go out, as Ginnie and myself are anxious to go as soon as we can. There is some fear expressed here by the enemies lest their friends outside may take them for Unionists, because they do not go now. A Mrs. Brown of this city, by much imploring, received permission from Clarke, the provost marshal, for her husband to accompany her. Clarke, it is said, is a really kind person—we are sorry that he is soon to leave his

office, for kind Federals are not indeed as plenty as blackberries. The city papers here report the most dreadful depredations of the Federals under Sherman at Prior's Point on the Mississippi river. Our old friends in Milliken's Bend have had an opportunity to look at desolation by the side of their own blazing homes. It makes me miserable that men can do such deeds, miserable to think of the suffering they entail—more miserable to know that in thousands of hearts each day a hate is gathering volume and intensity, which will live, actuate and work like a living principle. Hatred and malice, how happy would I be to know you were banished from the world forever! I mourn over evil deeds because I realize so fully the doctrine of cause and effect; each one lives and acts as a new cause to other effects. The evil doer strengthens the bad principle within him; he starts it into life in another; these others act upon the new sense within, and so make new landmarks in their moral natures, which lead on to other evil. Children inherit what has grown into propensities in their progenitors, and so the wave—the blessed wave of civilization is forever borne back. Progress seems the universal law. I have believed so, hoped so, but we have leaped back, as it seems now, thousands of dark and hopeless years.

Our old friends, the Morancies, the Mahews, the

Lowrys and Jacksons, of Milliken's Bend, can scarcely help hating their desolators; the young and vigorous will act upon this hate—it will live and taint the moral mind through generations to come. I have a profound hatred of vice, but I love poor humanity. I feel almost like a citizen of the world, I am so sorry for all who suffer. Cruelty is one principle of the universe which I can never comprehend. That man should inherit principles of the mind, and that personal experience should give them larger growth and greater force, I can comprehend, but whence comes the germ of evil? I speculate, I ponder and feel miserable—longing to help all men—those who are obeying the promptings of bad natures, as well as those who suffer from their afflictions, yet feeling the inability to help myself. Why, I wonder, is suffering the order of creation? All violation of natural law creates confusion and therefore suffering—the fire will burn, the water will drown—we must obey the immutable laws of nature, or suffer. So with the laws of the spirit, I think—we may sin often through ignorance. Through the long generations ignorance has transgressed, and transgression has built up systems, creeds and actions, with their long trains of consequences—desolated and overthrown man's moral nature. Will there come a blessed time when man will be governed by love of virtue, rather than fear of punishment?

Then only can there reign the beauty of holiness. I long for the time when there will be no suffering to tear one's heart, no strife to shock one's sensibilities, and no ignorance of the wants of the spirit, for wants it has which the world cannot satisfy.

Mrs. Waugh came in this evening; had a long talk about spiritualism. It is comforting to meet with one who trusts and fears as she does. There is nothing which she touches with her hands more real and palpable to her than the spirits which surround her. She is a woman "well taught in the sciences"; she has a profound sagacity, is thoroughly practical, a good linguist, a good work woman when necessity requires it, a good neighbor, a good wife and mother; she is thoroughly truthful, yet spiritualism is the one comfort of her life. She converses upon the subject with an ease which familiarity alone can give, and I must confess her beautiful abstractions move me. My heart leaps up to catch a ray from the light which she says is coming. I feel sometimes almost persuaded that we are on the eve of some great change which will affect men both physically and spiritually. I have long held a notion of my own about electricity—it is the spirit, the soul of the world. I find myself looking, longing, waiting for man's profounder acquaintance with it. He knows nothing of it yet, its power or

capacity. When my undefined hopes in their future revelations flag, I think of the telegraph. One by one the mysteries of creation are unfolded and man accepts the benefits with which science enriches him, as matters of course—mankind at large, I mean. Familiarity disarms, awes and, it seems, silences thought, but to lonely-hearted people who have little personal hope, but all for the ages, the great revelations of science are but steps on the pathway of progress—links in the chain which binds us to the future as well as to the past. Science will save this world—nor do I mean to be irreverent when I speak. The law of love of Christ is perfection, but man's physical being must be benefited before Christ's spirit can dwell with him. Science is God's own minister. Chemistry, Geometry, Astronomy, how I hope and trust in them for they are but the names we have given to the steps of the comprehension of the thoughts of God. Mrs. Waugh speaks of a new discovery shortly to be made in electricity; I find myself hoping for it, though it is a prediction spiritually uttered.

To-day tried to do up my collars and other fineries—failed and felt anything but spiritual-minded. I got angry with my irons which would smut my muslins, and then got angry with myself for having been angry—finally divided the blame, giving a part to Julie Ann for running away and

leaving me to do her work, and by her thefts, with less money wherewithal to procure others to do for me. If Julie's condition was bettered, if she had been made a higher being by the sort of freedom she has chosen, I could not find it in my conscience to regret her absence; but I hear of her, she is a degraded creature, living a vicious life, and we tried so hard to make her good and honest. I once was as great an abolitionist as any in the North—that was when my unthinking fancy placed black and white upon the same plane. My sympathies blinded me, and race and character were undisturbed mysteries to me. But my experience with negroes has altered my way of thinking and reasoning. As an earnest of sincerity given even to my own mind, it was when we owned them in numbers that I thought they ought to be free, and now that we have none, I think they are not fit for freedom. No one unacquainted with negro character can form an idea of its deficiencies as well as its overpluses, if I may so express myself; it is the only race which labor does not degrade. I do not mean that there is degradation in labor, but we all know that white men and women, whose minds are fettered with one constant round of petty pursuits, are very different from their brothers and sisters who are better served by fortune. White men, left free from degrading cares, generally struggle up to some-

thing higher—not so the black man. They have no cares but physical ones and will not have for generations to come, if ever. The free black man is scarcely a higher animal, and not near so innocent as the unbridled horse. He has sensation, but his sensibility is not well awakened; he does not love or respect the social ties. Never yet have I met with one instance to prove the contrary. His wild instincts are yet moving his coarse blood; he is servile if mastered, and brutal if licensed; he can never be taught the wholesome economy which pride of character supports in a white man; he can not, either by force or persuasion, be imbued with a reverence for truth. What place is there in the scale of humanity but one of subjection for such a race? I watch negroes narrowly in country and town experiences, yet never have I met with one instance which encouraged me to think differently.

I doubt not but that in the far generations they will hold, and justly, a better, higher place. When they are fit for it, the white man will not withhold it. The inventions of science will make his labor less needed, and the example and influence of the white race, aided by the wholesome restraints of savage passions, will eventually make him a new being. Slavery indeed can not be considered a good school for the white man, but it should be remembered by the fanatic that we found these

people mere animals, and that physically and mentally our slaves are superior to their African progenitors. The white race is distorted by labor; hair, features, complexion and shape—all tell the tale of hardship and labor. Not so with the negro; they live so easily, generally speaking, so comfortably—these creatures whom fanatics are pitying, neglectful of the poor at their doors, and for whose possible benefit it is pretended that Federal soldiers are sent to die. America seems perishing of madness.

Saturday. Went to Sydney Dameron's little birth-night party; played a little for the young folks to dance. Met Mrs. Richardson, who has founded an asylum for old women, supported by contributions from both friends and enemy. The Federals have seized the city finances, also much private finances, and as they pretend to feed the poor, Mrs. R—— demanded bread of Colonel Deming with a sweet smile and a pretty play of words, "You are said to be the best-bred man in the city, Colonel Deming, and therefore I come to you for bread." Needless to say she got her bread.

Mrs. Richardson was very anxious that Ginnie or I should write a few complimentary and regretful remarks to be published in the *Picayune*; subject, "The retirement of Colonel Deming from service." I have never met the gallant Federal

and have heard nothing which could incline me to take such a step, especially as she wished the remarks made in the name of the ladies of New Orleans. Mrs. R—— made him a perfect hero, and to quiet my objections, said she thought that our rulers here who had behaved like gentlemen should be complimented publicly, as a sort of distinction to them, and an acknowledgment on our part that we can appreciate kind treatment. Colonel Deming may be a hero; his resignation, I confess, speaks well for him, if he goes back to become a peace advocate, as Mrs. R—— says, but I thought it better for Mrs. R—— herself to take the responsibility of complimenting him. I told her that personal acquaintance was a great spur and that she could be much more eloquent than I on the subject. Mrs. Norton was anxious that we should accept Mrs. R——'s proposal, though she hates the Federals, one and all, as bad as we do. She seemed to think it conferred, or would confer, some sort of distinction upon us, and told me I was too squeamish, when I said that I could not accept another's interpretation of a man; indeed this wise lady seems to have little discrimination. She was eloquent in praise of Governor Shepley but a little while since, and as I have had several interviews with this gentleman, I would prefer to have some one else dissect character for me. The Ogden girls have been in town often, begging us

to visit them at Greenville, also Mr. and Mrs. Randolph; so we have decided to go out and spend a week.

January 28th [1863]. Set off on the car which runs by Mrs. Norton's door; met Mary Ogden on the car. Two "Feds" seemed much interested in our talk. They heard no favorable ideas of themselves, though nothing rude, of course. One looked as if he might have been a schoolmaster at home. These privates, when they are Americans, have a sad and hopeless look, as if their hearts were aching for home, as I have no doubt they are. The Irish and Germans look very different, I think; they look as if they had never had any home. I hear from all quarters that these men do long for home; they have serious ideas now that this war is not a good one, and not made for the Union either, but merely to carry out party schemes of party men. There is scarcely a day that I do not hear of instances of Federal soldiers giving proof that they are "rebels" at heart. Four cannon were spiked at Annunciation Square not long ago; the ringleaders were stretched out with cannon balls attached both to arms and feet. One poor fellow revealed in a drunken fit that he was a "rebel," a Davis man; he, too, was stretched out in this cruel way, and was kept in this condition so long without food, and exposed to such weather, that he died. The ladies living near Annunciation

Square who could see from their windows what was going on, were so miserable that for four days and nights they could not sleep; they sent prayers and entreaties for the sufferers, but to no purpose. I suppose it is because the mind cannot realize suffering without the help of sight, that our sisters of the North are using every wile to pour down upon us their revengeful hordes, while our women are begging that individuals from those hordes may be spared such cruelty. The Federal army is said to be much demoralized here. This demoralization is what I call a return to reason.

Met Mr. Randolph and Judge Scott as we got off the car. Mr. R—— looked so glad to see us, but the Judge, who is a misanthrope and woman-hater, looked sour enough at us. He is an uncle of the Ogden girls and has been staying at Judge O——'s house since his sons went to the war. Very cold; Greenville's quiet beauty quite destroyed, being cut up by Yankee wagons and having thousands of Yankee soldiers encamped about her green lawns. I cannot describe my feelings when looking upon these tents, hearing the drums and bands of music, and catching the sound of voices of men whose avowed purpose is to conquer and desolate our country. They are "rebels" in heart, thousands of them; we have daily proofs of this, yet they are organized and

drilled and will fight us, too, when ordered. We are in daily expectation of the attack at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. We found the girls all well and got a real hearty, delightful welcome from them, and a warm and kindly one from the Judge. We found beautiful wood fires all over the house. Coal is high and scarce, and the Judge is clearing a piece of land that he may plant it in oranges when the Yankees leave. The beautiful oaks and pecans! I feel sorry to see them going. We see the railroad from the windows and balcony, constantly spotted with Yankee soldiers and runaway contrabands in Yankee service. Went in the afternoon to see the Randolphs, who live just across the street in our house. It seems so strange to be visiting Greenville, and looking across the way to the garden and house, once a daily and familiar sight. We stayed to tea with Mrs. Randolph; found there her sister-in-law. We had a hearty welcome here, too, and as Lizzie and Mary were with us we had quite a circle of friends. During the evening I was struck with the force of the old saying that "appearances are often deceptive": We had been seated but half an hour when a neighbor of Mr. Randolph's came in. He looked so plain and ordinary that I gave a sort of inward groan at the probability of his taking his seat near me and prolonging his visit. He had scarcely seated himself before he said something

witty, and in a few moments he had the whole talk to himself and we were either convulsed with laughter or moved with strange sympathies for the rest of the evening. He spouted plays, acted them, sang operas and sweet old ballads in endless succession and managed to take his tea and cake standing on the hearth while carrying on a dialogue, his own tongue doing service for two. I have not laughed so much since the war began. Mr. Haines is the gentleman's name—middle-aged and with a wife and grown-up children. His face in repose is both heavy and sad-looking. Mr. Randolph told us that he was in the car one day when this Mr. Haines had been indulging in some rather piquant secession talk, not knowing that a Federal was in company—they make a business of traveling in citizens' clothes, acting as spies—at least they did while Butler was here. Mr. Haines was suddenly arrested in his talk by a cry of "I forbid you to speak in that way; stop instantly." It was considered as much as his life, or rather liberty, was worth to make answer to this prohibition, and Mr. Haines's friends felt rather anxious upon his turning to the Federal and calmly demanding of him, "What do you mean?" "I mean," said the Federal, "to prevent your talking against the government of the United States; I arrest you, sir." Mr. H—rose deliberately, and doubling up his right hand,

said coolly, "Touch me at your peril; lay but a hand upon me and I'll throttle you until you can't speak." Having delivered himself in this style, he sat down and the Federal wisely did the same thing, offering not another word. Such stuff are these Butler minions made of.

Mr. Haines's garden fence was all carried off by the Massachusetts regiment during his absence from home; his wife talked to the soldiers in vain, imploring that her fruits and flowers should not thus be turned out on the common at a moment's notice. Mr. H——, upon hearing this, proceeded at once to camp, inquiring for each officer, in succession, of the Massachusetts regiment. He borrowed a sword of an orderly, or some such personage, so that the fence could be made a personal matter with the officer who had ordered its destruction. The officers were all absent, or so reported, and strange to say, are always absent when Mr. Haines calls. "It remained for the Massachusetts regiment to perform such a petty piece of villainy," said Mr. H—— to the soldier on guard. "Military necessity," answered the guard. "You might have had the military politeness to have told me you wanted it; I would have bought you wood rather than had my fence destroyed. I intend to follow this matter up. I will find the officer guilty of the order and get satisfaction from him, or carry the matter to Banks.

He has promised to protect us who are quiet, non-fighting men, and he shall protect me or give me a passport into a government that will." A guard was sent forthwith to protect Mr. Haines's garden. Night and day, in sun and rain, the poor Federal privates stand to keep watch, thus doing picket service in real earnest. We came home from Mr. Randolph's and found the two Judges in the parlor, reviewed our evening for their benefit, and parted for the night. We had our tea after we had undressed, around a bright wood fire; the girls sat with us and took their tea in our room. I told them how glad I was to see the dear blaze; it was a touch of the country and a gleam from the dear old times. Didn't sleep one wink all night. The Judge said "tea at bed-time," but I knew better; I knew of the thousand thoughts that flitted through my brain. The girls met us with kisses of welcome in the morning. Ginnie was not allowed to get up, though breakfast was late. The Judge sent us word that this was liberty hall and that we could sleep when we liked and breakfast when we liked; that he had little to offer us these war times but a welcome and a *carte blanche* to do as we pleased. Got up near dinner time; still no sleep. Mary, who is housekeeper this week, had a nice warm breakfast for us, and I felt ashamed of the trouble we had given. There were fourteen servants about the

house, almost idle, of course, there being nothing for them to do since the Federals came. They stay with their master, the kindest and most indulgent in the world, merely to be supported—giving out speeches from time to time, which prove to my mind, at least, that they will leave him when it suits them. Marcia and Charlotte, though, I believe, are really attached to their master and his children. The Judge got a letter from his son Billy from Fredericksburg, the first since last summer. He is in Claude's old regiment, the 7th Louisiana Crescent. This family seem to love each other very dearly; the devotion of the girls to their father and brother is very touching, I think, and it does my heart good to see it. To their uncle Walter, the misanthropic Judge, they are kind and tender; he seems at least attached to this much of womankind, his nieces.

We took a walk with the Randolphs and Harrisons to the river; got our feet wet, being silly enough to go in thin shoes. I took cold and Ginnie was made quite sick. Had invitation to dine with the Harrisons; much debating among the girls whether or not they should go with us, a coolness having grown up between these two pleasant households, owing entirely to the present war. The Harrisons are lately from Kentucky, and as they can not look upon Louisiana as their

home just yet, and as Kentucky's action has been much censured during this war, a great deal has been taken unkindly on both sides, which has never been meant by either. These girls were intimate before the war, and would be again, if these sympathetic strings were not constantly jarred upon by the exciting topics of the day. It is hard to keep the equilibrium either of mind or nerve nowadays, such opposite and warm opinions are held and discussed. We, as usual, have tried to play peace-makers; people of this sort are hardly ever done justice to—both sides find fault, but in this case I think both families appreciate our intentions. Jule could not be induced to go with us; Ella had insulted her, she says. Jule is young and so is Ella, and so matters must rest until both grow older. Mary, too, declined to go—she is literal and therefore not apt to fancy herself deceived in a matter of this sort. She is too kind-hearted ever to have wished to wound, and therefore feels sure that she has never done so, but then she feels so sincerely that she can not simulate old feelings when they have been injured or passed away. I saw she would not like to go, and so did not ask—at the same time I felt that a refusal *in toto* would look very pointed and probably make an everlasting breach.

I didn't think it wrong to advise Lizzie, who is gentler, less positive in her feelings than either

her elder or younger sister, to go with us. The girls all love Mrs. H——. She is indeed the sweetest, gentlest and saddest of women. Mr. Harrison and the Judge brought news that six more States are reported out of the Union. Matters have not proceeded so far, I think, but it is evident from the speeches made in the North at opposition meetings that some terrible judgment is in store for the wicked abolition Government. The North has broken her bonds at last. No more shall men be dragged to bondage without accusation or trial, as in the two years past. I have waited with anxious longing for this reaction; I have always felt that the war was not carried on by the people at large. The abolitionists are the Jacobins of America. They have not shown any kindness to the poor negroes, either; they die by hundreds from disease engendered by unaccustomed hardships and exposure, also starvation. The suburbs and odd places in and about this city are crowded with a class never seen until the Federals came here—a class whose only support is theft and whose only occupation is strolling the streets, insulting white people, and living in the sun. This is really the negro idea of liberty. I speculate over the evils which I see and those which I fear, and often wish that I was some merry-hearted, careless girl who sees nothing.



ELLIN NORTH MOALE

First white child born in Baltimore

Great-great aunt by marriage of Julia LeGrand

III.

FEBRUARY 3—FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

February 3rd [1863]. Read in the back parlor at Judge Ogden's the last speech of Valandingham, to Ginnie and the girls; we were all profoundly affected. There is something in this man's eloquence which stirs the depths of my nature. This magnificent address, strong, argumentative, forcible and earnest, seemed to me the wail of a great and good spirit over a lost nationality and a dissevered country. To think of a people choosing Lincoln for a supreme ruler with a man like this among them. Witnessed a march of the Federals into the city; some thousands. I never have seen so many men together before. Crowds have always awed and excited me, thrilled me with sensations strange and indefinable, but these soldiers—our professed enemies—moving with solemn countenances and measured tread, with starry banners floating and, what was once, our national music playing, filled me with a sort of excited melancholy never felt before. Images of the many fields wet with the blood of brothers, in which the stars and stripes and our own stars and bars had met in angry strife and floated in pride, then sunk in blood, mingled with thoughts

of all that these people had still to do. How many mothers are to be made desolate by this war. It seems to me to be very hard to be so very near soldiers and not be able to respond to their cheers or to shake the hand of even one, or to say, God speed you! These people have the old camping ground of our Confederate soldiers, then called "Camp Lewis," now camp Weitzel, in compliment to that Dutch-American who commands them. Saw to-day that Magruder's camp of instruction is at Hampstead, in Texas, where sister lives; read several very romantic incidents of the attack at Galveston. Captain Wainwright's little son, only ten years old, fought over the body of his dead father. Two brothers met and one answering the cry of "Yield or I kill you," said, "You had better look at me, Joe, before you fire." A gentleman named Lea, who was of the boarding party, killed his own son; his grief upon this discovery was terrible to witness. A Mr. Holland, too, of the boarding party, was met by Captain Wainwright for the first time since he had entertained him as a friend in London. Such things forbid comment. Ah, cruel civil war! On returning late, after spending the evening at the Randolphs, Judge Scott read an "extra" brought from town; the blockade at Charleston is removed by a bold Confederate attack; the *Mercidita* and *Quaker City* sunk, not a Federal vessel in sight. Great re-

joining at Charleston; foreign consuls informed. Ah, peace, is it really coming in the—no, not the distance—she must be near. Charleston claims open port for sixty days. We laughed to-day at an officer's caper; Mrs. Harrison sent Ginnie some nice things for lunch; an officer strolling on the railroad told the boy Andrew that he was there to inspect all covered dishes. After looking within and asking questions, he gave his royal permission to the proceeding. "Oh," said he, "as it is for a sick lady, you may take it to her." Mrs. Norton sent Mary Jane out for us with a note, asking us to come back. The girls said she made our passport an excuse for getting us home again, as she is lonely. She sent because an order in the *Yankee Delta* made known to us that those "enemies" who wished for passports and had registered, should come in person to receive them. Sent her word that we would come.

Next morning Ginnie was sick, too sick to get up, so I rose early and wrote a few lines to Colonel Clarke, stating facts; also wrote a few to Mr. Randolph, claiming the fulfillment of a promise to us that he would serve us under all circumstances. He came over directly after breakfast to tell me how glad he was that we had called on him at last, and that he would deliver our note to some of our rulers and extort a passport if possible. I thanked him

in earnest, for it is really something to ask. The Federal rulers here are less accessible than the most august of sovereigns, and even if one is admitted they send him from one to another until his patience is worn out, each official seeming to emulate the last in rude behavior—with the single exception of Colonel Clarke, who has been dismissed from office, having shown what the Yankees here term “secesh” tendencies. He is a gentleman and Ginnie says a most sorrowful one. Before we went to Greenville, Mrs. Norton, Ginnie and Mrs. Dameron went to the city hall—found there a great crowd through which they had to wedge their way. A young official made his appearance and after roughly demanding what their business was, was answered curtly by Mrs. Norton: “I don’t intend to tell you my business,” said she; “I will go to headquarters.” She makes a point of always speaking in this way and cannot be persuaded that she gives them great advantage over her. “Well, madam,” returned the young man, “I don’t want to know your business, and if you can’t tell it, just step back until others are served who can.” Mrs. Dameron blushed and said, “Ah, why will Ma put herself in a position to be insulted?” Ginnie and she got out of the way as fast as possible, and Mrs. Norton was so innocent about it that she didn’t know what they meant by feeling abashed. Colonel French sat

with his feet in the air, answered almost rudely when spoken to, and gave them no satisfaction. Colonel Clarke, though out of office that very day and to be succeeded by a creature called Colonel Bowgen, did all he could toward granting their requests. Mrs. Norton and Ginnie got arrest papers for servants, also registered for passports. Colonel Bowgen watched Colonel Clarke sharply, fearing, Ginnie said, that he might do or promise something kind. "Colonel Clarke has a soft spot in his heart," he significantly remarked. For this soft spot he has been dismissed from office; he goes out to the verge of "rebeldom," however, with all exchanged prisoners and enemies whenever they are sent, and is always so kind, so truly generous that many are attached to him. One lady who had smuggled a Confederate flag felt compunctious after receiving so much kindness, and brought it out to the Colonel. He had not permitted either their trunks or persons to be searched. She waved her little flag and said that she loved it and asked his permission to carry it over the lines; "Oh, yes," said he, "take it; I don't think it will cause the death of any of us."

The trip to the lines that time was a delightful one, both to the ladies and Colonel Clarke, and upon the arrival of the boat at Madisonville, two hundred Confederate soldiers marched down to meet the ladies.

Oh! such a time! such a joyful meeting! Our soldiers went on board and had quite a "jollification," it is said, and were kindly entertained by the Federal officers. This was as it should be, but things will never be conducted in that way again. The last time the enemies went out, Colonel Clarke went with them, indeed, but he could do nothing which he wished. On being appealed to by a lady, he said, "Ah, madam, there is a new ruler in Jerusalem." On this occasion the ladies' trunks were searched, also their persons, with two exceptions. A little contraband quinine was found and we were all glad to hear that one of the infamous women badly cut her hand whilst ripping up a lady's sleeve to look for it. Even babies were searched and left shivering in the cold without their clothes. Flannels were taken from all, and a little bag of flour which a very poor woman, who was going out to meet her husband, had taken to thicken her baby's milk, was cruelly thrown into water. Is it possible that we can ever take the Yankees by the hand again! To me the very sight of them is disgusting after hearing of their enormities.

Mr. Randolph got our passports after waiting hours; he was treated roughly at first, but upon speaking firmly and politely, they changed tone. He was even told to come back again if he needed more trunks than those allowed us. In the pass-

ports we are numbered, not named. We have since had a note from a friend, beginning, "Dear No. 46."

With another dinner at the Harrisons and another tea at the Randolphs, our visit to Greenville closed. The girls would not give us up and persuaded us day after day to stay, but Mrs. Norton came after us herself on Sunday, the 8th of February. We came in on the cars quite late, so late that the Judge and Mr. R—— both went with us to the station and would have proceeded to town, but we would only consent to accept the company of one.

February 9th [1863]. Reported seizure of the arsenal by Governor Seymour, of New York. Probable seizure of Lincoln. I don't believe these reports. The old Democratic party is indeed aroused, but it is a law-abiding party, and I do not think we can expect of it any violent proceedings. They are disgusted with Lincoln, but they helped to elect him and must tolerate him. Banks has been warned by his Government that he is to be lenient to us. He has done nothing for us, but he has committed none of Butler's enormities. He does not give up seized houses, but they say rent is to be given by those occupied by Government officers; however, nobody expects the payment. He does not encourage tale-bearing of negroes, and has had no one arrested for opinion's sake,

but he has had none of the innocent, imprisoned by Butler, released. I have heard that he speaks often unkindly to ladies who go to him begging for their husbands or friends to be released. "My husband will die, sir, his health is so bad, and my relative has lost his mind in confinement," said one lady to him. "We must all die, madam," he returned; "prison life affects men differently; some lose their minds and some die; this we cannot help." Poor Mrs. Harrison has been wearying herself for months in behalf of her husband who has been confined in the Custom House without comforts and with many others in the same room—offence, as far as it can be made out, trying to save the property of a "rebel" friend, Captain Dameron, formerly a Confederate Guard. The three Episcopal ministers, Mr. Fulton, Mr. Goodrich, and Doctor Leacock, arrived here last week. They were sent off by Butler for not praying for the President of the United States. They were well received in New York by people of secession tendencies there; were treated with great kindness and were invited to preach in the churches. All reasonable people, all indeed, except fanatics, cried "Shame!" on the treatment these divines had received in New Orleans. Banks having arrived here and there being no probability of Butler's return, these three ministers have ventured hither.

They were not allowed to land because they had not taken, and would not take, the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. This proceeding caused great excitement and many persons have visited the boat, the *Cromwell*, in which they are imprisoned. They were transferred to the *McClellan* and reshipped to New York after being refused even one visit to their homes, or a simple walk on the shore they loved so well. No Episcopal minister dishonored himself here by taking the oath to a Government he had abjured. Seven resisted, though these three only were sent off. If Butler had remained, others would have suffered, as they had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness. Last summer when they were first threatened and the excitement of the people on the subject was discussed, I could not help thinking of the trial of the "Seven Bishops"—"the Seven Candlesticks." How history repeats itself in spite of the progression of our race. Sarah Erwin, now Mrs. Doctor Glen, was in Doctor Goodrich's church last fall when Colonel Strong dispersed the congregation. Never had she thought to witness such a scene. Before the time had come for praying for the President of the United States, or the time for the omission rather, Colonel Strong, who had been mistaken by the congregation for one of our own people, arose and whispered something in

Mr. Goodrich's ear. Colonel Strong, Butler's agent, was very pale and much excited, and as he was wrapped in a cloak which covered his military dress he was thought some mourner who had requested the prayers of the minister. He had appeared so nervous and so depressed and so deathly pale that he had excited the sympathy of the people; great was the surprise, therefore, when he arose and in the name of the Government of the United States forbade the ceremonies of the church to proceed, and ordered the congregation to disperse.

There was an immediate uprising of the people and a rush to the pulpit; the first thought was that Doctor Goodrich was in danger. No one was safe from arrest in Butler's time. Women wept and men muttered and I am told that even oaths were heard; some women who had always been considered timid and gentle, openly defied Strong and denounced him to his face. Strong threw off his cloak and this gave a full view not only of his elaborately wrought regimentals, but also of a goodly show of side arms. The sight of glistening steel and pistols in that peaceful assembly neither calmed nor awed it. Many became infuriated and women especially clustered around Strong to his evident fear. One old lady called down a curse upon him and all he held dear. All thought it a proper place, perhaps, in which to open

those vials of wrath, the existence of which the church warrants. Pale but firm, Doctor Goodrich asked permission at least to give his blessing to the congregation. "No," cried the brute Strong, "I forbid it." "My people," returned Doctor Goodrich, "shall not depart without my benediction." He then made a few remarks that filled the building with hysterical sobs. After the people had left church, they were again ordered to disperse, and at the very door a Federal asked of Colonel Strong permission to send for the artillery. "You had better order up a gunboat, sir, as that seems to be your only safeguard," returned an excited young woman, said to be a Jewess. An old lady made protest by saying that she had as good a right as Butler himself to stand upon the banquette and that she would return home in her own time. It was the most disgraceful scene. It is said that Butler was gazing with the aid of a glass from his own window; he had not then stolen Mrs. Campbell's house and was residing in General Twiggs', and was reported to have been highly amused, but his adjutant, Colonel Strong, remarked that he would rather go to battle than to go through the same excitement again. Doctor Goodrich was arrested some time after this event and has been in New York some months. When he will be able to return to his anxious wife after this second exile, Heaven only knows. Mrs. Good-

rich is supported by contributions from her husband's flock; they are not able to do as much as they wish for her as all fortunes are in a state of ruin now. Servants have run or have been taken away from plantations, houses burned, banks robbed, and all business suspended; lawyers cannot practice and no one can sell a piece of property without first having taken the oath to the United States Government.

Some time ago there was a report here that the *Alabama*, or 290, after destroying the United States steamer *Hatteras* had appeared at the mouth of this river; that pilots had gone on board of her and that Captain Semmes had sent by them a challenge to Farragut to come down in his flagship and fight him. It is believed, and the pilots were said to have been imprisoned upon their return because they had taken the oath to the Confederacy on board the 290. Farragut did not go, but the *Mississippi* was sent down in great haste under some other pretense. It was said that the *Oreta* or *Florida*, Captain Maffet, was also at the Balize. Those taken prisoner by these two Captains report them gentlemen; they treat their captives in a different manner to that in which the Yankees treat ours. Captain Maffet is a small, slight man, very timid, blushes like a girl when he attracts notice, looks like a poet, and is, from the pris-

oners' report, a gentleman, every inch of him. Mr. Fulton has had a call to a church at Snow Hill, Md.; he has been told that he need not pray for the President of the United States there; don't know that he will accept it, has no support. Our churches here are open, but I have not attended; our regular ministers do not officiate. In our little Calvary church Mr. Lyons reads a written sermon and goes through the service. Rose Wilkinson attempted to play the melodeon and attended three or four singing meetings for that purpose, but Mr. Payne, a pompous Englishman, who has made a great deal of money here, was so rude on account of a few mistakes, which were the consequence of her timidity, that she declined going any more. Mr. Tucker, one of our gentlemen, whose ear is quite as good, bore with her kindly and politely. Mr. Payne has since had almost a contention with a Mrs. Hedges, a Scotch lady, who has taken Rosa's place; she sings songs and ballads sweetly and with much taste, but does not sing church music correctly, they say. Mr. Payne says so. He doesn't look as though he had an ear, it was a great mistake in nature to have given him one. I should like to tell how disagreeable and pompous he is; if he were not rich he would be afraid to express an opinion, so I think of him.

February 16th [1863]. To-night read aloud

Cox's speech to Ginnie and Mrs. Norton, Cox of Ohio—though I was inwardly grieved at the position of these people and consequent misery to so many innocent ones, I could not help laughing at this speech and the frequent interruptions and cries it met with, especially when Butler was introduced. I am glad that creature seems to meet with general hatred, though in Boston those fanatics got up a sort of pretended welcome to him. He, having heard that the fanatics were about to turn off all generals not of the same politics as themselves, made haste to change his; he once pretended to be a Democrat, but he has joined the Abolitionists, and gives as excuse that he was made one in New Orleans. He tells in his speech to the people a thousand stories of the social life here to justify his treatment of the people. The negroes plied him well with falsehoods when he was here, and he took off (stole) three or four negroes and his wife did the same, when they left here—though to the world his "order" forbidding this proceeding still stands. That order never was intended to be obeyed; it never restrained anyone—ship-loads of negroes belonging to citizens here have been carried off by Federals.

Cox's speech dissects the Puritan and Yankee character to the core; I do believe that it represents it truly. They are cold, hard, unscrupulous,

persevering meddlers, and should live by themselves and never have a voice in any government intended for other people; they have given trouble wherever they have lived; their vanity and egotism are supreme; they are the cause of this war of brothers; and others, inflamed by their bearing-down qualities and eloquence, have given them a helping hand. There seems to be now a general awakening at the North. The sovereign people will soon be in the political field and have already cried out that acts like those which disgrace the Lincoln government shall not be done in their name. Cox's speech closes with a beautiful poem addressed to South Carolina upon her secession. It filled me with a passionate, almost a tearful regret for the Union; we can never forgive the Massachusetts Puritans for what they have done. The same old feeling which made us love the Union as it was will prevent our accepting it now.

We read also a most interesting letter in the *New York World*, written in the name of the citizens of New Orleans. 'Tis in answer to Butler's farewell address to the people of this city, and refutes ably its many falsehoods. Butler's address was an inflated falsehood from beginning to end. This letter enumerates some, not all, of Butler's offences against decency, law and order, in a calm, determined, unostentatious way. I read

it with pleasure, for it was all true, and was indeed a dignified production. I don't know who wrote it, but the people of New Orleans, with the exception of the Dutch, echo every sentiment it contains. We read in the same paper an exposition of the conduct of the speculators from Yankee-land, and the Federal officials who have cheated the planters and gone home with large fortunes. This war and this infamous people have developed and disclosed corruption on a tremendous scale. Now the *Caucasian* contained the account of Cameron's attempt to buy one of the Pennsylvania legislators; I am glad to learn that even one of that infamous administration has failed in his ambitions. I have seen one of the *Eras*, a new paper established here in place of the *Delta*. It is a shameful thing; not even genteel. I am provoked to learn that the editor complains of the loss of his "Tennyson." I don't like to think of his reading so prized a volume. The English, it is said, find much fault with President Davis' retaliatory proclamation. I do not usually like harsh measures, but these people—these Federals—are to be dealt with in no other manner. They mistake leniency for fear; they have not chivalry enough to comprehend.

When the infamous Pope in Virginia last summer desolated for five miles around where any guerrilla destroyed one of the people who had



R. LEGRAND JOHNSTON

The well-known artist, considered to be the finest painter
of sheep in America.

Nephew of Julia LeGrand

come to desolate and spoil his friends, a retaliatory proclamation from Davis established the only law which enforced better behavior. Every ruler must protect his people; if the enemy are not governed by decent laws, if the wholesome restraints of civilization are unknown to them, some one must meet them with force. How many Virginia homes were desolated by that wretched Pope! I have the utmost respect for General McClellan; no act of his disgraces him except his acceptance of a position in the Federal Army. He was suspected of Southern tendencies all through his career; they say the South could have got him if she had bid high enough. He, as an enemy, however, has acted the chivalrous part. I took a fancy to him in the early part of his career in Western Virginia. It was a knightly act, I think, to place our General Garnett's dead body on ice that it might present no hideous changes to the loved ones who awaited it. He is out of the service now and the Federals have shown their distrust of him by endeavoring to disgrace him. Burnside, his successor, has also resigned, and Hooker, a fighting man, has taken his place. He, however, is mud-blockaded on the Rappahannock and can not carry out his belligerent views. A great many Federal officers have resigned recently and the privates are dispirited and mutinous. Two or three hundred have been

put under arrest in the last few days for refusing to go to Baton Rouge. They did not come to fight, they say, and would not have been here at all if they had not been drafted. Orders have come from Lincoln that Port Hudson should be attacked immediately; great drilling, artillery and otherwise, going on daily in the streets and squares. The Harrison girls and the Ogdens have been down frequently; they beg us to go back to Greenville; they tell much that is amusing of the camp near them. The negroes are constantly singing "Hang Jeff. Davis on the sour-apple tree." This is a beautiful, solemn air; an old Methodist hymn. Mr. Randolph called twice to see Mrs. Norton about taking up Leah, the old woman who made her grandchild steal our money.

We have company every day, and often all day; I can neither read nor write. What I commit to this book is so disconnected that I have half a mind to desist. Even if we are free from company for a moment or two, Mrs. Norton fills up the time by reading aloud to us these tiresome city papers. I have a disgust for them, because they do not dare to speak of anything that interests us. I write in such confusion and so rapidly when I have an opportunity, that I often cannot read myself what has been written. I fear my little niece, Edith [Mrs. Edith Pye Weeden, now of Austin, Texas], for whom I wish to keep a good and in-

teresting journal, will think her Auntie has a sorry, sorry sort of mind and style. I never could concentrate my thoughts when in a confusion, and here we have it all the time. Our room fronts on the gallery and it seems to be a thoroughfare for all parties; not one moment can we command. Dear Mrs. Norton can't comprehend how young people can wish to be alone; she is old and hates solitude. When she sits in her own room and we in ours she continually calls something out to us; she is devoted to newspapers and I cannot bear them except when they contain something of worth. These papers, *The Bee*, *The Picayune*, *The True Delta*, are all worthless now. *The Era* does not wish to, and our papers do not dare to, tell the truth. The New York papers are under much less restraint than ours. We have too large a Federal force in the city for the truth to be uttered except in whispers. Mrs. Waugh has spent several mornings with us; she has brought us Davis' last work on Spiritualism; he approves of the War, not if it is conducted to restore the Union, but for slavery. Mrs. N—— is talking to me and I cannot take heed of my periods. I feel angry with Davis (Andrew Jackson Davis) for approving of this war; he should divine the spirit which guides the combatants. What good can grow out of such strife? Speculators and thieves can not introduce good by warring and the Federal

Army is made up of them. They go to the battles with their pockets stuffed with counterfeit Confederate money which they intend to pass off if they succeed in getting into the country. Handcuffs were carried to the field of Manassas—we were then a parcel of “Rebels” to be easily conquered and terribly punished. Ah, how many a gallant neck the hangman would have touched if our braves had not boldly met them on the field. A great power must watch over the destiny of nations—now we are a nation to be ruined by other means—the “Rebellion” is a great revolution.

By sending \$5.00 to New York you can get \$20,000 Confederate dollars—counterfeit, of course. These advertisements appear in respectable journals, *Harper's Weekly*, for instance, which considers itself a vast civilizer, though it recommends that servile insurrection should overrun the South. It is nothing that our homes should be burned and that Southern women and children should be startled at midnight by the wild beasts which Africans become after having scented blood. Northern women, too, are willing to see their Southern sisters subjected to every danger and infamy. To think of emptying prisons and penitentiaries of hardened wretches and saying, “Hurrah, and God speed you!” to them on their mission of destruction.

Two vessels of war, blockading at Sabine Pass, have been captured by the Confederates; one, the *Rachel Seaman*, was burned by the Yankees to prevent capture; we attacked with two cotton-protected steamers and took the *Victory* and the *Morning Light*—also money and supplies. Commodore Farragut pronounces the giving up of the *Harriet Lane* at Galveston and the escape of the rest of the fleet from two “cotton steamers” as a pusillanimous affair.

The breaking of the blockade at Charleston is declared by the enemy to be a much less important affair than we thought it—this means that several vessels have come back to begin the blockade over again, not being willing to own that it has been broken. I, as well as others, believe that the *Quaker City* was sunk in Charleston harbor.

February 17th [1863]. Mrs. Dameron and Mrs. White came to the gate late and found Mary Jane outside talking with other negroes, after having locked it, or pretending to do so, and bringing the key in to Mrs. Norton. This deception in a girl in whom she has had so much confidence made Mrs. Norton anxious and nervous all night. She got her money, pistols and other defences near her and kept the light burning. So many horrible things have happened that one can not be too careful, but I do not think Mary Jane meant to do more mischief than to leave the gate

open so that she might have company within or go out at will. The deception was what was to have been expected of a negro. I do not feel fear for others now—I never did for myself—now that Banks is here; he does not throw people in prison without a trial on the testimony of a negro, as Butler did. Mrs. Dameron came in because a gentleman who had run the blockade had brought her news of Mr. D——. All well outside.

No fight at Port Hudson yet; Farragut and his flagship, the *Hartford*, still here. The town is filled with rumors and our friends who are always trooping here, keep us well plied with them. I do not record them all, because I forget them.

February 18th [1863]. General Banks and the planters met to-day. A series of resolutions has been made. The amount of the whole matter is that General Banks promised to do what he could, though fettered by his Government, to send the slaves back to the plantations, and he has received a great many compliments in return for his promise. Many people, myself among the number, disapprove of the whole affair. No agreement should be entered with our enemies or the Government which sends them here. Our dear boys are fighting for our rights and many of their papas are entering into terms with their armed invaders.

February 19th [1863]. Mrs. Waugh came in

while I was doing up my collars. She read us Davis' book while I was busy. She is so simple-minded and true that I should not blush if she visited me, and I had only a crust to offer her. The exchanged prisoners go out tomorrow. A great many are going to see them off. Report says that the *Laurel Hill*, the boat on which they were to be sent, is captured by our people up the river.

February 20th [1863]. Mary Harrison came to ask us to go with her to Mrs. Payne's and thence to see the prisoners off. We did not feel like standing so long in such a crowd, though anxious to wave a handkerchief to them, too. Mary promised to come back to dinner, but Mrs. Dameron sent us an invitation to dine while Mary was here, so she declined coming back. We spent the day at Mrs. D——'s. Had quite a discussion about spiritualism. I don't like to hear people say a thing can't be true, or that it is not true and that they know it isn't. I said that I felt too ignorant of nature's mysteries to say what was or what was not true. Our being is so mysterious and the laws which govern it are so mysterious that I do not know how many other mysteries I may be involved in. I said that I was sure of one thing and that was that nothing but truth could live; false doctrine must die out, but truth can be crushed out only for a season. An abiding law

of the universe must be abiding and revealed sometime. I am determined to be prejudiced against nothing but ignorance. Most people show so little sign of having thought at all except in commonplace, everyday matters, that it is a relief to be entertained with a beautiful fancy logically sustained as Mrs. Waugh sustains hers.

Sent for by Mrs. D—— on account of company at home; found Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Roselius and Mrs. Gilmour. Annie Waugh came in afterwards. Mrs. Wells tired out, having been running from one Federal ruler to another for days trying to get permission to send her young daughters in the Confederacy a few necessities—no success after all her trouble. These people never say no at first. The *Queen of the West*, or, some say, the *Conestoga*, passed Vicksburg some time ago; she has captured three Confederate vessels with provisions, and has entirely cut off communication by water between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Our Red River supplies and those from Texas also cut off. She must be sunk or captured. I expect to hear of one or the other in a few days. I read a speech of Wendell Phillips. No Jacobin of France, not even Robespierre, ever made so infamous a one. He says an aristocracy like that of the South has never been gotten rid of except by the sacrifice of one generation; they can never have peace, he says, until “every slaveholder is

either killed or exiled." He does not approve of battles—the negro should be turned loose and incited to rise and slay. "They know by instinct the whole programme of what they have to do," he says. I at first blamed our secession, but our politicians knew these awful people better than I did and now I am glad that we are, or will, be rid of them.

February 21st [1863]. Yesterday the Confederates, clad in the dear gray uniform and laden with women's gifts, gathered, according to order, upon the levee. The *Laurel Hill*, contrary to expectations, came up, but meantime the *Empire Parish* was appointed to take them beyond the lines. The *Laurel Hill* lay close beside her; also the iron-clad, *Star of the West*. These men have been trying for months to get out, but the authorities here feared that they would join the "Rebel" army. It was not believed when the order to register was given that so many wished to go. A promise was given that at least a thousand should be sent out on the exchange vessel, but when the day came the number was cut down to three hundred. The excluded were furious, and many to whom no passports were issued would press up to mingle with the more fortunate. Thousands of women and men, whose hearts warmed to the uniform, gathered at the levee to see them off—what happened, the following quotation from a

lady's letter to her sister in Europe will tell:

“I went yesterday to see some fourteen hundred exchanged Confederates leave the levee, and while the scene is still fresh in my mind, I will tell you of it. Such conduct as we witnessed! It was fit only for barbarians. At least ten thousand persons of all ages and sexes congregated on the wharf to cheer their beloved soldiers; mothers, wives, sisters and lovers were crying bitterly; many old men had handkerchiefs to their faces, others standing still with a fixed stare on the boat, which they could not approach. A steamer, the *Laurel Hill*, which was near, was crowded like an ant hill; all the balconies, even the roofs of the houses, were filled. Thousands of different kinds of vehicles were on the levee, all filled with ladies and children. Suddenly there was a cry of ‘Disperse the people!’ Then a company of soldiers, with bayonets fixed, rushed through the crowd. A bayonet touched my back; I was so indignant that I forgot to be afraid, nor would I have hurried had not the flying crowd pushed me on before them. I then got in the carriage of the ladies who had asked me to go with them, when presently another cry arose, ‘Let all carriages leave the street, or they shall be run over by artillery.’ ‘Pshaw,’ said I, ‘they dare not do it.’ A policeman imperturbably answered me, ‘You’ll see if they dare not.’ Before the last word was

said, sure enough down came a full battery in full gallop. Our horse stood upright with fright; drays, carriages, furniture carts, all got entangled. If the horses had not been more noble than their riders, they would positively have gone over us; they refused to advance until lashed to fury by the soldiers, and that pause enabled the carriage drivers to open a road for them. Such screams you never heard. The last look I gave to the levee was in time to see several women running, the foremost of whom fell, and those behind got tangled in their skirts and came down over them, while the horse's breath, like thick smoke, fouled their upturned faces. I am sure some of them must have been killed. I should have told you that before I got into the carriage a soldier placed a bayonet across my path and forbade my going further; 'Order as you please,' said I, 'but don't dare to touch me.' An old Irish woman shrieked out, 'Even that divvil of a Butler had never run over the people.' I was so indignant that I could have fought like a man. I can understand now why so few run in battle. The people who had gathered on the *Laurel Hill* were also ordered off, but they refused to go, saying that no artillery could reach them there. The Captain then put up steam and went out into the river; when they passed the boats containing the prisoners, their shouts rent the air. Ladies on the

levee had handkerchiefs tied to their parasols, others had flowers, throwing and giving them to the Confederates who were still on their way to the boat. To some tobacco was given and to others \$5.00 notes. When those on the boat saw the artillery running over the women and children, they gave the battle yell and one of them lifted a Confederate flag he had. A Federal rushed for it, but it was passed from one to another; it was got at last, however, and the soldier who bore it fell into the water amidst the shouts of laughter and clapping of hands. One Englishman cried out, 'Oh, that the *Rinaldo* was here!' A Frenchman wished for one of his war vessels, and a common Spaniard roared out, 'In dis revolution you feared even of children.' The negroes laughed and clapped their hands to see us run over, and one screamed out, 'Here, let me get out of this d——d secesh.' The carriages were not allowed to remain even one square from the levee. Our General Clarke was among the prisoners; he was carried on a litter by the gentlemen and attended by Doctor Stone."

This quotation from Mrs. Roselius's letter gives but half of the horrors of the scene. The whole town is talking of the disgraceful behavior of the Federal authorities. These men had been promised that they should go out; passes had been refused them, and when discovered running the

blockade they were shot down. The number had been cut down to three hundred who were allowed to go on the Government boat, which fact gave disappointment to many. The Federals say they do not intend to recruit for the "Rebel" service. Mrs. Norton was down town in the morning, but she did not go to the levee. She met a Confederate soldier dressed in the dear gray and presented him a \$5.00 note which she happened to have about her. He took it as a keepsake; shook hands with her, and hoped some day to see her again. She told him that it did her heart good to look at him. The Federals with all their gay parade here are solitary and alone in all their drills and marches; nothing shows the tone of the public mind here more than this. No boys ever follow them except a few daring ones sometimes who hurrah for Jeff Davis, "Stonewall" Jackson or Beauregard in their very faces. Sometimes the "Bonny Blue Flag" is sung to them and children have been arrested for this offence. Our Confederates, after they began to gather, were followed street by street with loving eyes and loving cries; hands were shaken that had never met, and alas, were likely never to meet again. Here the words, "God bless you, God speed you," really meant much. The Federals felt keenly the magic of the words, "Our soldiers." One officer was heard to remark, "This looks like a — of

a Union city to-day." It is wonderful how soon we have learned to love the stars and bars. I thought I never should at first, but I do now. An adopted child is more tenderly thought of than an unworthy son or daughter, though a wild regret may ever mingle with the anger and scorn which an insulted parent must feel.

The boat which was carried out into the stream went farther down the river; the Captain told the ladies he intended to take them to Fort Jackson. They begged him to go back, as many had left infants at home; he would take them back, he said, if they would behave themselves. Finding that he had no such intentions, they all commenced to sing the "Bonny Blue Flag," "My Maryland," "Jeff Davis is a Gentleman," and every other revolutionary air they could think of. Of course "Dixie" was not forgotten. All this was imprudent, to say the least of it; it would have been more lady-like to have been quiet. They were in Yankee power, and it was shown to them as harshly as possible. They were kept on this boat until next day; they had nothing to eat but some crackers so old, it is said, they were made in 1812. Children were crying because they had nowhere to sleep and nothing to eat. When the boat stopped to coal a few hardy women got off and walked home, three or four miles, a great distance for a Louisiana woman. There are hundreds of inci-

dents connected with this affair; some of a serious and others of a laughable nature. One lady was killed that I know of; it is feared others were. The papers do not dare mention what happened; the *Yankee Era* did say that all next day people were running about in a distracted manner looking up lost relatives. One nurse with a child is missing. We hope the Confederates saw it all well and will report it outside; it will swell the battle cry. The old one of "Remember Butler and New Orleans," did the Confederacy good service; it acted like an inspiration to Louisiana soldiers. Even after this scene, the *Yankee Era* came out with a flaming article about the Union feeling of this city. There are hundreds more people who hate the Yankees to-day than there were a week ago. The whole matter was repudiated by General Banks next day. Some say French sent the artillery down. Some German captain will have to bear the infamy of charging with bayonets women and children who had come to say farewell to dear ones they might never see again. The people here have had their feelings pent-up so long that they might have been allowed this one vent in peace. Many handkerchiefs were bayoneted, also dresses; only one man was actually struck that I heard of. One Federal soldier said to another that they had stove in the "rebellion," "broke its backbone to-day." Mary Ogden heard

this herself. The Ogden girls were not on the ground, but near Greenville on the river bank; they placed a striped shawl on a pole under the pretence of drying it; they knew the Confederates when they passed would understand and cheer what they meant for a flag. Their Uncle Walter, fearing some insult from it, made them take it down. They waited long for the *Empire Parish* to pass, but went home without seeing her. The soldiers did not get off until next day. The Federals, intentionally, it is believed, ran her against the iron-clad *Star of the West*, lying close by her. This was done in broad daylight. It is said they wish to sink our soldiers. Of course the boat was disabled and the soldiers detained. They had nothing to eat, and dear ones on the shore were not allowed to take them anything. They don't wish these men to go into the Confederacy until after the fight at Vicksburg and at Port Hudson are over. These are imminent, they say, but it is believed by many that the long delay has been occasioned by a fear to commence. The Federal army here is not thought true to Federal interests. The Western men read constantly of opposition to their Government in their own States. A Western Republic is constantly talked of. It is proposed to "Leave New England, the author of the mischief, out in the cold."

February 22nd [1863]. Clear and beautiful.



MARY JOHNSTON
(Mrs. Fielder C. Slingluff)
Niece of Julia LeGrand

The left diagram shows a small number of particles (approximately 10) in a small volume. The right diagram shows a larger number of particles (approximately 20) in a larger volume, maintaining the same density.

Cannons were fired. Numerous reports as usual. Company to dinner who reported fighting over the river. Mary Harrison on her way from church met three Confederate soldiers under arrest taken from the boat. A hundred were sent off, it is said. Willy Thompson, a young friend of Mary Waugh's, became furious with disappointment—said if he could not go into the Confederacy, he would go to Fort Jackson. Consequently he gave his tongue license and was arrested on the boat and brought before Colonel Clarke. This gentleman, who stands out from the Federal groups here like a piece of harmonious statuary, merely said to him that he knew he had met with a disappointment, “and now, young man,” he continued, “you had best take yourself off home as soon as possible.” The remaining prisoners were transferred to the *Brunswick*, and were carried a few miles above Baton Rouge. They left the boat giving three cheers for Colonel Clarke. We “Rebels” are not all fire-eaters and savages, as it pleases Northern satirists to style us, and really know how to appreciate a kindly enemy even. Our hearts ached this morning to hear that five of our Confederate friends fell overboard, owing to the slipping of some wood, and one of them was drowned. The Yankee *Era* says that the “Rebel” officer who called the roll of our prisoners at Houston, is Lieutenant Todd, brother of Mrs.

Lincoln. He is tall, fat, and savage against the Yankees.

February 24th. Great stir among the Yankees. Much hard riding. They have stolen and forced people to give up every horse in town, even carriage horses. They ride as though the world were coming to an end. Some unhappy-looking troops have just passed our door with knapsacks packed and a pretty flag flying with 12th Battery upon it. The cannon have been sent to the boat; we presume that these people are on their way to Port Hudson.

February 25th. Invited to lunch at Mrs. Roselius's—had headache—so had Ginnie; concluded late to go. Found everything delightful, and pleasant company. Can't say, though, that I have any fancy for any sort of company just now. After lunch, ran over to Mrs. Waugh's in my light silk, to which she has taken such a fancy, and felt in another atmosphere with her. No memories of the jarring world when with her, or at least an inspiring confidence that we can live above them. How purely intellectual she is! How free from vanity, egotism and pedantry which *men* have pleased to associate with a learned woman. Her conversations are sometimes beautiful lectures that fall from her lips without effort and with simple elegance. Indeed her heart speaks in everything, and there is a sincerity and earnest-

ness, a childlike sweetness, that spiritualizes her most didactic discourses. I like Mrs. Roselius better than any woman of the world I have ever known. She has seen much of society—she has elegance of manner, tact and good taste—she has not lost her natural warmth of heart, or her enthusiasms; she has much charity without show and is both ingenuous and truthful. She is *smart*, even talented; but neither thought or conversation are purified by sentiment. It amuses me to hear her talk, for she seems to know all that happens, but I never feel any better or wiser after having listened to her for hours. On the contrary, some of her most amusing sketches of life, people or character depress me wonderfully, though I laugh over them. She lives next door and is very sociable. I'm ashamed to say that we are not. Her husband is such a Federal and talks so abusively of Southerners that she excuses our want of sociability on that account—but I consider him such a silly person that his petulant talk does not affect me in the least. I never get angry with a silly person; I do not consider them responsible. When the New Orleans Guard was deserted outside of the lines, and its members stole ingloriously back to enjoy the luxuries of the city—Mr. R—— excused them. He said that he, too, “was brave, that he would stand to be shot at as well as any man, but that *gentlemen* could not

endure camp life. *He* could not eat pork and beans. Those Virginians and Mississippians (mentioning people from other States) were not gentlemen, he said; they ought to fight." It was useless to talk to a man who could *not feel* the meaning of hating, yet stealing in to lead a life of inglorious ease, leaving the burden of defence to be borne by others. Nobly has that burden been borne by others—Louisianians, American sons have won honors on every field.

Much dissatisfaction was felt here for a time over President Davis' speech at Jackson. It was partial and addressed wholly to Mississippians, though the army by which he was surrounded was composed of men from all States. The battle of Chickasaw Bayou was fought by Louisianans and Georgians. These men were entitled, even as exiles from home, to kindly mention—but no word of praise, except to Mississippians. The women of Vicksburg were approved because they expressed wishes that the town should be shelled rather than surrendered. The women of New Orleans rushed in numbers to sign a paper imploring that this city should never be given up. They were fearless, they said; we signed it and would have been glad enough to have resistance made. I have always felt that Davis was a partisan, rather than a father of his country; a politician rather than a statesman. I heard him speak once and was not

satisfied. I can never learn to love him as I do Washington or Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, or the two Ashbys even, who were willing to serve their country in any capacity. It does me good to feel that thousands of men are privates in this war, undergoing, voluntarily, all sorts of deprivation and hardships, who, before the war, were wealthy and lived in luxury. Thousands of our countrymen are yielding to the authority of officers who are far beneath them in wealth and social standing. This state of things gratifies the hero-worship that has always stirred my heart. I hate man-worship or place-worship—it corrupts—but in hero-worship I feel that I serve but my ideal.

The ram, *Queen of the West*, has been captured by our Confederates up Red River. Some of the men escaped, but many were taken prisoners. We captured guns and useful supplies. One of our men, John Burke, had been seized to pilot the boat up Red River that our batteries could be captured or destroyed—he was forced under a Federal guard and therefore felt privileged to deceive them. When quite near he assured the Federals that they were still fifteen miles distant; they were, therefore, more unprepared than they would have been. A warehouse on shore was fired by one of our officers, which lighted up the river. We made a complete triumph of it. I am glad that this capture was made in Louisiana, for,

owing to the fall of New Orleans, she has been somewhat depreciated in the Confederacy, though I think the Government at Richmond was more to be blamed in that disaster than the people who had trusted all defences to their military superiors. Large contributions were made here to the defence of the city and to the general war. And had not the citizens been trammelled by the general Government, the city would not have fallen. Its fall had been anticipated by those who knew anything of military matters, but to the people at large it was a great surprise. They were therefore totally surprised and unprepared and showed panic—that undignified state of things. It was reported at one time that Butler had gotten hold of the ladies' list and was to bring to justice all offending therein. Butler was so senseless in much of his tyranny, that *any* report of him could receive credence. I firmly expected to go to prison when the others were taken, when the oath-taking was going on. Judge Ogden told us of a young lawyer friend of his who took the oath, not for his own interests, but to protect those of others. He had in charge a large property belonging to minors, and as he could have no control over it, or practice in any of the courts unless he took the oath, he took it. He has since gone completely mad in consequence—he suffered so and his thoughts were completely filled with it. This is a

terrible case and I know of another just like it. That wretch Butler has much to answer for. They continually threaten to send him back here, but we do not fear that he will come. The Consuls had him removed, and beside we do not think that he would trust himself to the watery pathway in which the *290*, or the *Oreta*, may find him.

The Yankee paper reports that the *Alabama* (the *290*) is captured and that we are about to evacuate Port Hudson and Vicksburg on account of starvation. We do not heed these stories.

February 26 [1863]. Read constantly of opposition to the Government at the North. A civil war there thought to be imminent. Mrs. Wilkinson, who lost her husband at the battle of Manassas, and who hastened out of the city at that time, leaving her children, has just come to town. Would people in any other land believe that a woman, under such circumstances, could be arrested for not taking the oath to the United States? No one is allowed to land without doing so, though nothing has been done *so far* to those in the city who resisted. Mrs. Wilkinson is under arrest, having refused the oath at St. Andrew's House. Her children would not have learned of her arrival through the morning paper but for an accident. She is to be sent back, and is trying to get leave to take her children. Kate W—— took breakfast with us this morning. I told her that I

thought her mother highly honored, she had resisted and that we were leading the driest and tamest sort of life, and had no chance of being thought martyrs, though we are, in truth, often, in another fashion. Mrs. W—— says that no attack is to be feared at Vicksburg, the Yankee troops having come over to us in the last fight there in whole squads, bearing with them the smallest flags of truce. Our people did not see the flags at first, being so excited and the generals had difficulty to restrain their ardor. In this way, many poor fellows were murdered who would have been our friends. The Yankees have deceived us so often that our people fear almost to trust a flag of truce. I feel so sad to think of those poor fellows; what a hopeless feeling must have taken possession of them between the two fires, not trusted by either side. Under other circumstances I would not trust deserters, but in this war thousands long to come to us, being convinced that it is wrong to overrun the South. Some, too, consider their cause a hopeless one. There are three hundred deserters in Jackson alone and they are coming in all the time, Mrs. W—— says. They are in high spirits, Mrs. W—— says, outside the lines and do not look as we do here. Our soldiers have plenty of everything, even coffee, though outsiders have to pay well for it, if they get it at all. Flour is \$80 per barrel. Kate says that her aunt,

Mrs. Eccleston, in Vicksburg, has devoted herself to the Louisiana troops. They say she belongs to them. We want to go out with the Wilkinsons, if these people will let us—here comes the martyrdom—money due us all round, and cannot ask for it, because the times are pressing so on all. Mr. Randolph was here this morning; he thanked us for letting our house free of rent to them. Mr. R—— did not take the oath and was thrown out of business. We were glad to be of some use. Oh, I wish we were rich. Kate W——, Mrs. Randolph and Detty [Margaretta] Harrison have taken up my morning. I like them all, but love best to be alone of all things. I am so worn out sometimes by the constant stream of talk around me that I am nearly crazy. I fear I shall get the same sort of buzzing in my head that Mrs. Wragge complains of (from “No Name,” by Wilkie Collins, that I have just read). I like this book better than his “White Woman” or “Woman in White.” He has too much plot to suit my taste. Life is full of plot, too, but I have never felt that a book that contains much of it gives a true representation of life. I prefer the volume that seems but a page torn from real life. I care not for startling incidents, but only the gradual development of social life and a good delineation of character. I notice though that plot and incident are more popular than quiet truthful pictures.

Thackeray is no favorite here; I find few of my friends here who will even try to comprehend him. To me he is the first of English writers. "Vanity Fair" gave me a great shock. I do not think I could ever have been quite so happy again, after having read that book, even if life had not gone hard with me. It taught me to look under the veil, and I have been looking under it ever since. And my God, what have I not seen! Indeed I do not love the world, but I have met with some really good and pure people. Thackeray's books are magnificent protests against the social life of England. I wish *we* had such a man. We would not take our lashing and dissection from a stranger. I sometimes think that even one of us could not tell the *whole* truth to our country people. They love flattery, it must be confessed. The Northern people have sickened me with boasting. I hope ours will adopt a system of inciting and elevating to a high state of things rather than claiming it without an effort. Let there be truth-telling in all things. Thackeray really holds up a glass to his country-folk, and to humanity at large. He is not popular, because people do not like the real cut of their features. There must be moral cosmetics as well as those of another sort to keep people in decent humor with you. People call Thackeray names, but for my part I even feel *grateful* to the man who has

given to us—a Thomas Newcome and an Ethel. Fault is found with his Washington, too; *it is truthful*, sublime. His whole “Virginians” is a splendid page from colonial history.

We went to see Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Wells this afternoon; met Mrs. Roselius, who asked us to call for her at the Little Calvary Church, whither she was going to attend another singing effort. Mrs. Hedges has sent word to Mr. Payne that *she* would not sing there for a thousand per night. Found Mrs. M—— sick. The Judge sleeping in a big chair and Mrs. Wells out of spirits from not having heard from her little girls. Her husband she does not expect to hear from until the war is over, he having run the blockade to Vera Cruz. These are sad times. The girls are in Vicksburg, but word is sent to us outside the lines that no danger to that place is to be apprehended. The famous canal dug by the persevering Yankees is utterly useless to them. They are now on the lookout for some bayou that runs, I believe, into Red River, which they propose making into a new Mississippi. They waste much time and breath, also much newspaper—if we were timid we would be overwhelmed by the wonderful things which they *intend* to do. Judge Montgomery gave us Seward’s letter to read—the one in which he *declines* the proffered mediation of France. I wonder, really, if anyone will be deceived by this

plausible, specious letter. Mr. Seward resembles the ostrich in one respect—he does not put his head in the sand, by any means—but he imagines other people can not see. The position he assumes for his Government is an utterly false one. He must know it. Deception on the part of the United States' Government has kept up this cruel war; it remains now only to be proved that people are still willing to be blinded. We read protest after protest in Northern papers and speeches—some of them really noble ones. The leaders seem to fear no longer to tell the truth and the people are rapidly awakening from their lethargy and blindness. The people who have been unjustly imprisoned—now at liberty—are to meet in New York on the 4th of March. I think on that occasion the turning of periods will assist wonderfully in the turning of minds and purpose. There is something awfully exciting in the voice of a roused and angry people. The great stakes played for by this people and all the world, thrill me with a more tumultuous interest even than that I gave in my girlish days to the angry barons who met at Runnymede, and the stormy parliaments that raved at Martyr Charles. How history re-creates itself, or how, rather, man remains the same though his robes are changed.

Called for Mrs. R—— according to promise; met at the church door Mr. R——, also Miss

Marcella Wilkinson, Mrs. Stevens and others. Mrs. R—— took us home with her. Tried not to talk war with Mr. R——, but he would be provoking (and silly). Stayed until eight, and got home to find Mr. and Mrs. Burrows. Here was more talk over the same themes, until ever so late. I like them both, but oh, how tired I was. Could I have let them know it? How can we but regard a species of deceit as a peacemaker? My deceit, or amiability (there are two names for everything, and our characters depend upon the point of view), sent me to bed tired enough. There is a camp near the Burrows house. They are therefore able to give us many proofs of the insubordination and demoralization of the Federal soldiers. At 12 o'clock a few nights ago they were roused by one who was hiding in the house to elude the guard. They are escaping constantly, and Confederate women aid them by giving them clothes. A mulatto woman fined three dollars for singing a Confederate ballad. An exhibitor of portraits arrested and put in jail, after a loss of his pictures, for exhibiting Stonewall Jackson and Lee. The children are sometimes arrested for their "Rebel" cries and the street boys hate the Yankees and do not follow them in their most brilliant turn outs. Our Confederate and Livandais Guards could never drill or march without a crowd.

February 27th [1863]. Invited to dine at Mrs. Dameron's. Went. It rained all day. Had quite a defense to make of the Episcopalians and Catholics to Mrs. White. How the Methodists do hate other denominations. So do the Presbyterians. I rarely hear Episcopalians speak illiberally. I hate bigotry. I believe that the churches have aided to harden people's hearts against one another. There is nothing so narrowing as sectarianism.

February 28th [1863]. Intended to go and help Katy Wilkinson pack to go out with her mother, but it rained too hard. Have written two letters, to Mrs. Chilton and Claude on soft Blockade paper, we call it, which are to go in a spool of cotton. It is a great deprivation not to be able to go beyond these hateful lines with the Wilkinsons. But I need money. Mrs. Dameron offered me some yesterday, but I can not borrow. Mrs. Randolph, whose husband owes us for a few months' rent, offered to raise it for me, but times are so hard for people who are out of business, and who came here strangers as they did and who are cut off from friends who might aid them, that we told her we would not take it from her, even should she get it for us. I felt grateful to both for their heartfelt interest in us and feel that we have made friends for life. The Campos people who owe us a great deal are also in trouble, and thank

us for not troubling them. Mr. Lancaster went off in fright when the Yankees came, without paying us. Mrs. Norton has money owed by Mrs. Chilton in her possession, but we can not bear to ask for it. It is ours really, but she does not offer it. So here we are a fixture, where our hearts are almost breaking. From the little store we had left, an acquaintance borrowed \$300 "just until my husband comes in"; that was six weeks ago, and no word of it yet. I would not ask for so small a sum, but I greatly fear we shall need it. I have visited her twice and she has been here and members of her family, and it would be something for an outsider to pity us for if he could note our hope that it might be offered us. I would pity anyone who had been reduced to such straits as we have. All through others, too, and a weakness we have in not being able to ask for our own money. If I could get outside these hateful lines, I could use my Confederate money, and Claude, poor fellow, could perhaps send me some more, even if we could not get to Texas. Ah, well, some people are born for both small and large mishaps.

But enough of this—we must stay here until the Blockade is over, I suppose—we have expended within a few dollars our whole stock in laying in provisions lately. I feel, and so does Ginnie, the honest principle to purchase what we eat. I find myself, since the hard thoughts have taken posses-

sion of me, doing without everything at the table which we have not helped to buy. These are homely details indeed, when the Muse of History may wander at will, and dignify my pages with the hopes, fears, sacrifices and misfortunes of nations. Garibaldi, in Italy; Louis Napoleon in Mexico; English operatives perishing with hunger; Exeter Hall jubilant and triumphant over our Southern distress and what they call the "Freed negro race"; battles lost and won; cities captured and recaptured; a virgin soil bathed with the blood of its sons; a nation bathed in its tears; a new Confederacy and a new flag born into the world. Ah, Stars and Bars! How many years will it be before you float in an unjust cause over fields to which you have no right! All these things and more the Tragic Muse and her sisters may gather and record in this awful year of '63—and here am I penning the common items which belong to a suppressed and narrow life; the pitiful details; *the painful platitudes*; the wearisome monotony incident to the everyday life of two women. Well, I have some right to make my cry go up with the general voice, more especially that I feel indeed that I "have no language, but a cry."

Mrs. Dameron stayed all day with us. A sweet, earnest little soul. She is not demonstrative, but we have been made to feel that she is

fond of us. I rely upon her wonderfully, but we have few thoughts in common. Mrs. Roselius spent the afternoon with us, and I found myself again unaware a champion of a religion. A friend of Mrs. R——'s has joined the Catholic Church and she has "ceased to respect her." So runs the everyday stream. We all think differently and hate each other because we can not see alike. With the standing point changed, the view would alter, too. The more I see of life, the more lonely I feel. I shall never, never be tempted into a church—a membership I mean—sectarianism awes and disgusts me, yet I often, often covet that *brotherhood feeling* which the members of one association seem to enjoy. A common cause; whether it be religion, politics or business binds men, though they may hate all other causes beside. My ideas meet nobody's, whether they are stirred by patriotism (by which I mean loving all that is good—not claiming all among my country's people, boasting only of what is good—not claiming all good and a willingness to submit to much—to all trials—for the common good and honor and defence of home), by religion, or by any of the high or low possibilities which range our daily pathway. My ideas meet no one's, I say again, and I often feel an isolation of heart even when meeting with general kindness. By religion I cannot understand anything but a kindly inter-

pretation of human action; a gentle forbearance with *all* efforts of the human heart toward God—whether those efforts be Catholic or Protestant. It is with a feeling of profound wonder and awe even, with which I behold the common idea of hugging salvation for one's *own* people and communities—and committing all others to—to say the least of it, to some undefined horrors. The general satisfaction under such a state of things, I say, awes me.

I wish I could have known a certain poet who lived here before the war—Capt. Harry Flash. I wish I knew Tennyson, Hawthorne, George Eliot (Miss Evans) and I wish I could journey back far enough on the pathway of time to meet the large, untrammelled gaze of Edmund Burke. I have admired the sermons, rather the philosophizings, of Ellery Channing; and those of the Right Reverend Doctor Clapp of this city; to me they seem imbued with Christ's spirit, though they differ in letter from the churches. The "Great Harmonia" of Jackson, the *Spiritualist*, is a work which has met and convinced my reason, soothed my anxieties, unraveled my perplexities, pleased my imagination, lifted my aspirations, reconciled much of paradox to my mind and tinged with far-off hope my longings. These books my friends condemn. All authors that I love, fall under the ban with my acquaintances.

I *allow* latitude—and take it—and yet it is a lonely life that I lead now. I have known the bliss of *meeting of thought*, but it is gone, and never on this side of eternity can it be mine again. Our opinions make us—I cannot yield mine.

I had had a sort of enthusiastic regard for Beauregard, but to-day I heard that his *wife* has much need to complain of him—I was told by one who is familiar with his social relations—in an instant the feeling in my heart for *this hero* vanished, and a pained one of disappointment took its place—so we go on in life until we have nothing left. In my walk this afternoon I met little Charley Mushaway(?), a little dark-eyed, fair-haired beauty, who cheers for Beauregard and Stonewall Jackson constantly. I did not wish him to cheer for Beauregard to-day. A man is as nothing to me who sins against the purity and divinity which sits by his hearthstone—Love. Saw Mrs. Wilkinson and the girls—told us much of matters going on outside of the lines. She is very much changed—grown completely gray in one month. She went out some months ago. The death of her husband at Manassas having reached her as a rumor, she went out to ascertain its truth. She had much difficulty in getting a passport out and has now been arrested for not taking the oath upon returning to see her children. Some faces relax, even under great grief, but she seems

even to have forgotten *how* to smile. She is going out with her children, whenever the upstarts will let her. Our soldiers outside are far from starvation. They have food and clothes, even coffee in plenty. Many of our young privates, who are from the best families in the land, miss thousands of home comforts, but there is no desponding; no lack of spirit and determination to stand until the last man, rather than to give up to the Yankees.

IV.

MARCH 1—MARCH 15, 1863.

March 1st [1863]. Beautifully clear—rather cold; trees all in bud and the squares opposite emerald green and glittering. Mary Harrison, Ella, Sissie and Ally, their brother, called on their way to church. Didn't go with them. Stopped on their way back and waited for the car—told us of the welcome to Confederates in Lexington, Ky., and showed us a likeness of Kirby Smith, which had arrived in a letter from that city. Smith looks like the earnest, brave and pious soldier which report speaks him. This likeness is somewhat faded, having been sunk on the *Ella Warley* on her way from New York and recovered. Two bags of letters have been fished up. We, Ginnie and I, cannot help hoping that the one granting a power of attorney to the Campos family, which will enable them to pay us, is amongst the rescued. It seems that the common thread must mingle with that which Lachesis lengthens and Atropos severs. What life and life interests must have gone down on the *Ella Warley*. Mrs. Roselius came in the evening with Mr. Denman, a Yankee, but a Southern one. Butler's arrival in New York, he says, created no sensation. His arrival was not pub-

lished. The flaming accounts we had read here of his magnificent reception, were little more than advertisements of a non-existing greatness, paid for by Butler himself. This wretch, it seems, is in favor with none but the vile Abolitionists. They continuously talk of sending him to Charleston, or back to this city. Charleston is not taken yet—never will be—and we don't believe Butler would risk meeting the 290 on his way here. I was sorry when I heard he had been made much of at the North. For I am humanitarian enough, and Christian enough, I hope, to wish to see a respect for right, purity and justice even among enemies. No man who had respect for himself, honesty, truthfulness, bravery or kindness to *women* would take Butler by the hand. The cause of humanity is served, I think, when such *brutes* meet their deserts—universal contempt.

The Federal army is rich in brutes and brute force. Mr. Denman gave a description of a visit of Stafford (the general of the negroes) to the bank last summer. He came in with a shin-plaster, and with a horrible oath told one of the bank gentlemen to pay the amount in gold. On being told that there was no gold, but that small notes would be issued soon, he swore terribly, drew his sword and flourished it in the wildest manner, threatening to cut their heads off. Mr. D—— owned that he was as afraid of him as he

would be of a horned devil. "I'se got your Mayor down to Fort Jackson," said Stafford, grinding his teeth, "where I hope the mosquitoes will eat out his d——d heart." And more of this sort. The banker looked at the note and found it one of the coffee-house issues, with which the city last spring was flooded, and which Butler (very properly) had ordered to be redeemed, said he: "This is not *our* note; we have nothing to do with it," whereupon, Stafford took it up and turned round upon a crowd of women and children who had followed him into the bank, flourishing his sword over *them* and swearing at them. This creature is below the city, having in command 1,400 negroes, armed and equipped, wearing the leather belt which other soldiers wear, having the letters U. S. in brass upon it. The once honored "Stars and Stripes" can be borne by such hands as these. Many of the negroes in camp having yielded to temptation, and been beguiled by Yankee falsehoods into running away from their masters, now that they realize their position, wish to return to them. But Stafford refuses to allow them to go home. We, against whom these poor creatures are arrayed, have no fear of them, at least as soldiers. They will fly at the first fire. Stafford, with his band, have been committing depredations in the country, but their gallant efforts have been confined to house-breaking, house-burning,

chicken, horse and cattle stealing, and impudence to white people. Nothing more clearly defines the subordinate position, or the real justice of their position, more than their total want of social virtues. They are never true to each other, either in friendship or love. And even the maternal tie is not strong with them. Last spring, when the Yankees came, and even before then, many persons had gone into the country with their house servants, very often leaving behind husbands or wives in the Confederacy. I know of many instances where such interest was taken by their owners that they have written or sent for servants so situated, but in not *one case* have I known one to go. A life of lounging round the streets, feeding at the expense of the United States Government, has proved more enticing than the memories of wife or child. They have mostly gotten *new mates*. Mrs. Norton, in letters from her family and friends, is often charged with messages to servants who do not even wish to *hear* from those that are gone. *I* was once an Abolitionist, and resented for this race's sake their position in the awful scale of humanity. But, I verily believe, that negroes are not now developed creatures. What they may be sometime I can not prognosticate, but I do believe in the law of progress. I call to mind the age when Britons wore skins, and hope for all things.

March 2nd [1863]. Mr. Randolph was here soon after breakfast. He sits a long time and talks wonderfully slow. He had nothing new to tell us of war matters and Mrs. Norton gave him a cut for that—she lives entirely on the daily events without connecting them in her philosophy with other events. The rumors of the hour and the miserable newspapers, falsifying one day what they have given out as truth the day previous, filled with impossible schemes and barefaced braggadocio, fill her mind. She reads scraps of these papers to us before we are up, calling through the door which leads to her room, oftener opening it wide so we are put to straits to dress ourselves in private. Whether I am reading, writing, or thinking, those newspaper scraps are read and their contradictory jargon mangle and cut into pieces any idea which might soothe my brain, whether of mine or another's. Oh, I am so, so weary. The making of the new Mississippi channel is now occupying the attention of the brave authorities here and elsewhere. Therefore we don't expect, as we have been expecting, the great attacks at Port Hudson and Vicksburg. We had a solemn "extra" out this morning to tell us that New Orleans is to be made an island; so, also, Vicksburg and Baton Rouge. Mary Harrison came in while Mr. Randolph was here and read the "extra" aloud to us. We laughed a good

deal over Yankee boasting. Our batteries on the river which they have been saying were a "mere nothing" to take, are now to be "got round." The great armies and navies of the United States are to make a new channel for themselves *immediately* in time to save that poor old *Union*. Nature may have in contemplation some changes in the bed of this wonderful river, but the Yankees are in this matter—as in most others—mere boasters. The people at large are deceived that a wretched administration may rule with a tyrannical sway—they are robbed that public functionaries may fill their pockets, speculators run riot. I believe the Yankees themselves consider they have but two honest men, Burnside and the President.

McClellan is not a favorite with the party in power, though his soldiers idolized him, and long for his reestablishment. We had a great argument at Judge Ogden's one night whether McClellan would or would not be the meanest of mankind if he again should accept his old position as Commander-in-Chief. Ginnie, Jule, Lizzie and myself took the stand that no man belongs to himself, *but to his country*, if his country needs him, he must obey her call, though like any other mother she may have been both unjust and unkind to him. We contended that McClellan was the only approach to a general that the Yankees could

boast; therefore, if he *really loved* the cause and his soldiers, he ought to accept his old place if offered, besides, we argued, his defeat was the result of a party, and the whole country rose to welcome him on his return, and that was a real triumph for him, and the army made bitter complaints about his recall. Mr. Randolph and Mary Harrison sat some time, and the latter carried me off with her to see the Wilkinsons, leaving Mr. R—— with Ginnie and Mrs. Norton. I am afraid of hurting his feelings, as he is very sensitive; he is a good friend of ours and would, I believe, serve us in any way. He has led a wild, rambling life in Mexico, Peru and other places, and in this way has neglected many means of education. He would have made a fine specimen of a man if he had had the proper opportunities. He is quick and sagacious, and his instinctive judgment of men and things is good. His ideas have much more range than is usual with *city men*, whose thoughts (it seems to me) run in but two channels, pleasure or business. But his expression is slow and restricted; he has neglected the means which would have aided his utterance. This man has a true chivalry of nature, which makes him interesting; he is not at all demonstrative or elegant in manner, yet you feel instinctively there is no meanness, no coarseness, no unkindness in his nature, and that he would do anything for a

woman—*for a woman*—without respect to her age or rank. He has dubbed himself a true friend of ours, and indeed I feel that sort of trust in him that would incline me to call on him in any trouble in preference to earlier friends. His brothers, who happen to be unmarried, are both in the army; so, also, are his brothers-in-law, and owing to circumstances he is compelled to remain here and take care of his family and the family of his sister-in-law; she has three children, he has two; they are all quite young, timid and helpless. He pines to be in the army—his brothers have written him that they do not envy his position. I believe Southern men seldom fear in battle and like its terrible excitements.

Many families in Vicksburg have caves under their houses containing stores and furniture, to which they intend to retire when the threatened bombardment of Vicksburg takes place. The house of Mrs. Eccleston, in which Mrs. W—— has been staying, had part of a wall and the tester of a bedstead torn away in the last engagement. Some of our soldiers imprisoned by the Federals were thrust into a house in which negroes had died of smallpox. These prisoners were then returned to us in their diseased state—this horror has since been spreading among our troops, many of whom have died, though we keep this matter as secret as possible. Refugees from New Orleans have

been received into all houses by order of General Pemberton. Our soldiers need nurses, lint and bandages more than anything. Poor fellows, how I long to go out and take them something. Mrs. M—— took out a cheese to eat on the way, but as she did not touch it, gave it to the managers of the hospital at Vicksburg. It was received with delight and made much of. I left Mary H—— to get through her visit with Mrs. Pinkhard alone, and returned home. She came to dinner after the visit was over; said she had found some of our mutual acquaintances there dressed in the finest laces, silks and jewels, which added to the rather *flashy* elegance of the house, made Mary H——, just from the pure circle of the Wilkinson's discouraging on our trials and patriotic struggles, and the homespun which many ladies wear, feel as if she were in another world. The Misses Norcum, rather noted for extravagance and worldliness, entertained her with their exploits on the levee the day of the trouble there. It is astonishing what latitude Miss M. Norcum allows herself. She says she has gone further than any other woman in the Confederacy. Her father is not rich, but she dresses extravagantly, even in these times when wealthy women *generally* feel the cares and distress of the day too much to entertain a love of display. Miss Norcum's patriotism consists in making saucy speeches to and

ugly faces at the Federal soldiers. She does not tell her father what she does, she says. She comes of good blood; she has had the education and associations of a lady, and is old enough (being some time out of her teens) to know better. Mary and I heard of hundreds of ludicrous circumstances connected with the levee fight. "The Battle of the Handkerchiefs," it is called, is rather a good poem composed to honor the occasion and which I will copy here. Each day I hear something more of this scandalous scene. A Captain or Lieutenant Thornton on General Shepley's staff (I won't say Governor Shepley) was speaking of the Levee Scene to a lady. "I would have managed them better," said he. "And what would you have done, sir?" said the lady. "I would not have sent for cannon," said this Yankee knight, "but I would have had cavalry *armed with cowhides*, to ride them down, whipping as they went along." What think you of this, future ages? Those are the civilizers who are prompted by pity to make war upon us lest we should become *too savage*, when entirely cut off from Northern influences.

This afternoon a great troop of negroes were escorted by our door by Yankee soldiers, bearing bayonets. They were to be taken to a brick yard and "put to work," the soldiers said, and were mad enough because of it.

I could but pity the forlorn looking wretches as they went by. The Federals have done nothing worse than in deceiving this race; they have been made the tools of both politicians and army officers. Mr. Syewart brought us up *Blackwood's*, containing an article called, "A month's stay at Confederate headquarters." It is by an English officer and written in a spirit which seems wonderfully kindly for one of that nation. The descriptions of our magnificent Lee and Jackson, filled my heart with pleasure. The simple elegance of these two heroes have long ago captured my imagination. They are surrounded by no state, living like their men, yet they are *venerated and obeyed*. Our people are described as being brave and earnest, bearing ever in their hearts the greatness of the struggle, and a willingness for every sacrifice that can aid it. Read an article by Wendell Holmes entitled, "My Hunt for the Captain." He met many "Rebel" prisoners, and they were all dirty, or idiotic, or something else which was hateful. They never knew for what they were fighting, except in one instance, and he "loved excitement." Maryland is spoken of as a State entirely "loyal"—this I know is false, or why have Maryland soldiers crossed the blue, peaceful Potomac to share the fortunes of their Southern brothers!

March 5th [1863]. We have company all

day long. I think I prefer the fashionable way of receiving—only on reception days. I hate the custom, but acknowledge the wisdom of it. I can not read, write, or do anything I wish, people are so very social. Mrs. Waugh brought us an armful of books this morning. She is so kind, so true, that she is no restraint on one, as some other people are. She respects and comprehends opinion, though that opinion may not agree with her own. She is accustomed to luxury, but is so simple-mannered that I do not mind carrying on any of my work before her. I told her she always saw me *au naturelle*—she laughed and said she felt highly complimented. I wish we might have her for a neighbor always. She says we shall not be separated in another world. I willingly give a morning to *her*. This afternoon there were others here, but somehow they slip my mind.

*The Greatest Victory of the War, La Bataille des
Mouchoirs.*

Fought Friday, February 20th, 1863.

Of all the battles, modern or old,
By poet sung, or historian told,
Of all the routs that ever were seen,
From the days of Saladin to Marshal Turenne,
Of all the victories later yet won,
From Waterloo's field to that of Bull Run,
All, all must hide their fading light
In the radiant glow of the Handkerchief Fight.
And a pæan of joy must thrill through the land
When they hear the deeds of Banks' band.

'Twas on the levee, where the tide
 Of Father Mississippi flows,
 Our gallant lads, our country's pride,
 Won this victory o'er their foes,
 Four hundred Rebels were to leave
 That morning for Secessia's shades,
 When down there came, you'd scarce believe,
 A troop of children, wives and maids
 To wave farewells, to bid God speed,
 To shed for them the parting tear,

To waft them kisses, as the meed
 Of praise to soldier's heart most dear.
 They came in hundreds. Thousands lined
 The streets, the roofs, the shipping too,
 Their ribbons dancing in the wind,
 Their bright eyes speaking love's adieu.

'Twas *then* to danger we awoke,
 But nobly faced the unarmed throng,
 And beat them back with hearty stroke,
 Till re-inforcements came along.
 We waited long; our aching sight
 Was strained in eager, anxious gaze,
 At last we saw the bayonets bright
 Flash in the sunlight's welcome blaze;
 The cannon's dull and heavy roar
 Fell greeting on our gladdened ear,
 Then fired each eye, then glowed each soul,
 For well we knew the strife was near.

"Charge!" rang the cry and on we dashed
 Upon our female foes,
 As seas in stormy fury lashed
 When'er the tempest blows.
 Like chaff their parasols went down,
 As on our gallants rushed,
 And many a bonnet, robe and gown,
 Was torn to shreds, or crushed.

Though well we plied the bayonet,
 Still some our efforts braved;
 Defiant both of blow and threat
 Their handkerchiefs still waved.
 Thick grew the fight, loud rolled the din,
 When "Charge!" rang out again,
 And then the cannon thundered in,
 And sounded o'er the plain.

Down 'neath the un pitying iron heels
 Of horses, children sank,
 While through the crowd the cannon wheels
 Mowed rows on either flank;
 One startled shriek, one hollow groan,
 One head-long rush, and then—
 Huzza, the field was all our own,
 For we were Banks' men.

That night relieved from all our toils,
 Our danger past and gone.
 We gathered up the spoils
 Our chivalry had won.
 Five hundred kerchiefs had we snatched
 From Rebel ladies' hands;
 Ten parasols, two shoes not matched,
 Some ribbons, belts and bands,
 And other things that I forget;
 But then you'll find them all,
 As trophies, in that hallowed spot,
 The cradle—Faneuil Hall.

And, long on Massachusetts' shores,
 Or on Green Mountain's side,
 Or where Long Island's breakers roar,
 And by the Hudson's tide,
 In time to come, when lamps are lit,
 And home-fires brightly blaze,

While round the knees of heroes sit
 The young of happier days,
 Who listen to their storied deeds,
 To them sublimely grand,
 Then Glory shall award its meed,
 Of praise to Banks' band,
 And Fame proclaim that they alone,
 In triumph's loudest note,
 May wear henceforth, for valor shown,
 A woman's petticoat!

This poem is written by no one knows who, and printed *sub-rosa*. An order was issued sometime back by General Banks, attaching severe penalties to throw scorn upon any United States officer. This order was issued in Butler's behalf, I believe, as the streets were at one time filled with accusatory and satirical productions inspired by that famous general. I have heard that Banks has seen this poem and that he is very angry. I have heard, too, that he had nothing to do with having the cannon sent upon the women and children, and that the infamy of the whole affair rests with Colonel French. Oh, well, I have also a surreptitious ode commanding this dear Crescent City to "Cheer up," so I suppose that our day is coming. Thornton wanted the Cavalry armed with cowhides.

Mrs. Norton has a written bet on hand with Mayor Miller—formerly on Shepley's staff—that Port Hudson would yield to Federal forces on or before the 4th of July. The stake, a basket of

champagne. Mrs. Norton advised him to marry a Southern heiress and to change his politics. I would not let the upstart think, even in jest, that a Southern woman *would* marry him. He is good natured, but to my certain knowledge he is not honest. He lives in a "captured house" and broke open the trunks which Mrs. Brown left there, in search of sheets and table cloths. This he said himself.

The *Indianola* war ram has been captured by the Confederates. She passed the batteries at Vicksburg between the coal barges, which we also have taken. She was boarded, and the *Queen of the West*, which had also passed the batteries and been previously captured, was used in the fight against her old friend. She now floats another flag. We now have the river between Vicksburg and Port Hudson free of Federal vessels. Our trade from Red River, on which our soldiers so much depend, is still undisturbed. The last New York papers seem quite jubilant because their boat succeeded in passing the stronghold—but they were captured even before the news of the passing reached there. We are getting quite a navy. We have captured so much in Virginia, that the letters U. S. are stamped upon most everything we use—even the wagons and horses. Captain Semmes has been entertained at Kingston, and made a speech. People are anxiously

looking for French recognition. Louis Napoleon is a deep character. I, for one, have no faith in his disinterestedness, and I am afraid to accept an overture of any sort from him. Should we be entangled with his politics I think our people would have more to remember than Louis XVI gave our forefathers. Recognition, perhaps, is our due, and nothing withholds it but a selfish fear of being accused of being too anxious to divide these States. That Europe desires the separation, we have had proof. Intervention (armed) I do not want. We have sustained ourselves so magnificently, that I feel a pride to fight *all* our own battles—fight them we can, both on sea and land.

March 6th [1863]. Rained hard all day long. Could but pity the Federal soldiers soaking out at Camp Weitzel. Could but pity ourselves, too, shut up all day long with one who has not an idea in common with ourselves, but who will insist in talk about the war *all* the time, stopping long enough only to read the same sort of boasting stuff in the newspapers which have been filling them for months. Oh, how tired I am. I have never known before what ennui or loneliness meant, except when with uncongenial company. Mrs. N— thinks we feel no interest in the war—if we don't have peace soon I think I shall soon lose my senses. We had an "extra" this afternoon which I read aloud. Nothing in it worth the trouble.

The loss of our Nashville boat and the capture of the *Indianola* and coal barges being all known before. I looked out just as I was going to bed; beautiful sight after a day of storm. The wet streets lay like pure silver beneath a lustrous full moon and stars, and soft white clouds strode the blue as peacefully as if we were all good and happy here below. The stars used to calm my most wretched moods—now they fill me with an unutterable longing.

7th. Mrs. Harrison called to say that someone would take out a letter for us all. I had a disappointment in that way a few days ago. A man who was to have run out a schooner, was arrested and all his goods seized. Katy Wilkinson has sent us some more work, as we had often pressed her to do. We have sewed belts on pieces of dark cloth, doubled, which are to be worn on the girls' persons as skirts, and after crossing the lines, to be worn on the back of some Confederate soldier. Heaven send that the girls be not searched. They say they would not permit it. I would not let one of the infamous creatures touch me. Mrs. Andrews, the wife of the Lieutenant at whose house Mrs. Wilkinson was imprisoned, was one of the women who *volunteered* to search the ladies who went out last time. She was at first very rude to Mrs. W——, but that lady having one day asked for her daguerrotype, she was so flattered by the re-

quest that she not only went down town and had it immediately taken, but has been in a good, polite humor ever since. She did not know that Mrs. W—— only wanted her likeness that she might show the features of her jailer in the future to her children. Mrs. Harrison reports that all the soldiers have been sent from Camp Weitzel and Carrollton up the river. They have gone to Baton Rouge, and we suppose that means that there will soon be an attack upon Port Hudson. The Yankee *Era* reports the Confederate capture of the Yankee vessel *No. 2* between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Mr. Randolph brought us the news that fighting is going on, or suspected of going on, at Baton Rouge, our side having made the attack. Stonewall Jackson reported there. Oh, how I should like to see him! There is excitement of some nature afloat. Troops are being sent off and artillery has been taken from the square above us. Our people down town seem greatly aroused. Mr. R—— said a thousand men could take this city now. I proposed to him that he should seriously try to get his friends to join him in such an undertaking. There are twenty thousand men in this city who could aid our people if agreed. It is thought that the Federals do not wish to attack either Port Hudson or Vicksburg. They do not wish to bring matters to a crisis. They cannot depend on their men. A

transport came up the river yesterday evening, the soldiers upon which being *drunk* sang the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and shouted for Jeff Davis.

The last *Caucasion* says that there are now but two parties in the United States—one, that of Jeff Davis, who *supports* the Constitution, and that of Lincoln who tramples on it. Our Major Prados, who was murdered by a deserter, was buried yesterday; his funeral was larger than that of Dreux, the first New Orleans officer who fell in the war. Banks sent word to the crowd that it must disperse, and that only the *friends* of Major Prados should attend him to the grave.

"Tell General Banks," returned the people, "that we are all his friends." A very good answer, I think. Someone remarked to Banks that this was called a Union city. "A Union city," returned Banks with contempt; "I could carry every Union man in it on a hand-car." Such is the fact, really, and I can but mourn that so many took the oath when that wretched Butler was here. I do not wonder at timid people yielding, but I do wonder at that want of unity among an oppressed people which would have protected them. Butler could not have revenged himself upon a whole town. No man or woman seemed to think that he or she would have been supported in resistance, and therefore did not attempt any. We fortunately made up our minds not to take it.

And if the whole town had yielded, we would not have done so. People crowded so to take the oath, that we were under the impression that but a few intended to resist, and that those few would be certainly punished. So we tied up a few treasures which were to go to prison with us, and, with some fluttering maybe, waited our fate. Another expedition into the Tech country under Weitzel. More desolation of homes. 'Tis to be hoped that Sibley, or some of our men, will be there to defend. We are such prisoners here that we know nothing. The *Essex* war steamer has been chased by our *Confederate Queen of the West*, and is so damaged that she is pumping water. *Caucasion* newspapers all suppressed. One smuggled sold for 75 cents. Banks has offered \$500.00 reward for the discovery of the person who wrote "La Bataille des Mouchoirs." Banks denies having anything to do with sending cannon and artillery down upon the women and children. Farragut disclaims the whole affair of having had the women and children carried down the river in a boat and kept there until the next day. They are much mortified—report says.

March 8th [1863]. Clear and beautiful, this Sunday morning. Orange trees in full bloom and roses, honeysuckle and jessamine scenting the air. Too warm. Spring with all its beauty is a desolate season with me. I miss the kindly blaze,

the bracing atmosphere and even the lonely sad tone of the winter wind. There is something sad in seeing all things renewed but one's self. Children finely dressed are hurrying to Sunday school. Mrs. Norton in *her* best, getting ready for church. I do not feel like going. I wish I *had* some vent for myself, whether it were church going or visiting. I feel so lonely-hearted always. Yesterday afternoon I was mortified, being for the first time in my life the occasion of a servant's falsehood. Often I have allowed myself to be persecuted by trifling converse rather than to send a false "Not at home," or a rude "Beg to be excused." After dinner Ginnie and I felt tired and not quite well—we had exhausted ourselves talking with Mrs. Norton and Mr. Randolph, and as Mrs. Norton had gone down town, we thought we would refuse all that called and have a quiet time. Ginnie told Jane to say that Mrs. N—— was out and that we were not well. Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Montgomery called. We heard Jane say "Not at home" for all of us. Called her up afterward and gave her a lecture on story-telling. She said she couldn't say we did not *want* to see anybody. Mrs. Roselius came; heard her tell the same thing. I was not dressed, or should have contradicted her in person. I was nervous really—partly because Mrs. R—— is accustomed to pass through our room, or would peep through the blind on the

gallery to find if we were in. She retreated before I could get ready. Mr. Dudley called; Mrs. Callender—all shut up. Presently Mrs. Norton returned, bringing Mrs. Roselius with her and Jaque. The impudent little fellow had to open wide our door and make some remark about our being shut in the dark. We felt mortified, but did not go out. Indeed there should be some decent, yet truthful, way of denying one's self to people when one is weary and out of spirits. After tea, Mrs. Dameron and Mrs. White called and sat for a while. I went down to the gate with them and stood alone a little while looking upon the night. A full moon struggling with heavy clouds; patches of blue sky and a few sweet stars. "Custom can not stale" the infinite variety of the world above us—the voices of the vast eternity are never trite, and the emotions they inspire never weary—they are ever fresh, though as old as the world.

Mary Ogden in from Greenville this morning. The Yankees took away everything from the camp, she says, and burned everything they could not carry—not expected back in that region. Mary brought a letter from her friend, Roberta Archer, of Baltimore, to read to us. She writes as a Unionist—though a warm Southerner—and in this way can tell us much of the position of things in Old Maryland. She is thoroughly out of spirits about the political situation in her native

State. That Lee was not reënforced and welcomed by her country people, she is grieved and mortified. The Southern cause is warmly supported by the women and those men who have gone to the Southern battle fields are in high favor. Men, it seems, make the excuse of "Want of arms" in Maryland, as they do here. I, too, am distressed about Maryland's position. I would not have believed once that the dear old State would have stood calm when the South was trampled on. However, many of her sons have left all to fight for a cause which their State has not adopted. They are noble fellows and will be exiles henceforth. God help this ruined land. I would rather that Maryland should help to form a new Confederacy than to remain a dishonored member of this one. There will, I expect, eventually be formed three Confederacies, if not now. New England should remain alone.

Sammy Erwin has just come in to tell us that his sister, Mrs. Chalmers, is going to be sent out to-morrow and wants to see us. His brother, Stanhope, they have just heard, was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro. Went to see Em—Mrs. Chalmers—on Sunday; found much company and had a full view of General Miles' house and yard, which are now occupied by Yankees. The privates were wrestling and tumbling over in the yard and out by the street gate, looking wholly unim-

pressed by the great questions now at issue. I detached myself as much as possible from the general converse and speculated in my usual way. No one talks anything but war-talk. At home and abroad the eternal Yankee is dinned into my ears. I feel an intense interest in this terrible struggle—it underlies almost my every thought and action, and my alternate hopes and fears as to future events have worn me mentally and physically, so much so, that a “waiting-for-the-war-to-be-over” feeling has paralyzed my every energy. It is for this reason—because I have suffered and do suffer so much—I am soon wearied by the trivial details of the hour, even though the war and the Yankees give them birth. I found Sarah looking badly and Em is not to leave to-morrow. She is awaiting Yankee orders. I do not think that either she or the Wilkinsons will be sent out till that awful affair at Port Hudson is over. Em is not to be allowed to carry more provisions with her than are to be actually needed on the journey. “I presume you will find plenty when that is over, madame,” says satirical Mr. Officer, which meant, “I know that they are half starving in the Confederacy, but if you are silly enough to go there, you must abide the consequences.” These officers ask numberless insolent (necessary?) questions when applied to for passports. They are gruff or otherwise, as the humor takes them. “Why

don't you stay here and take your tea and coffee in peace?" Bowen asked of Ginnie. "Those people in the Confederacy can't let you have anything to eat out there." "I don't fear deprivations outside the lines," said Miss Pride. I met the Misses Pritchard at Sarah's, daughters of a lady quite famous in Confederate sewing societies and all sorts of associations. They are graceful girls; not very pretty, but intelligent, filled with sublime contempt for the Yankees. They are Philadelphia people. These adopted Southerners are much hotter than we, strange to say. Butler poured out particular venom on this class.

I left Doctor Glen's early and called on the Wilkinsons; met there Doctor Fenner, who told us that our big "Rebel Ram" is finished, and has run out of the Yazoo and is now lying at Vicksburg. She will soon begin to write her history. I hope the fate of the ram *Arkansas* will not be hers. After the *Arkansas*' brilliant dash from the Yazoo last summer, through the whole Federal fleet, fighting her way safely to Vicksburg, a thrill of enthusiasm and admiration passed through us poor prisoners here, lighting our way, as it were. This feeling ended in a postive personification of the boat, and we spoke of our grim-faced champion as though it were a human being. We loved it and felt protected, even from afar. The Federal accounts of its passage through the great fleet,

proved what a splendid and wonderful thing had been done, and after vessel after vessel had given her broadsides and left her unharmed, we began to feel towards the *Arkansas* as the mother of Achilles must have felt toward that invulnerable (vulnerable) hero after she dipped him. We were sure she was *invulnerable*, so after the battle of Baton Rouge, when news of her death and destruction came to us, we indignantly rejected such wild beliefs. For weeks, for months, the matter aroused warm discussions. One said, "It was a ruse of ours, the *Arkansas* would stir our blood again and yet again." Another contended that she had been blown up by our own people, because her machinery had failed. Of course many resisted the idea of inefficiency in our pride and pet. "No, we would not believe it," and so we did not for months. Indeed our faiths pro and con were sadly confused by the reports of *eye witnesses*. This man had *seen* her blown up—the other had seen her captured and finished by the *Essex* (Federal), while yet another had seen her towed off in safety toward Vicksburg. (Later accounts.) This lady knew a *reliable* gentleman who had just run the blockade—he could swear that he had seen the *Arkansas* on such a day under the batteries safe at Vicksburg. This was to be kept a great secret, both as regarded the ram and the blockade-runner—this reliable gentleman,

through fear of the meddling Butler, was never forthcoming, and so we went on keeping his secret with all our might, only *whispering it throughout our various circles*. I know a gentleman (Doctor Camel) who *still believes* in the *Arkansas*. On this day, March 8th, Mr. Randolph knows a man who is bold enough to say that *he knows she is safe*. Queer world this.

People are beginning to look forward to an attack on this place once more. I do not intend to get excited as I did last summer. How often was I told as I lay down at night to put a dark dress by my bedside, as the Confederates would be here by morning. Dozens and dozens of nights were appointed for the attack, and dozens of mornings broke in disappointment to thousands. We *believe now* but for the loss of our *dear ram* we would have had the city back long ago, though croakers cry, "Never again; except by treaty." I was among those croakers at first. I felt we could *never* get it back the sad *ignominious* day it fell, but I grew into a more hopeful state after awhile and joined with some faith the whispering conclaves. How often we imagined we heard the guns at the Fort, I could not at this time safely determine, but their attack and fall were often talked over enough in the dim twilight to stir my blood. What deeds of valor and devotion were we not to perform. We partly



MRS. R. A. WILKINSON

Of "Pointe Celeste" plantation, Louisiana

Figure 1 shows a 2D grid of points, likely representing a 2D Gaussian process. The points are arranged in a regular grid, with some points highlighted in red and others in blue. The grid is labeled with 'x' and 'y' axes.

rose from the sluggish channel in which sorrow had made us float so long. I do not think that either Gin or myself would *fear* in battle—we are too sad-hearted. The town is in Federal hands still, but after long silence on this momentous topic, men and women begin again to whisper of attack. General Banks, Farragut and fleet have left for Baton Rouge to aid the attack at Port Hudson. This place is now poorly defended, and *we might take it* if the *290* and *Oreta* were here. I would rather get it by treaty, oh, so much—there would be no blood shed then, but if I say so before Mrs. Norton it raises a perfect storm. I would fight as bravely as she, if the city is attacked and needs women's help, but I cannot help nourishing a hope that the fights at all the different points may be delayed until some decision is arrived at in Congress, which will leave us a free people without further shedding of blood. Why desolate more homes; especially why slaughter more of these poor wretches, more than half of whom are in open insubordination with their own authorities, who are deserting to us constantly? Bayonets were drawn on the poor fellows who refused to embark for the attack on Port Hudson. The men do not wish to fight us, they openly say so.

There are many ways to get together an army *in any cause*—many of these men have joined for bread. Mrs. Norton wants the negroes

all killed, too, "because they listened to Yankee lies." This is being no greater, wiser or better than Wendell Phillips, who wants all *slave holders* killed. What a world this is. The North is hating England for her sympathy with us, and for the help she has given us—we are hating her because she does not give us recognition, because she did not long ago. If the extremists were not held in check by a more humane class, the earth would soon be depopulated. I hear numbers of humane sentiments from *true Southern people* who would *fight our enemies* bravely, but who do not hate them. When Judge Ogden's house was guarded he had a fire made in an outhouse for the poor desolate-looking fellows to warm themselves by, and Mary Ogden gave the sick medicine, toast and coffee that she made for them herself. She was "too good to be a Rebel," one poor wretch said—the whole family are registered enemies. Saw the picture of Mrs. Lieutenant Andrews at Mrs. Wilkinson's. She had it taken with great alacrity when Mrs. W—— asked her. She does not know she is to figure in the family annals as the keeper of *The Female Bastile*. Mrs. W—— still has to report herself; it rained for two days, heavily, and she did not go down, and therefore received a message from Lieutenant Andrews that if she did not report herself before 4 o'clock that day, he would send a sergeant after her. Has the

world ever seen before a woman on parole! A woman, old and delicate, a *lady*, wholly unconnected with politics of any sort, who went over the lines because a report of her husband's death had reached her, and who returned to her children! Mr. Randolph says 'tis a pity that the Confederates take no women prisoners—if they did, Mrs. W—— *might be exchanged*.

March 13th [1863]. I have been sick, and am nervous, mentally and physically. I am enjoying though to-day my first quiet moments for a long time. *Ginnie and I are alone*, as in our own home. Mrs. Norton and all have gone to Greenville to pass the day with the Ogdens. We told Mary we would come another time. Mrs. Norton wanted us to go; the more the merrier, she said, but Ginnie was sick, a good excuse, for poor Ginnie loves quiet better than anything now.

Indeed we have not been alone together for days. The Ogdens, the Harrisons, the Waughs, the Randolphs, Mrs. Callender, Mrs. Roselius, and ever so many other people have been here and sat by my bed and talked and talked and talked. I have not that sort of tact which enables one to dismiss friends pleasantly—no matter how I feel, I must bear it, and Ginnie is like me. We have been very, very gloomy and unwell, yet never alone. When outside friends go home, Mrs. Norton reads in her dreadful style these hateful newspapers

aloud. She knows we hate them, "But people ought to take interest," she says; "That is not *her way*"—"She don't know how people *can* do so," and she goes on until we are most distracted. Every advertisement, every negro arrest is drawled out and stumbled over. She sits in her room, has the door opened between us and begins before we are dressed in the morning. It is a mania with her and we are dying under it. The carts passing in front of our room (also cars) make it impossible for us to hear clearly, which she takes as a great affront. She asks all sorts of questions as to what we think the Federals will do, and if we are not true prophets in the least as well as greatest matters, throws it up to us. I get very, very tired of this sort of life, and my heart aches to see its effect on Ginnie. I would go to Greenville to our friends there, but when people are so kind and affectionate as they all are, one seems ungrateful not to make some effort to be agreeable and lively. Another reason too, we cannot leave Mrs. Norton for any length of time without quarreling with her. She really means to give us no offence; she is kinder to us than to others, and as she would insist on knowing why we left her house, we could not tell her without a blow up. I hate the eclat of a quarrel; I hate a quarrel itself, and more than all I remember many times when the old lady repressed

her naturally high temper, out of kindness and respect to us. She is, only, very unlike ourselves—not one sentiment or taste have we in common, and our constant effort to accommodate ourselves to her is killing us by inches. I will take poor Ginnie and go for another visit to Greenville soon. The Randolphys, the Harrisons and Ogdens all beg us constantly; we see them almost every day. There has been a falling out between the Harrisons and the Ogdens—it distresses me—they are both kind, good and honorable families—we being the confidants of both sides see that *misunderstandings and servants' tales* have separated them. Once we succeeded in making peace between them, but now the falling out has reached the gentlemen of each house; I do not hope for any favorable adjustment of things.

Mrs. Roselius and Mary Waugh—to our room—Mary just from a sick-bed, too. Sat till the cars bringing Mrs. Norton back. She spent a pleasant day and regretted we were not well enough to go. The girls sent us much love and pressing invitations. The Randolphys and Harrisons live across the street either way from Judge Ogden's, so Mrs. Norton made the most of her time and paid visits all around. She says everything looks green and lovely and rather lonely. The Yankee tents and flags, uniforms and band-playings being missed in a *pictorial way*, if in no

other. The pleasure of going to Greenville is destroyed, in a measure, by the disagreements among the two families. *We*, Ginnie and I, do not scruple to give them advice and to tell them that they are both wrong. I tell them that I expect to lose the friendship of *both* sides, but they say they appreciate our feelings perfectly. Mary Harrison and Judge Ogden met here a few days ago—the Judge sat in the parlor and Mary came to our room—we did not know which side to be the most with. Mary was as nervous as possible; thinks Judge O—— has grossly insulted her father. *We* know he never meant to insult anybody in his life, being the most amiable man of our acquaintance, and the one most easily imposed upon. He is indeed a *proverb* of kindness and patience. Jule Ogden and Mary Harrison, too, met here—bowed distantly—and had to go down the steps together, and to take the three o'clock car together, and ride all the way home together; get out at the same station together; all without speaking. It is very silly, and both sides are ashamed. I think the position of Kentucky in this war laid the ground-work of the whole affair. This State has been freely discussed here and freely blamed, and the Harrisons resent all that is said against her. They have indeed a morbid sensitiveness and love for their old home, and they cannot help feeling that people mean to be

personal, when they speak of her. This state of things induced a suspicious, almost resentful tone of feeling which has exaggerated and *returned unmeant wrongs*, and in this way quite a catalogue of offences have been recorded on both sides and the old feeling wholly undermined. I feel sorry to see a large family of young people leave a loved home for any other, especially in this country, where *State pride and love* is so predominant. There can never be any *National* feeling in this country—men are willing to sacrifice and die for *Native State*, and they are prone to think it the home and birthplace of every perfection. People, even in transmigratory America, can not be transplanted without injury. Even if a root is secured in a strange soil, many a delicate tendril is wounded and lost that would have blossomed sweetly in the old.

I feel sorry for the Harrisons; they came to Louisiana just before the war commenced, leaving a large circle of friends and acquaintances in Kentucky. They have led a lonely prison life here since the city was captured, while their relatives and friends in the old State have been enjoying themselves. Mary Harrison's eyes filled with tears when she told me of the welcome Kirby Smith had had at her aunt's house not long ago. John Morgan, their pet hero, is an old acquaintance, as other Confederate heroes. They warmly espouse the

Southern cause. They don't meet any heroes here, poor girls, and never a soldier to whom they can say, "God speed you!" They were intimates and relatives of Henry Clay and other intellectual people at home, and consequently feel much cut off here as regards society. Having come here at an unfortunate time, their beautiful home on the railroad is regarded by them as a prison—ugly and hateful in their eyes. *We*, Ginnie and myself, are both *border State* people, and have the position of old Maryland to regret, too. We can see much to justify the conduct of the poor border States, and I must confess that the people who have flocked to take the oath to the United States, as they of *this city* have done, have no right to pass such sweeping censures as Maryland and Kentucky receive every day. Said Mrs. Brewer to me the other evening, "Ah, do you not feel glad that you are out of your native State? How *shamefully* she has behaved." She did not mean to be rude. Her husband is a Marylander and was present. His father and mother were driven off of their farm near Annapolis, as it was needed for a Federal camp. He has lost a son and a nephew in the Southern service. I told Mrs. Brewer that I thought the men of the border States who had fought for Southern rights, were the *real heroes of the war*. Others fight for all they have in the world—these men lose all. Their

States not seceding, they are exiles in purse and home. They have not even the common feeling of State *pride* to support them in the burden-bearing heat of this war. I was told by a young gentleman—an Adam's cavalry man—from near Natchez, that he had seen many of the Maryland boys while serving in Virginia. "They are real exiles," said he; "noble, splendid-looking fellows." Poor old Maryland! I wish no Yankee had ever moved within your border; not that I hate them so bitterly, but it is too wretched a thing to have a divided population.

Between North and South this war is sectional; in the unhappy border States alone, it is civil. People never know how they act until tried. Two years ago the people here could not have been made to believe that *they*, under *any* circumstances, would take an oath to the repudiated authority of the United States. After the first blood was shed in this war, blood which "flecked the streets of Baltimore," after the resistance to the *first Federal troops*, was disarmed and put down, an outcry went up in New Orleans against Maryland. "She had yielded! She was pusillanimous! She was willing to see her Southern sisters overrun and oppressed! She was mean, contemptible——!" "Better," said the papers and the people, "better had the proud city of Baltimore been razed to the ground than to have become what she is." I said

so, too; at least, I felt so then and I feel so now—I would rather there should be no Baltimore—so long in my memory a sacred spot—now polluted by traitor's feet; a Baltimore not true to the "Old Line's fame." I used to love to think how much of that dear soil was once the birthright of the Croxalls—my mother's family, and how many thousands of dearest memories cluster about that splendid domain—Portland Manor—that once was ours. It lies not far away from Annapolis, now a Federal resting place. Our dear old home, our dear old Maryland! I did not know until this revolution how much I loved either. Ah, well, here are we, two lonely-hearted women living in Louisiana, not bearing transplanting much better than the Harrisons, though we went through it much earlier when mere children. We are sadder than they—we can not, *in our unprotected state, live in our own house*. By the by, I will record it here. That house and garden of ours is confiscated, they tell me. If so, Mr. Randolph must move out of it and let the Yankees move in. It only nearly escaped being made a hospital. I am glad we did not take the oath, though. The *border State* people have been very true in this respect. "Pride or Conscience?" I ask myself. Mrs. Brewer, who made that remark about Maryland, took *the oath*, and when a Federal tried to turn her out of her house she said she was a

Union woman. The papers and people, who cried out, "Better had Baltimore been destroyed," took quite another tone when New Orleans fell. Then it was, "We are a conquered people and we must not provoke our invaders." When Marshall Kane, of Baltimore, was lodged in Fort McHenry and poor Thomas thrown in irons, my *heart*, it seemed, shed tears of blood; people said, "The pusillanimous Marylanders." Since that day Mayor Monroe has been dragged to Fort Jackson in almost a dying condition, and the brave Mumford, who tore down the first Federal flag raised in the city, *has been hung*, and no man's hand was lifted to help him. Indeed there has been more individual and collective resistance in Baltimore than in this city which has suffered more provocation. Yet people *even yet* will not make allowance for *others* who yield to bitter circumstance, *even as they do*

Maryland, after the seizure and imprisonment of her Legislature, *which would have carried the State out of the Union*, sent other members to the Federal Congress. I felt this a great disgrace to her, but then New Orleans this winter has shown me how such movements can be made. Haus and Flanders, of this city, to *represent Louisiana*; men nobody had heard of till this commotion. Had poor old Maryland had her ex-Governor Lowe, instead of

the serpent Hicks as her ruler, she would have been in the field as early as her sister Virginia. Together they would have taken sides after their peace commissions had failed. Old Virginia was for a long time distrusted here. "She should have been one of the first to have gone out," people said, but now that she is the battle field, bleeding, dismantled and torn, she is loved. For my part, I *never* blamed her. I respected her dalliance, her love of the Union, and her earnest efforts toward mediation, but when the last failed, I knew she was right to sever her old bonds, and stand by her Southern sisters, and I knew dear old Maryland was wrong. I made some concession in my arraigning thoughts, because of her geographical position. The broad Potomac divided her from her friends and the severing Chesapeake brought the iron monsters to her very door and she had *no time* to think and prepare. I will do the people here the justice to say that her position has been considered. She has been much sympathized with and pitied, and "Maryland, my Maryland" has been sung with real and earnest pathos by thousands of Southern lips. They thought she *was* true, that she would come with us some day when her chains were taken off; they knew that she had helped us and that many a Maryland mother had a son to mourn, who lay beyond the wide Potomac. After Lee's advance, and the battle of Antietam

[Sharpsburg], this feeling changed. Lee was certainly unsupported. It was a great blow to me. "They should have risen en masse," we said. Lee only remained three days, however, and men cannot leave homes unprotected so suddenly and on such short notice. Had he seized Baltimore; had he stayed long enough to offer protection to those he invited, I believe many would have joined him. The young and ardent were already on the field and the others required safeguards for their families. I wish Lee had never gone to Maryland. It was pleasant to dream of her relief in my own way. What sort of a journal is this, I wonder!

Mrs. Norton met a Confederate soldier in the cars the other day; they fell into converse and he promised to come to see us all, as he is on parole and is allowed the freedom of the city, but *without his uniform*. This creates an unpleasant excitement here; unpleasant to Federals, I mean—our officers we hear are much sought after and are in danger of forming bad habits from too much toast-drinking. Mrs. Norton's soldier appointed a day and hour and Mr. Randolph, Mary Harrison, and Mrs. Dameron waited here a long time for his lordship, but he did not make his appearance. I was sick in bed and Ginnie was gloomy, sick and nervous—so I did not regret the disappointment for ourselves.

Mrs. Pinkard has had a message from the Fed-

eral authorities that she must either lodge General Sherman, give up her house, or pay rent for it. Cool and insolent! Colonel French lived in it and gave it up after Mrs. Pinkard's return with reluctance. She had taken the oath and there was no excuse. "Would you have me turn Mrs. French into the street?" said he when first applied to. Why the last change, I cannot say.

March 14th [1863]. For the last few days the Federal soldiers have been arresting all the negroes seen in the streets without passes (given out at the Mayor's office, Mayor Miller, formerly on General Shepley's staff, and with whom Mrs. Norton has the written bet about the fall of Port Hudson). General, or Governor, Shepley was standing on his (Mrs. Brown's) steps as Mrs. Norton passed. She stopped and chatted as usual; asked if Port Hudson "is taken yet." "I am to drink some of that champagne," said he. "You must take it at *my* house," said she, "for I will win it—you will never win it; you will never take Port Hudson." The General looked very pale; I expect he thinks so, too. The wife of a Yankee who is lodged in a "captured house" at the corner of our square, had a letter from her husband a few days ago. He is at Baton Rouge, and is to take part in the coming battle. "It will be a terrible fight," he writes. Two weeks ago she told Mrs. Norton, out of mere

bravado and to frighten her, that the Federals had surrounded both Vicksburg and Port Hudson and that both places were in Federal power. She has held levees for the negroes, and has always managed to say something disagreeable about our defeats somewhere or other, or that Butler would soon be back, or something of that sort, whenever we passed her door. But a great anxiety has taken possession of her; she has "no one but her husband," she says, and indeed we feel sorry for the poor thing. Should Port Hudson fall she will say all sorts of things as we pass, I know, but she is a poor, common creature and is only to be pitied. I hope her husband will be spared her; also that as many of the soldiers as possible will desert to us as have promised to do so. It took three regiments to *force off one* to go to this Port Hudson affair. We "Rebels" have been making laughing calculations and trying to work out political problems by the rule of three, since this event. *Specimens*: "If it takes three regiments to move one to the scene of action, how many will it take to move out Banks' whole army?" "How many will it take to make them fight?" and so forth.

Just called out to see Mrs. Wilkinson—not the paroled one—she tells me that Mrs. Bowen, the wife of a Yankee Colonel, let slip in her converse that three Connecticut regiments mutinied and

had to be sent home—officers and men. The rule of three still at work. General Sherman asked Kate Wilkinson why she was so anxious to go over the lines. “Oh, General, I am so tired here, and I do so long for some fresh Confederate air.” The General smiled and said, “Well, stay, and maybe you will have some good Confederate air here soon before long.” We wonder what he meant by that. General Sherman has advised Mrs. Wilkinson not to go yet as there will be danger in the transfer. “Wait,” said he smilingly, “and perhaps we will send you all the way to Vicksburg.” “I have heard something of going that way,” returned Mrs. Wilkinson, “but under our own flag.” The “Rebel” ram *Missouri* has run the gauntlet out of the Yazoo where she was built, and is safe at Vicksburg. Farragut and Banks are both at Baton Rouge. Word has been received here, it is said, that fighting has commenced at Port Hudson. The few Federals who are left here keep up much journeying to and fro. They are riding furiously up and down the street and the jingling of their swords is sounding in our ears all day long as they pass our door. I can not say that their step is martial, or in the cavalier style. They ride, indeed, *infamously* in two ways—in the first place they have stolen every horse in town, even ladies’ carriage horses and those from doctors’ buggies;

in the next, they sit on them in the most awkward style, bumping up and down, laboring, apparently, more than the horses. They sit back pompously, and no doubt think that we admire them wonderfully. The *Indianola*, which we captured from the Federals, was reported lost. Indeed, an "extra" informed us that a strange vessel went steaming past the batteries at Vicksburg while our people were raising the *Indianola* (which had been sunk in the capture), whereupon our Confederate boats took alarm and destroyed the half-raised vessel. I thought it queer that two *Confederate* steamers would run from *one* Yankee craft, and now we hear that the whole thing was a *ruse*, and that the *Indianola* is not only raised, but in good fighting order, having lost in the submerging but two guns.

We are getting quite a navy—all captured; *not one* had we with which to begin. When the *Queen of the West* passed Vicksburg, she ruled, indeed, like a queen over the world of waters, which lie between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, thus locking up our Texas and Red River trade, cutting off our army supplies. The Federals were jubilant over her passing, but she soon fell after a short and inglorious career, and a still more inglorious struggle. She was destroyed by the Red River batteries and deserted by her officers. She floats a new, and I

hope to high Heaven, what is to ever be a worthier flag, and her first exploit under it, was to make another Federal bulwark succumb. These iron monsters which were soon to make an end of "the rebellion" are fast falling into our hands, and besides, we have some trusty ones of our own building. We Confederate women are forever counting them in our hearts and on our fingers. *They* are to open the prison doors of New Orleans. We have three building up the Yazoo; one, the *Missouri*, has run the gauntlet, and we have seven building at Mobile. In two months we can take this city back. Mrs. Norton is reading out loud—she sees badly—stumbles, I cannot make out what she means, or what I mean myself. I hope my Edith, when she reads this, will take into consideration her auntie's trials and never feel tempted to scrawl out such a production herself.

Sunday, March 15th [1863]. Mrs. Dameron's little ones came over to breakfast. I predict that Mary Lu, or Yete, as she is called, will one day make a sweet, pretty and ingenuous woman. She is shy now, not demonstrative—not half so much noticed and petted as her sister Sydney. The latter is very communicative—she is very pretty, and as much at her ease as a grown woman and quite as worldly-minded and fond of show as some of them. She will be a coquette, I fancy,

and will give her good, religious papa the heart-ache often. Mrs. Dameron with all the children (the baby born the night the city fell, while the Yankee gunboats were steaming up the river; a beautiful boy who has never yet seen his papa) passed yesterday with us, as did also Mrs. White. Courtney, a fine boy whom they call Chopper(?). The little folk were quite noisy, and their peaceful-minded mother looked as well, calm and contented as if all the world were so, too. She is so honest-minded, so true, innocent and unworldly, that one cannot respect her too highly. She has a kind, good husband—but he went out with the Confederate guards, when General Soulé carried them off and has not been back since. She hears often by what we “Rebels” call the “underground railroad,” and the “grapevine telegraph.” He is not in the army, but in the Commissary Department. His friend, Mr. Broadwell (Colonel, they call him, though not in service), being a sort of head man in Jackson—he, Colonel B——, being a friend of President Davis, and in great trust with him, can procure favors for his friends. I do not think they will ever fall on one more worthy than Mr. Dameron—a good husband, son and brother. Mr. Broadwell was quite a neighborhood card when in the city—he is very rich, very useful to the Government,

and I believe is making a still greater fortune now. He is honest, however, and his word is law, they say, in Jackson, now a military depot. He is awfully uninteresting—and I believe would be literally the death of me were I forced to entertain him long at a time. Why are useful people often so uninteresting? This man is “strong and healthy,” I say, “and ought to be in the field where so many of our delicate brothers are risking health and losing fortune.” Mr. B—— bears the title of Colonel. Then why is he in the Commissary Department?

To-day I thought I would not go to church, but stay at home and have a quiet time. Mary Ogden came first—I was glad to see her; she loves us and we love her. Then came Mrs. Dameron; then Mrs. Roselius, after she left, Mary Ogden, who had gone out, came back to dinner. She left on the three o’clock car. Doctor Fenner then arrived. Then Mrs. Norton read aloud out of *newspapers*, and Ginnie laid down her book with a sigh—and I, how can I possibly string together a sensible sentence! Mrs. White and Mrs. Dameron are in the other room now, if no one comes after them. I will record what Mary O—— told me in the greatest secrecy. I fear to write it. If anything *should* happen, will I have time to burn this record! A spy of Stonewall Jackson’s has been in this town—within this week—being

known to ————; has been at his house. He has worn the Federal uniform during his stay and has taken away all necessary information. This man is no impostor, having been seen by ———— in Virginia last summer—he is the Captain in which ————’s son has been first lieutenant since this young man has been on detached service. The spy is well known to ———— and they therefore believe what he says. He brings the astounding intelligence that Stonewall Jackson is now at Pontchatoula *disguised as a wagoner!* He says that when he met him he called him General, whereupon Stonewall disclaimed the honor. “You can not deceive *me*, General,” said he, “I served under you too long.” He was after this appointed spy. This city is to be taken back before long, unless, indeed, we should be beaten in the coming contests of Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Mary imparted this information almost with fear and trembling to us and made us promise most sacredly to not even whisper or look it to another. Ginnie and myself are the only two in all the world that she would even whisper it to, she *says*. Her father would be half crazy if he knew anyone else knew of this visit. I have heard so much of Confederate attacks on this place, that such reports do not excite me now. This young man’s story I would doubt altogether if ———— had not known him and

seen him in service in Virginia. Time will prove. I wish I could realize *him* and what he says as Mary does. There are many rumors of Stonewall's being outside somewhere near. One reliable "lady" *knows* from a "reliable" gentleman that he is within five miles of the city and bent on its attack. Mr. Randolph says he heard two Federals in the car say, "Well, who knows that that old Stonewall won't burst in on this city any day. Well, well, we must admit that Stonewall and Longstreet are two powerful men. powerful men!"

Why should Jackson be in disguise, when his very name at Port Hudson would make our army there invincible? I can offer no solution but this: if it should be known in Virginia, the effect on our army there might be dispiriting. He is so idolized by his men and so feared by the enemy. Even the cold Englishman, whose account of this hero I read a few days ago, says that *he* could be led anywhere under the inspiring influence of two such men as Lee and Stonewall Jackson. I am so glad that dear Claude's short military career was passed under him. Claude was one of the famous "Foot Cavalry" until he left his poor arm at Port Republic. Taylor's Brigade, Harry Hays and the Seventh Regiment Crescent Rifles are names doubly dear for Claude's sake. I have now in my desk a letter of Claude's—of

last year—written in pencil on a cartridge box—which says: “We have just given Banks a complete whipping—I *expect* we have done rather a brilliant thing.” Banks will get another whipping soon, in a few days, we think, though the Federals have it reported that Port Hudson has already been evacuated by our troops—frightened at their approach, perhaps. ’Tis said by our people that fighting is going on to-day. (N. B.—Mrs. Norton reading Bible aloud.) We have just held a discussion—we have expressed a wish that we might get this place by treaty—this humane desire gives offence to Mrs. N——. She “wants them killed.” She wants to “hear the cannon—let ’em come from France or wherever they will.” If a forcible entry of this town will help to hasten the end of this terrible war, I will be glad to see it—and *that speedily*—but if our successes which have gained us the admiration of the world, could only buy our *freedom* without more bloodshed, would it not be better! Oh, I long, long to see this cruel war over! I do not like to even hear of the sufferings our enemies endure. The meeting of the two huge armies now on the river, bent on annihilating each other is a terrible matter to think of. It seems to me I have no longer any faith in civilization, learning, religion—anything good. (If I should write down a scrap of the Bible here, do not let it astonish you, my little niece—your

auntie is very seldom alone. Nobody means to inflict any ill upon her, but she is talked to, or read to, almost every minute in the day from before breakfast to bed time.) Who knows what a fine journal I might not have written you if I had had the health and spirits to go about much, and had the privacy in which to record what I heard.

Mrs. Norton went yesterday to get papers for her negroes, according to Federal command—was quite astonished to be asked if she had taken the oath. In giving answer, she also managed to give offence to the official, who rudely told her to “Hush,” whereupon she told him she would talk as much as she pleased in spite of all the Federals in New Orleans and not take the oath either. The Federal said he didn’t care a damn whether she took the oath or not. She then made a very proper answer—“You have *proved* a gentleman of the first stamp, sir,” said she, “in swearing at an old lady; a very fine gentleman indeed.” He was then silent and ashamed. Mrs. Dameron, Mrs. Doctor Stille and Mrs. Wells all went to the same place to get papers for their servants and were treated very politely. To those who had not taken the oath he expressed great regret, that he was compelled *not* to issue passes for servants belonging to disloyal people. Such servants are

all caught up and forced by Federal soldiers to work on the fortifications and plantations. I pity poor Julie Ann; I wonder what death she will die! She has never known real hardship. This step of the authorities here has given the negroes a great blow. So much for Federal philanthropy! Another instance of it. The *Yankee Era* said yesterday that the *Indianola* before her capture by the Confederates had been dispatched to destroy the cotton and plantation of Jeff Davis and his brother and to bring off all the *male* slaves—the *male* slaves, philanthropy! We hear constantly of negroes who are brought away *unwillingly* from their home comforts and their masters—and not infrequently are these poor people robbed of all they have by their pretended saviors. Mrs. Wilkinson's old man was robbed on his plantation of his watch and money, and another of four hundred dollars, which had been hoarded up for a long time. It's bad enough for a soldier to steal chickens and pigs, yet I have in some sort a sympathy for this sort of outrage, but when I think of how these pretended *civilizers* and *benefactors* have ransacked this town for *fine linen and silver spoons*—letting not even negroes escape—I feel glad enough to have ceased calling Federal soldiers brothers and countrymen. The dear *old* Union has ceased to be dear to all who would have once died for it. Its defenders are not

knights or cavaliers, but robbers. I am growing each day fonder of our new flag. I did not love it at first—but my heart was thrilled at the accounts of our gallant Southern heroes. I am proud to hear what brave and honorable gentlemen they are, though too often clothed in homespun and too often shoeless.

Read an account in the *New York World* of the sinking of the *Hatteras* by the *Alabama*. It is given out by the officers of the *Hatteras* on their return to New York. The short conflict was thrillingly interesting. I fancy I can hear Semmes call out, "Do you want assistance?" to the sinking crew—and the awful moments that followed the inquiry. The paper says, "Every comfort was provided for both officers and men" on board the *Alabama*, and every attention was paid to the littlest wants of the prisoners. "Cots were erected on the spar deck for the wounded in order to give them fresh air, and the surgeon of the *Alabama* extended every facility in their power, furnishing all sorts of medicinal stores for the use of the wounded. A guard was placed round the sick and wounded, and all on board prohibited from making a noise. Some of the Rebel officers gave up their sleeping accommodations; treated them with the utmost courtesy and consideration." In the Yucatan channel the *Alabama* ran up to a strange vessel which they

ascertained to be *English*. The Confederate flag was then hoisted and the English vessel dipped her colors three times in token of respect. At Port Royal many British residents and others came on board greeting the officers of the *290* warmly—"We are glad to see you; our whole hearts are with you." Handshakings and congratulations were exchanged all around and the Southern Confederacy and its representatives were exalted to the skies. Her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Greyhound* was in port, and when it was known on board this vessel that the *Alabama* was there, it was proposed to greet her with "Dixie Land" and the band struck up. Hearing this air, Semmes remarked to some of the Union officers, "Do you hear that greeting to the lone wanderer of the seas? That is what we hear everywhere." The English and other visitors on board the *Alabama* spoke contemptuously of the Yankees, and the Yankee Government before the Union prisoners. "Contemptible Yankees," was their mildest appellation. This, I think, was mean. The feelings of the unfortunate should never be wounded. The officers of the *Hatteras* had only done their duty. I am glad that on the *Alabama* and our other war vessels, that prisoners are treated with respect and kindness. Such things are the triumphs of civilization.

The New York papers are indignant at the

sympathy we receive. Indeed, it is wonderful how our young Confederacy has sustained itself with a new and untried government; a volunteer army comprised of men unused to hardship or discipline; many of them high-blooded young fellows who cannot be prone to bear meekly the harshness of officers; with ports blockaded; shut out from not only comforts—but needs; badly clad; poorly armed and coarsely fed; cut off from all United States natural resources; without navy or arsenal—yet have we defied the enemy and preserved our border line almost unbroken. These are triumphs indeed, and it is a grand thing to feel that our countrymen are endowed with faculties which ripen under misfortune and trial, with an enthusiasm which ennobles their deeds, and a courage which is the best of foundations both for national and social character. But, alas! will not this Southern Confederacy be torn asunder sometime as the once sacred Union now is! I want to love all the States with the same love. I used to honor all American soil from Maine to Georgia. I have had a great blow in the severing of the old States and it seems to me that the security has gone from all things. No Constitution made by man could be better or nobler than that our *old fathers* framed—yet how was it trampled on! There will not be, I fear, in future years any better security

against the machinations of bad politicians than there has been in the present time, and here among us may arise some other Lincoln-like demagogue to whom our people will yield their liberties and self-respect as the Northern people have yielded theirs. The separation of States and the blood shedding and suffering of a people will be the consequence. Texas, I fear, will certainly form a republic of her own. There are enough of Texan hearts still beating who regretted the old Union with the United States, though no soldiers have borne more nobly the arms of the Confederacy with honor than those of Texas. They have been distinguished on every field. Talking of Texas stirs in my heart the ever-longing to see my loved ones there. My sister and her dear little ones; my brothers—more especially poor, wounded Claude. No letter or word can reach us from there. I fear my many efforts to smuggle scraps of paper through to them have failed. I have a spool of cotton in which I propose to send a few lines when the Wilkinsons go, but they will wait now I suppose until Port Hudson falls or is pronounced impregnable.

While I was sick Mrs. Roselius brought over a photograph of a large picture painted here last summer in great secrecy. It was to be sent to Europe to give an idea to the

people there what Butler was doing in this conquered city. While Butler was here he seemed almost insane on the subject of enriching himself. He was not content in robbing people of their wealth and women of their jewels and silver; he opened several graves, supposing that gold had been hidden in them. It was thought that he was led on to these searches by the reports of negroes. It is well known here that he opened the grave of our well-loved hero, Sydney A. Johnston (killed at Shiloh). This picture, therefore, represents a graveyard, with the inscription on several tombs very distinct—Sydney A. Johnston, Charles Dreux and the Washington Artillery. On the steps of one of the tombs sits, with back erect, a huge and hideous hyena, with *Butler's* head. A skull and several bones lie near. The effect is sickening and appalling. When I looked at it the same sick feeling came over me of dread and horror that I had felt the day that the wretched thing was done—when Mrs. Brown came up and *whispered* what Butler was doing and whom he had last seized, and a creeping horror made us *all* feel the power and wickedness of the wretch to whom we had yielded the city. Over this picture appear the words, "Great Federal Menagerie now on exhibition," and beneath, "The Great Massachusetts Hyena—true to his traditional instincts, he violates the Grave." It would have

been death last summer to have been caught painting this picture as it would have been to have *been known* to know anything about it; Mrs. Brown having whispered it to *us*, though not to her mother. I never saw it until Mrs. Roselius brought it over—she seemed quite astonished to hear we knew anything of it. This picture on a large scale, exhibited over the civilized world would be certainly a greater though more refined punishment than hanging or tearing to pieces by a mob would be for Butler, with which he is so often threatened in private conversation. I do not like violent measures of any sort which *inflict* physical torture, but I do think that a wretch like Benjamin Butler should be held up to the execration of the entire civilized world. Such rebukes must turn the most hardened villain's eye inward, and moreover they act wholesomely on others. There should be no *revenge* in punishment in a civilized society; punishments should be administered for their effect merely for prevention of crimes.

Mrs. Wells has paid us a visit. Reports that Farragut has passed by Port Hudson. Great rejoicing among the Yankees. Mrs. Wells, who has been on a long visit to Mrs. Montgomery, has told us so much of the quiet charities done by both Mrs. Montgomery and the Judge. I was glad to hear it, as they are very rich and as they

entertain but little, are thought mean generally. They are very kind to Confederate soldiers, taking them in, nursing them, clothing them and giving them money. People never have any right to pronounce on human character, at least until it has been brought under close inspection. So many are overrated because of some manner that may be entirely superficial and deceptive as to the character it conceals. Mrs. Norton has been down town—brings the Yankee *Era*. Farragut has passed with two vessels, the flagship *Hartford* and one other. The *Mississippi* was destroyed by our batteries—thirty men killed. Farragut is now expected to be between two fires now that he is separated from the rest of his fleet. His position seems dangerous to us—flanked on one side by Port Hudson and on the other by Vicksburg, and a bold report that he has been captured, is already out. Mr. Dudley was up this afternoon; I was making a sack and made Ginnie go out. It is wrong for us to seclude ourselves as we do, but oh, when one feels wretched, anxious and lonely as I do, how can I wish for anything but solitude. Other people seem to be able to throw off their grief by merely meeting and chatting about it. Mrs. Dameron and Mrs. Norton received letters this afternoon. All are well outside the lines. Mary Lou Harrison wrote to her grandma, so also Charley. They

have not heard from Texas—the mails being broken up. Charley says that he sent the letter I sent him to Claude—I suppose by Mr. Riley, who is about to return to Galveston where his father is stationed. I feel so dreadfully being thus cut off from all I love. Mrs. Roselius came in this evening, so did Mrs. White and Mrs. Dameron. I walked a little way home with the two latter, after shutting myself up all day long. Mrs. Roselius promised to get me one of the pictures of Butler as hyena. I should like to have the large oil painting.

V.

MARCH 17—MARCH 30, 1863.

Tuesday, March 17th [1863]. Rose this morning feeling very badly. Coughed a great deal last night. Slept but little, but in the short interval dreamed so unhappily that Ginnie awoke me twice, after my having cried out. I was among crowds of people, it seemed, with a heavy weight upon my heart. I was traveling on an immense iron steamer—saw a boy fall over and drown, whereupon I screamed and awoke. After this I could not sleep. Listened long to see if I could hear the guns at Port Hudson. For several nights the firing has been heard by some people. At Greenville Judge Ogden, who was here yesterday, heard them at four o'clock in the morning, distinctly; he got up and waked the girls, who also heard them. The Judge has heard that his son Billy has come to Mississippi from Virginia. He can not tell whether on furlough or with the army. It is reported the 7th Regiment, Crescent Rifles, is outside with Col. Harry Hays and the great Stonewall. These are times of great excitement. This seems to us all the crisis of the struggle. If we are successful in the two coming engagements we hope to have peace at once. If

the North fails to open the Mississippi to the Western people and its ports to the world, it is thought that the war must be abandoned. Heaven knows—the people of the North seem demented to me. That they should feel a wild regret for the loss of the Southern States, after having *goaded* them into resistance, seems natural enough, but that they should think that war and bloodshed will restore the *Union*, seems but a fanatical dream. No one more sincerely mourned the *Union* than myself, but to me the *separation* of the States was the blow. There would be no *beauty* in union now. And *we* have too much dear blood to *remember* now, if not to revenge, ever to be able to go back now. Ah, if Vallandigham had only been president instead of Lincoln! Perhaps these things are all intended—who can tell! The existence or non-existence of a nation cannot be disregarded by the *Higher Intelligence*. (Mrs. Roselius would regard this expression as a proof of my having gone through a course of infidel reading—she came to this conclusion the other day when she heard me use the term *First Cause*.)

The black people in the city have met with the most dreadful blow at the hands of their Yankee friends. These poor people have been misled by every wile and persuaded to leave their owners and even in many instances to be insolent

to them. I know of a number of instances where they have been promised by the Yankees freedom, riches, free markets, a continual basking in the sun, places in the Legislative Halls, possession of white people's houses, and a great deal more; of course, these infinite temptations have proved too much for them—they have gone over in numbers to the Yankees, insulting white people in the streets and in houses. They have been protected by Yankee courts here, both in murder and robbery. And after all this they are being picked up singly and collectively and driven by Yankee bayonets to the plantations, where they are to work or be shot down. All servants who have not passes given them by the Yankee authorities, are to be disposed of in this way—and as no pass is granted to any owner who has not taken *the oath*, a terrible scene of confusion is at work. These Yankees pretend that they have come to restore civilization and justice to this benighted Southern land and assume in all their *printed* work a vast philanthropic sympathy for the oppressed race; never since the Southern people have owned slaves has the separation of families been carried on on as large scale as now. Indeed negroes have been more protected from separation than white people until now. To-day from forty to fifty colored women, picked up without notification on the streets, were driven at the

point of Yankee bayonets on a boat and taken to a plantation. Yankee soldiers seize those even who are with their own mistresses, unless they have Yankee passes. "Have you a pass?" is the question, and if the victim is not so protected, "Fall into line then," is the response. Among all the crimes Yankee writers have heaped upon us, this cannot be enumerated. Mary, Mrs. Norton's woman, came to us just now; she is very uneasy about her young daughter Emma, who is hired out. She fears the Yankees will take her off. Indeed, she fears to be taken, too, as she can get no pass, and some houses even have been entered by the soldiers. The insolent negroes who have been boasting of Yankee support are very much crest-fallen and ashamed. One of Mrs. Roselius's threatened to have a gentleman arrested last week; this week she is powerless.

Mary Ogden just in from Greenville—full of news and excited. "It was the *Albatross* that passed the batteries" and was very much injured—so was the *Hartford*. Both injured and between two fires. Farragut, they say, has pronounced the attack useless, but makes it because ordered to do so. I really do not suppose he has opened his mouth upon the subject. He is a brave man, this much we all accord him. His family live here, and he was educated, it is said, by one of the charitable institutions of

this city. His relatives would not receive him after the city fell, and when the shelling of the city was imminent, he sent word that he would protect them and received in answer that they would not accept his protection. It was reported at the time that his mother was here, but that was untrue; she is dead. I remember laughing at the excited manner in which Martine Ogden exclaimed that the city would be safe. "For surely," said she, "he won't shell his mother."

The *Era* is filled with insolent braggadocio because Farragut has passed—even in crippled condition. The Yankees have called their military collection in all quarters—"The vast Anaconda," which is "to crush the rebellion." We think that Farragut's being separated from the fleet by powerful batteries looks very much as if the head of the *water snake* was severed from its body. He said that *his* ship should pass, though that should be the only one. The town is all excitement—the Yankees here expect an attack. Indeed, if possible, we should make it—the enemy would then *have* to capitulate. The forts below we could take later. Every hour brings its report. Indeed, it is an awful time, fraught as it is with death and ruin to the majority. The Yankee woman at the corner is in much trouble; we think that she has heard no hopeful news from Baton Rouge. She is all packed to

start somewhere at a moment's notice. Mary Ogden took dinner and passed the afternoon with us. She had been out in the morning to look up some Mrs. Colonel Pinckney, who is just in from the Confederacy, and knows her brother in the army. This lady reports everything going on well outside. She passed through Baton Rouge. On the way she fell in with many Federal soldiers—they volunteered conversation and told her a good deal. She is a daughter of an officer in the old United States' army, and was brought up in garrison circles, so I presume she knew how to talk to military folk. She learned that the soldiers at Baton Rouge were bent on not fighting—that they were going over to us at the first opportunity. Vicksburg and Jackson are filled with officers and men who have resigned the Federal service. This seems almost incredible, but this war is being held now as both useless, senseless and wicked. Thousands of these soldiers say they do not hate Southern people and that they want to live among them. Two officers left the steamer *Mississippi* and changed their uniform before that unfortunate vessel left this city.

Late in the evening I took a walk and stopped at Doctor Glenn's—found Sarah in bed with a roomful of ladies. Her baby is nine days old—called "Robert Lee," after our great General. Mrs.

Pritchard and her daughter were there and told me much of what these Federals are doing in the city. If the United States had chosen to war *against* the Union, instead of for it, she could not have chosen better people for her service. Three ladies of Mrs. Pritchard's acquaintance were arrested not long ago and thrown into a room filled with all sorts of horrid people—drunken soldiers and half-dressed ones—for having been singing “The Bonnie Blue Flag” in their *own houses* with some officers from the British ship. Another lady giving an entertainment to some British officers in her own home had it forcibly entered and was threatened with a search for flags while the company were present. These disgraceful things often happen. Not very long ago an officer rode in among the flowers in Mrs. Budike's yard, because a child was singing “The Bonnie Blue Flag”—he had the lady called to the balcony, and told her that it was “a pity that United States officers who had *worked hard* all day could not take a ride for recreation without being insulted by that Rebel song.” Was there ever such nonsense and such a want of pride and dignity. I'm afraid that Mrs. Stewart's daughters next door will be arrested some day, for their piano and mingled voices are continually doing duty to that contraband ditty. A gentleman of Mrs. Pritchard's acquaintance has been arrested—he asked

Mayor Miller wherefore, "For hanging out a Confederate flag," said he. "I know the gentleman," said Mrs. Pritchard, "and I am sure he did no such foolhardy a thing—he would not be guilty of such silly hardihood." "Oh, well, then," returned this easy-natured upstart, "he must have had one somewhere in his house, and besides he has been circulating these obnoxious poems," meaning the "Battle of the Handkerchiefs" and a prose article purporting to be an official report of one of Banks' men. The town is flooded with these articles—some of them very cutting. The Federals can not find out their authors or the place of their publishing.

Mrs. Callender has just been in; says she is going to the funeral of Commander Cummings, who was killed up the river when Farragut passed. We told her she would be taken for one of the mourners. She laughed. Colonel Clarke, the only gentleman among the Federals, has been wounded, some say seriously; his death is even reported. There appears to be much regret for him among our people, and if he is brought here *our women* intend to do all in their power for him, to show their grateful distinction between himself and others.

March 21st [1863]. I have not written, because Ginnie has been sick, and I have been far from well, and nothing has appeared worthy of record.

Thousands of rumors are floating, and all our conversation is made up of a record of them. Mary Ogden and Jule were down again from Greenville, to gather as much excitement as possible. The voice which proclaims the daily, hourly coming of the Confederates is swelling louder. We whisper (not so softly as when Butler was here) and tell what Mrs. This One said, and Mrs. The Other One has heard, and feed ourselves with hope that we are soon to take New Orleans back; break our chains; go where we please, and finish the war. I told Mr. Randolph, though, this morning, that I did not intend to grow the least excited on the subject, as I did last summer, and that I never would believe anything until I heard the cannon. A very loud one was fired near us yesterday, and for one moment my heart leaped up. For the first time in a long series of months I would be glad to hear of an attack on this city. Now the attack, the taking and the holding seem natural enough and easy to do. The city is poorly defended now, and we have captured quite a show of a navy from the enemy. The *Indianola* is said to be all safe by those coming in. It is reported that Farragut's vessel and the one that passed the batteries with her, has been captured above Baton Rouge. We know that Banks has had to fall back upon that place, after having made an ad-

vance. 'Tis said that we will attack him there; some say that we have already done so. Reports of wounded and killed vary—some say 1,700; others 8,000. Forty ambulances with wounded have been brought here, though these are said to have come from Weitzel's command, which is somewhere in the LaFourche country. One ambulance has just passed here, followed by two vehicles containing women and children. One of the women in a long sun-bonnet was bending over as if weeping; some soldier who enlisted here "for his thirteen dollars a month and grub," perhaps. While at Greenville I saw two ambulances with dead bodies in them. From one the stiff feet and legs stuck out at one end; the shoes were still on and the blue uniform, which we have learned to hate so. This was a dreadful sight to me; how can one survive the horrors of a battlefield! Mrs. Waugh has heard that her son Charley is at Tangipaho—a sort of camp of detention and instruction about thirty miles from here. He is in Breckinridge's Division, and loves his old commander so much that he would never have joined any other when he returned from his parole here; we therefore infer that Charley Lord is with Breckinridge at Tangipaho, and that the Confederates *are* really near here and *thinking* of coming in. These are the straws to which we cling. Mrs. Waugh has also heard from her son

Arthur; that he is at Tangipahoe; why are these veterans of at least twenty battle-fields at a camp of instruction so near us?

Letters from Charley Chilton say that Billy Ogden (who was stationed when last we heard at Fredericksburg) is also in Hinds county; so is Sydney Harrison, his cousin. Charley cannot tell us what all these young men are doing there lest some of these prying Federals get hold of the letter, but he says we may all meet soon again. Letters from Mrs. Brown and Mary Lu Harrison have also come. The young people outside have been amusing themselves with love affairs. They tell on each other when they write, and in this way we become familiar with the whole programme. Mrs. B. says Mary Lu is engaged to Jimmy Perkins, a Virginia soldier and a great-grandson of Patrick Henry's. Charley Chilton is engaged, Mary Lu says, to Miss Stokes, of Clinton. (I thought he loved Bettie Smith when he left here.) Sarah Chilton has been reaping coquettish honors on a large scale. She went to Mollie Emanuel's wedding, in Vicksburg, and attracted much attention. She is very pretty, and knows it well. She has an inordinate love of admiration, very unlike her cousin, Mary Lu, who has really romantic ideas in love. There were some very distinguished people at Miss E.'s wedding, the letters say, and

by these people Sarah was particularly admired. She is much talked of, they say. We are left to guess who the distinguished people are. President Davis was in Vicksburg when the wedding came off, and I expect was there, but he is *married*. Pemberton is in command, also Lee, somewhere in that region—one or both of these may be captive to the young beauty. It reminds one of the old, old days, this company—feasting, riding, dancing and love-making and slaying of men's hearts. Fred Ogden, too, the young captain of a gun or two at Vicksburg, is engaged to somebody, whose name I can not learn. The girls here have no beaux to look at but the Federal officers, who receive anything but loving looks, and the British officers who, belonging to but a ship or two, cannot serve for all. The *Stay-at-homes* are not in good repute. It is reported that the Federals are about to conscript the latter class who have taken the oath. *We* wish they would, and arm them well; they would not be of much service to poor old "Uncle Sam." *The Budget of Fun* has a picture or representation of Uncle Sam being bled by the Doctor (Chase), who holds a bowl labeled "U. S. Treasury." The stream from poor Uncle's arm is called "Taxes." The patient complains of great weakness, though clad in stars and stripes, but is persuaded by Chase that he can hold out a little longer. A side-

view gives Louis Napoleon and John Bull arm-in-arm, with "Wait till he gets weaker, and then we will cut in."

Do you know, my poor journal, that these very, very funny things, about matters so very, very serious, make me sigh! Uncle Sam's weakness gives me no pleasure, good Confederate as I am. Oh, why, in his strength, did he not let us go! Read a beautiful speech of Ben Wood's *begging* for peace; another of Henry May's calling for peace and instant recognition. This is an inferior speech as regards eloquence, and from a Marylander, disappointed me. I was angry enough with Henry May for having accepted a seat in the United States Congress on any terms. He says himself that the people of Maryland have been treated in the most tyrannical manner. He also says he accepted the seat to keep it from another, who might do Maryland more harm. The only way to honor the poor old State is to repudiate a seat in that infamous horde altogether. Vorhees' speech on the *habeas corpus* bill is good, strong argument, all of it, though it is not embued with the sentiment of tenderness as is Wood's. It is not without many noble protests that the Northern people are yielding up *their Magna Charta*. I see that at the closing of Congress, that Lincoln was endowed with every power of dictator. Treasury, personal liberty,

army and navy, and the people at large to conscript at will—are at his disposal. They are so anxious—the poor Northerners—to make chains for *us* to wear, that they forget that they are being fitted on their own stalwart limbs. It seems that heaven has stricken this people with political blindness.

There have been so many people here to-day that my head is in a whirl with the rumors I have heard. *We* have the *Hartford*, the *Albatross*; Farragut, a prisoner, is on his way to Richmond, where he will be held as hostage for Butler; Banks' men have mutinied—they have, before battle, declared their intention to run, and, after being blindly trusted by Banks after such sincere demonstrations, they have been straightway as good as their word. The Confederates are building a bridge at Manchac, over which they are to walk straightway to this city, having Banks' army and Farragut's fleet in sort of a military calaboose. A young lady, a supposed spy of the Confederates, was shaking her head in a very peculiar way; said "Yes" or "No" to several political questions in a mysterious manner; said young lady just in from the Confederacy—left there last Saturday evening about dusk—was escorted to the boat by Lieutenant Miller, a gallant young Confederate, who told her all sorts of things, and likewise shook *his* head, and having



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performed this expressive pantomime, showed her practically the lumber of which the Manchac bridge was to be built, and told her of the dispatch which he had at that moment received, saying that Banks had been whipped, and that the Stars and Bars were floating over land and wave at Baton Rouge. Federal officers of high rank have been known to cry out almost in anguish, "Oh, if we could only hear from Banks!" They have been in such a wretched state of mind that they made their longing speeches in the very faces of good Confederates. Others have been heard to say that they would go up to Baton Rouge immediately—if they were only sure of getting back. Weitzel's whole army has been cut off from all communication in LaFourche from this city. His dead and wounded have come in, but the bridge has since been destroyed. The artillery which was sent off to-day, bag and baggage, have come back; the provisions which were also sent to his assistance have returned also. In short, we Confederates here have set things going in an entirely new and spirited style—and we are to have this city back in a day or two, at furthest—some say to-morrow, some are considerate enough to wait until Tuesday next. Stonewall Jackson will certainly be here before the week is out. In fact, we are having over again the scenes of last summer up till the time of the loss of that Phoenix, the

Arkansas Ram. Federals are growing imprudent, it seems. Officers say that they know that they will be captured here and tried for their lives. Oh, that I should waste paper in these hard times, when cotton is being burned by proud Confederates every day, with such a medley as private conversations are made of now! We women are at a loss to know quite what we shall do after we hear the cannon. Shall we shut up our doors to keep scared contrabands from claiming fellowship with us, or run out to shake hands with our soldiers!

There is sometimes a reverse picture. Mrs. Norton sent Mary Jane, the servant, to pump political information from the Yankee woman who lives in a small house at the corner, *captured* from Mr. Phillips. The woman, whose husband is in the Federal army at Baton Rouge, has her plans laid out as regularly as ours. The *Monitor* has passed the Port Hudson batteries; Farragut is safe and well, on the flagship *Hartford*; Port Hudson is entirely torn to pieces, and the Confederates and Federals are near enough for conversation—in short, *she* will have the “rebellion” over in a few days. All these statements, and the reverse, come from the most reliable people. I think the fabled well has caved in and covered up dear *Truth* forever. If she survives sufficiently after this war is over to

give us a history of it, it will be more than I expect of her. Some earnest articles in Northern papers are calling for true statements to be made to the people. The war has been kept up by deception. It is time that the North should know that her enemy is quick in resource, brave, vigilant, determined and persevering—that she has been unfortunate on land and sea; that her foe is neither too naked or starved too much to fight valiantly, and that last of all, that the famous canal is a failure. The proud Northern transports will never sail through it to carry soldiers to die on the Walnut Hills. The upper army is in sad plight; that I can see from their own papers. The constant rising of the Mississippi deprives them even of a dry camp. The sun is growing quite hot now, and mosquitoes must begin to torment the sick and suffering. I feel sorry for the thousands of poor aching heads that are now lying far from woman's kindly aid, in many a dismal camp, both Federal and Confederate. I feel oftener sorry for the Federals, I believe, though the Confederates are dearer. *Our* boys are sustained by the *knowledge* that they are *right*. Who would not be sustained for fighting for hearthstone and native land! The constant statements of the Northern papers prove that the Federal army is dissatisfied and in a state of demoralization. Hooker has just dismissed forty

officers in disgrace. A few days ago he had to shoot at the privates, right and left. In *this* town soldiers are deserting constantly, I know. From all accounts it would seem that Banks has found in New Orleans a Capua—though he is no Hannibal. Fifteen hundred deserters have been taken up recently in New York City. The Administration blames the Generals, Admirals and contractors, and changes them forthwith; the people blame the Administration, and so the papers get filled with complaints. Only a few *wise, noble* men assail the *Cause*; and these are not hearkened to or obeyed. There is a goodly show of verse in town commemorating Strong's dispersing the members of Doctor Goodrich's church. I have not seen them. Doctor Goodrich, now in New York, writes to his wife. I believe I have recorded that he and two others—Mr. Fulton and Doctor Leacock—were refused a landing here because they had refused to take the oath. In the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, Colonel Strong met Doctor Goodrich, and remembering his face, *and not where he had seen it*, spoke to him and asked his name. "I, sir," said the minister, "am Doctor Goodrich, of St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, and you, sir, are Colonel Strong." He then turned on his heel and left him. I do not envy Strong's feelings for the moment. We heard that he *had had* compunctions about breaking up the church,

and that he was very pale and trembled, but being commissioned by the strong-willed Butler, obeyed. I was told that Strong said he thought the women would fly at him. This accounts for his paleness, I suppose.

Sunday, 22 [March]. General Banks arrived last night, having in train two boatloads of negroes to be put on plantations below the city. This is very nice work for an abolition General, and there is no word of it in the *Yankee Era*, which must keep as respectable a face as possible before the world. General Banks' arrival is not mentioned—why, we can not say. Why he is here, thousands are at this moment at work to discover. Mrs. Norton sent Mary Jane to General Banks' house (at least to his residence, which is her daughter's house, and where are some of the servants left by Mrs. Harrison when she went off). Jane discovered from the servants that Banks is to return immediately; that he has brought down many servants and about twenty prisoners, and that *Port Hudson* has been *torn to pieces*, and that Farragut is quite safe and is industriously aiding the work of "Rebel" starvation by keeping guard over the mouth of Red River. Some of this information *we Rebels* take the liberty of doubting, though old Harriet professed to have gathered all this from Banks' own lips by *listening at the door*. Of course, speculation runs riot

—that the attack on Port Hudson is abandoned, and that it *is not*, are now matters of argument. The Yankee *Era* and our Federalist neighbor say that Banks did not *go up to do anything*, and that he has accomplished all he intended to do. Of course we are not to be so hoodwinked, and do not believe all the extravagant reports of our successes, but we *do* know that Banks and army sallied out of Baton Rouge, and after a few skirmishes, made a hasty retreat thereto; we also know that *torn-to-pieces-Port Hudson* still proudly rears her protecting crest, and while she does so Banks and his famous “expedition,” which has been filling the public mouth, has *not* done yet what it traveled so many miles to do. Indeed, we think of little else and talk of little else but “Banks’ Expedition.” This matter of Port Hudson seems to the public mind what Vicksburg was when she was attacked—a turning point, a crisis in our affairs. No mere battle could excite quite so many hopes and fears. Should we lose control of this great river, our chances for peace are delayed for an indefinite time, *perhaps forever*. Should Port Hudson fall, or Vicksburg, thousands of hearts would lose hope to struggle, though we all say, “*Nothing* can make us give up.” Were our supposed conquerors a different people; if the faintest shadow of *generosity* prevailed in the national councils, we *might* strike

less boldly; but as matters now stand, each Southern man knows and feels that there are no such words for him as home and country unless the uncivilized hordes which desolate both are stricken low or beaten from Southern shores.

The negroes and soldiery are behaving dreadfully about Baton Rouge (in the country). My blood runs cold to think of all the dreadful deeds which have been done. Many a noble protest comes, even from the North, against the way in which this war has been carried on. Turchim, who committed unspeakable crimes in northern Alabama, and who was court-martialed and dismissed for the same by the *gentlemen* of the army, was afterwards rewarded by "Honest Abe" and his accomplices. Blenker's degraded command are forever rendered infamous for their outrages in the Virginia Valley. What untold horrors have been committed and unpunished in Tennessee, Northern Mississippi, in Arkansas and Missouri! Our blood has congealed at the recitals sent us, and sleep been driven from our eyes at night by the shocking details that we can not, out of respect to *public decency*, reproduce. All these outrages perpetrated *without inquiry and without punishment*, at the hands of the commandants on the banks of the Mississippi, in Tennessee and Arkansas. Is it strange that a soldiery thus demoralized prove contemptible on the field of bat-

tle where they meet brave men! Here are accusations from a Northern paper, and they are all true: "A mournful contrast is presented to us of the North. The Confederate General Stuart made a raid into Pennsylvania with his cavalry. Like McClellan, he respected private property. Not a piece of bacon, not a chicken or a turkey was stolen from the defenceless inhabitants of Gettysburg or Chambersburg by his ragged and half-starved troops. In the language we heard from the lips of an extreme and unconditional Union man of those parts, opposite whose fine country-seat a body of Confederate cavalry bivouacked for a night and a day, 'the Confederate forces were ragged and lousy *gentlemen*.' A party of Lincoln's cavalry had encamped on the same grounds previously, and in the language of the same unconditional Union man, their conduct proved them to be 'Comfortably dressed blackguards.' But the strong contrast we purposed drawing between the Confederates in Chambersburg and the Federals in Fredericksburg, is this: The Confederates visited the Chambersburg Bank and asked if there were any *Government* deposits there. Being satisfied that there was nothing but private property, General Stuart ordered the bank, in which he saw *thousands of gold*, to be locked up and guarded, and *not a dollar of it was taken*. In Fredericksburg, on the occasion of

Burnside's disastrous foray, while the Irish and other brave brigades were turning their reproachful eyes where Lincoln was telling his hateful jokes to his Cabinet, said, like the gladiators in the pagan arena, '*Imperator, morituri te salutant* (Despot, we salute you!), and rush on to certain death. The pet regiments of the Abolitionists who *did not* rush on to certain death, accomplished more certainly by *their* victory. These Achilles of Puritanism had also among them a Homer, worthy to immortalize *their* deeds. The correspondent of the Abolition *Daily Times*, of this city (New York), felt his soul expand as he dilated on how some of the regiments with whom he stayed *robbed* the bank of Fredericksburg and pocketed the 'Rebel' gold of those Philistines—who, though non-combatants and helpless—were the proper spoils of the saints of New England!" Again: "When this war is over a charge will be made against a Federal General on the Mississippi, that after capturing slaves he hastened them off for cotton and sent the cotton to the North and *sold it*." I can add that the charge can be brought against *many*—not one. I can prove that household furniture has been boxed up and sent to *women* at the North—taken from the houses *captured* by these people; also clothing left in houses, household treasures and luxuries, even *shrubbery* dug from private yards. "Those who fought with

Blenker and Milroy, under Banks and Fremont, plundered and destroyed. Pope began his ignominious and short-lived career by adopting plunder *as a rule*." "But why," as this Northern journal asks, "dwell on outrages on property, when still more horrible atrocities are perpetrated and go unpunished?"

Human depravity sickens me; I must turn from the picture which our bleeding country presents. How do I know that New Orleans may not soon be called to play her part in the fearful drama! The presence of a large foreign population has hitherto preserved her from *common* outrage. The privates have been held in check; the *officers* only have robbed in the name of the *law*. The houses and funds of defenceless women have been seized, and numbers have been *fed on charity*, or starve, who, before the Federals came, were well off. No *general* sacking has taken place, but we are threatened with pillage and fire if the Confederates attempt to take the city. Butler did not scruple to say last summer that he had signals all ready, and a Confederate attack on this place would let San Domingo in upon us. These Federals have done so many awful things that we are prepared to believe *anything* of their capacity for evil. I do not judge them by Confederate accounts—in our excited state we might color too highly—but by the accounts of their own

people and their protests against them. Their accusations have been as bitter as ours. It is comforting to know that there are some kindly spirits at the North.

Mary Harrison has been in from Greenville to see Ginnie, who has been sick; she brought some nice jelly which *she* had made herself. I told her she only wanted to show it because she had made it, but I thanked her for it, though pride did lie at the bottom; the jelly was so clear that I could see her plainly. Mary says that her father has a letter telling him that Banks' mysterious retreat upon Baton Rouge was caused by Stonewall Jackson's appearance in that region. These heroes have met before, and *Banks* remembers that meeting well, I'd warrant. If Stonewall, our dear hero, who realizes every one's ideas of a true knight, "tender and true," is not near at hand for our deliverance, I fear many of us will die broken-hearted. We are determined to believe that he is hovering near our lines. Lee is enough for Virginia and a dozen Hookers. Why should not Stonewall be sent to such an important point as this? Everything depends upon the conduct of affairs in this region. So we reject every wise counsel which tells us to "not put our trust in—" the *coming* of our favorite knight. A Confederate attack is expected, and the Federal long-roll *has* been beaten at dead of night. The Ogdens

were all in to-day, breathless and voluble. They *know* Stonewall is outside—that is because of the spy story. Jule looked horrified when I said that I believed that no spy would take so many into his confidence. *Everybody* has a spy story now. Mrs. Carr called in a soldier from her gate who was a *little, little* too far advanced upon a certain road. He was a Confederate soldier in Yankee clothes, who was out of his mind (for a moment), and was blabbing Confederate secrets. After making him sleep awhile he awoke refreshed, and was able to tell her much about to happen. He knew all about the Confederates coming, but a few minutes afterwards he recovered his mind *entirely* and was so stricken with remorse for having revealed Confederate plans that he wanted to make all present take a solemn oath to reveal nothing. Of course, they made ready promise about keeping it, and feel so conscientious that they have only broken it to *their particular* friends, and that only in whispers. The particular friends who received such good tidings under protest, likewise are equally as conscientious, and have not yet proclaimed from a housetop, but have whispered in parlors and private sanctums. There is a great change in morals close at hand, at all events—we have all vowed to believe in *nothing* forevermore if the Confederates do not come *this* time. Heaven defend us from such a state of atheism. Mrs.

Judge Clark is here. She is a sweet, sweet old lady, but she is deaf and has heard nothing; we had to break our promise about the whispering and *scream* into her ear what we knew. This is only the one infraction, however. Annie Waugh was here, and knew a great deal that her father could vouch for. Mr. and Mrs. Roselius were here, and will not believe in anything—a very uninteresting state of affairs.

Mrs. Roselius gave us, among other histories, that of Mrs. General Valle, who has excited some interest in “Rebel” bosoms by having a woman arrested for looking at her. She was a great heiress and much spoiled by her parents, who, when she came of age, looked about for some one whom she *could* marry. After looking far and wide for some one whom she would *even think of*, she remembered suddenly that she had a cousin at West Point. *He* was of her own blood, and she therefore determined to marry him. What she thought worthy of doing she did forthwith. I did not hear that the general (then a lieutenant) made any demur. He agreed with the lady in thinking that the human race was made that she might not be in it alone, and therefore ennuied by solitude. This lady, after marriage, thought it proper that a person in her position should set an example of conjugal affection. She therefore accompanied her husband to the Rio

Grande—overlooking his command, probably. She had never eaten a dinner in her life without ice-cream; therefore, the chemical apparatuses for making it were packed up among other “military necessities” of the Department of the Rio Grande. *She* promoted her husband, I have no doubt, for he is now a general. I am not exaggerating—this is the woman’s own story of herself, given out to an admiring circle of visitors and listeners. She travels with a legion of pillows which are arranged for her by her general and a *real gentlewoman*, whose reduced condition keeps her as companion to the creature. When Mrs. General V—— walks abroad from hotel or on steamer deck her two attendants announce that “Mrs. General Valle is about to take the air.” What she may take in the future, heaven only knows! It is enough for me to remember that the newspapers say she has had a woman arrested for looking at her, and that a Northern court has supported her in the charge. She was gazing, it seems, from an open window as some women passed, one of whose regard was attracted towards her for an undue length of time. She dresses absurdly, and perhaps attracted attention on this score. “Woman, do you know *who* you are looking *at?*” The accused betrayed ignorance on this momentous topic, and—was arrested. Mrs. Ramsay, a neighbor, knows this lady. I very

much fear I have spelled her name improperly, in my haste and usual confusion. I feel at perfect liberty with other words, and indeed, with sentences, but with what relates to this "precious piece of porcelain," who certainly needs a fall, I should like to be careful. Mrs. Norton has been calling and reading out loud to me from the next room. I hope her ladyship will take my default into kindly consideration; so do I hope you will also, my little niece, and not make poor Auntie the excuse and example of a journal of your own some day. I called out to Mrs. Norton just now that I *had read* a certain article that she was stumbling over, and she answered, "I ain't a-goin' to read to you; I was just tellin' you what lies the Yankees tell." Late last night—indeed, every night—I have this to undergo. To say that I am uneasy is not to say enough. I wish that Ginnie, at least, was in a quieter home. I must get off to Greenville soon, though I hate to leave the old lady alone. Our friends there are begging for us earnestly. The Ogdens call on us at the door, and whisper us to make haste. They say they do not like to ask us before Mrs. Norton.

When the Yankees came in town Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Dameron and Mrs. Norton came to us and said that we should not live without protection. We therefore broke up housekeeping, intending to go to sister, in Texas, as soon as possible. We sold

our furniture (but did not get paid), and went to Mrs. Dameron's. We were there as the Yankees came up the river, and sat on her upper gallery nearly all night and watched the flames and smoke which rose from the cotton burning on the levee, while the shouts and songs of the multitude sounded in our ears. Her baby, William Brown, was born that night. He is a lovely boy, and has not seen his papa yet, though he is nearly a year old. I should have liked to have stayed with Mrs. Dameron; we had a delightful upstairs room, with dressing room attached there; but Mrs. Norton would have us come here. She came over to Mrs. Dameron's herself and slept in our room with us until we consented to move. She meant to be kind, I know, but I know also she hates to be alone; that she hates to be silent or to allow others to remain so. She has said that she is fond of us; for this I am grateful, and I do believe she would do us any kindness she could, if it did not injure herself or family. I can not expect more of her. People are accustomed to her saying what she pleases, and even the Federals here know her. Almost the whole town visits her—she is so fond of company. Mary, the servant, was, *I think*, excited by liquor the other day, and broke out upon her mistress in the most insolent manner. I had often heard them have those quarrels together before, but never knew Mary to go so far. Her

mistress told her she might go to the Yankees as soon as she pleased; that she had done for herself with *her* forever, and when her grandsons returned, she intended to have her well paid for her insolence. Mary has a very high temper, and when she gets angry, she is frightful to see. When she whips little Jake, though she is his own aunt, she does it as if she wanted to kill him. I have often begged for him, and have borne with the little rascal's insolence, mischief and thieving constantly, rather than tell his mistress or Mary. He took every advantage of Gin's and my weakness, or leniency, and really seemed to take a pleasure in venting the wickedness upon us which he was obliged to suppress to them. Harriet took our money on the same principle. Ever since this last outbreak of Mary's I have been afraid she would run away. She has always had control of the supply closet until now, and has had the yard filled with *her* chickens. Her mistress made her remove them a few days ago. These things have added to her anger and have made returning repentance impossible. Mary has a good heart, though she will not bear a word of reproof. I told her that she did wrong and that she should take into consideration the fact that her mistress is an old woman, and has had much trouble lately. She has been very sullen and gloomy.

Monday, 23d [March]. I was very unwell, and

it poured down rain all day—a real equinox. Sat pretty much in my room, hearing Mrs. Norton through the open door fretting about not being able to go out and make some visits, and talking about the negroes and the Yankees alternately. I feel all the time as if she feels we ought to be with her and amuse her. I so often nowadays recall scenes and feelings of Frances Burney at Court. Her longing to go—her useless sacrifice of herself and her struggles between a longing for a more congenial society and a fancied gratitude. Read a little and wrote a little and sighed a great deal today. Went to bed, but as it was storming still and Mrs. Norton did not feel sleepy, she talked to us in bed and made every possible noise and inquiry so as to keep us awake. We were both so exhausted by a previous sleeplessness and sickness that I could not show much *agreeability* in my tone of voice. I am quite ready for any demand upon my friendship and will *go to the death* for those I love, but I resent being made use of. Mrs. Norton is sensitive to the slightest change in tone from another, and resents it as a wrong done her, though she does not yield her own prerogative in saying whatever *she* pleases. Indeed, I have a very kind feeling for her, and I pity her age and infirmities. I only feel more fully than ever that people who have nothing in common should never, under any circumstances, live together.

Tuesday broke beautifully clear; soon clouded; poured down again, and even hailed. I had terrible headache and aching of limbs all night—could not get up to breakfast. Ginnie brought me some tea, and seemed so concerned about me, and indeed, looked so very badly herself, that I got up and dressed. I went out on the balcony and helped pick up the unusual hailstones, though stooping was hard work indeed. I had to lie down again and did not go out to see Mr. Randolph, though he sat the morning with Ginnie and Mrs. Norton. He comes often to see if he can aid us in any way—and he *would* do anything for us—*unconditionally*, too. Within the last week he has had another child born to him. He regrets that it is not a boy. He was so anxious to call it “Rebel” Randolph. He could call his girl “Rebellion” or “Rebellia,” he says, but cannot bear anything that seems to make a girl or woman conspicuous. I like this sentiment; it accords with his usual ones; he is really brave and manly, and in everything shows tenderness to women and unfortunates. Ginnie’s eyes have been very much inflamed of late, and she has been wearing green glasses. I told an acquaintance that they were as red as blood, meaning the lids, and the report, wonderfully exaggerated, reached our friends at Greenville, and brought them to see us. Mr. Randolph says there was much sympathy and excitement out there as they heard Ginnie’s eyes were *running blood*, and

that she had lost them entirely. So much for report. Thousands of rumors fill the city. The newspapers are a dead waste; they tell nothing. I know from a gentleman who *really does know*, that Banks, before he left, said, that if any publisher interfered with *his* actions or proceedings, he would "see to it." Brashear City has been taken by the Confederates, and Banks, upon his return from Baton Rouge, hurried up to that region, taking the vessels which remained here. They have seized all the cars. There seems to be a great excitement and expectation among our people. We know not what a day may bring forth, and lie down at night not knowing what may happen before morning. Reuben, Mary's husband, has had a cart here and has removed all Mary's things and his own. I want to go out and talk to Mary—to beg her not to go away—but Mrs. Norton does not like to have us talk with her servants, and I do not know as I ought to listen to all that she would say about her mistress. I have begged Jane to talk to her, for I know that Mary is acting from the promptings of temper and that she will be sorry for it afterward. I begged Jane to do her duty, and that she would be rewarded for it after this time of desolation is over. That Jane goes out at night without her mistress' knowledge, I am positive, but I think she is lonely and unhappy here. Farragut reported to be positively

a prisoner; the *Hartford* positively taken, and so is also the *Albatross*; and Stonewall is positively outside, and the Confederates positively about to attack. I feel a little nervous thrill, but it soon dies out.

Wednesday, 25th [March]. Did not sleep again last night, and only dozed near morning. Dreamed quantities—of being at Shepley's house and refusing to eat at his table; saw thousands of people, all under unpleasant circumstances; wrote a savage letter to Mayor Miller, and made myself conspicuous generally. Heard Mrs. Norton talking early to Jane; called her in and asked the question which had been lying on my mind, "Has Mary gone?" "No, Miss." Greatly relieved, I turned over to get a nap, for I felt weak, nervous and sleepy. Presently I heard Jane say, "Aunt Mary has gone and taken Jake." No more sleep—got up and dressed; I felt desolate and oppressed and it was quite cold. I felt quite as sorry as I did when Julie Ann left *us*. Mrs. Norton is quite cut up, though she says that she knew that Mary was going. Her first words were, "Now you know whether I know nothing or not, don't you?" This was a cut at *us* for having taken Mary's part. Indeed, I know all—that the woman would not have left but for her having taken too much liquor, and in that state passed the boundary too far for return. She took Jake along. We have both ad-

vised Mrs. Norton to move to her daughter's, Mrs. Dameron's, and we would go to Mr. Randolph's. We could board with them. After much entreaty, he would board us instead of receiving us as visitors. She was angry at the mere mentioning of such a thing—said that nothing could make her live in a house full of children, and moreover, she says that if she goes to Mrs. Dameron's all the servants would leave, as they do not like her. This I am afraid is true, as Mrs. Norton sees defects in the servant world very keenly, and she does not keep silence afterward. Mrs. Dameron's *house-full* of servants have been too long indulged to allow of any interference, especially now that they can go to the Yankees with any story they please. This Yankee soldier's wife at the corner keeps the servants of this neighborhood miserable. Hers are as well clad as she is, and have quite as much time to themselves, but they look sour and anxious. Those who are innocently inclined and are really attached to their mistresses are reproached by others and these low Yankees. I feel very sorry for Mrs. Norton. She did not believe that Mary would leave her, though she said so often. I think that Mary Jane, who is deceitful, I think, had much to do with Mary's conduct. How long *her* ladyship may remain, no one knows. This fitting has caused quite a commotion in this household, and, indeed, I must say that I can never get over

my sorrowful feeling for a blow of this sort. I had expected better things of Mary. She had always talked of being fond of her mistress' family, and letters were read to her only a few days ago from every member of it, in which she was spoken of with much attachment. Charley and Mrs. Brown both spoke of what they intended to do to reward her for her faithfulness.

The Yankees have undermined every good feeling which at one time existed between these poor people and their owners. I am almost afraid to see the Confederates, though I long for their coming. So many people have been betrayed by *pet* servants. Strange that some of the most severe mistresses and masters have kept their servants through all this trying year. Mrs. Roselius came over as soon as she heard of Mary's flight, and proposed to send over a girl of her sister's who had been left with her while her sister was in Europe. She is an ugly, half-dazed looking creature—innocent, though, I think. She came in evidently much frightened, having been told alarming tales by Mrs. Roselius's other servants. She seemed to revive after having been spoken to kindly. Her name is Kitty; I like the poor thing, somehow. I do not expect her to be honest, though, and will try to remember to lock up. I laid \$1.50 on the bureau one morning and it disappeared in a very short

time. This locking up and watching is perfectly hateful to me. But what can one do? One is obliged to be honestoneself and to pay one's debts. But negroes have *no* mercy and will take one's last cent if you keep it unlocked. I would hate them if I considered them responsible and *developed* beings. They are not *quite* men and women yet. I think the Yankees must be of the same mind, for they are catching up the negroes as if they *were animals*, to put them on the *Government* plantations. Judge Ogden and Mrs. Waugh passed the morning with us. The Judge was mysterious, and evidently smiles all over him. He is quite brilliant with some secret political information. He would *tell* nothing, but told us with much emphasis to *fear* nothing; that all our troubles (political) would be over in a week or two. He was in the depths of gloom not long ago. He does not know that Mary has told us about the spy. I suppose that *this* spy story, at least, must be true, because the Ogdens have heard from Billy that his captain (Tucker) has been on detached service for some time, and that he (Billy) being first lieutenant, is acting in his place. Judge Ogden saw Captain Tucker in Virginia on service—knows that he has been sent on this mission, so I suppose there can be no deception in *this case*. He told Judge Ogden that he had been sent here for information as to the position of things generally

here. He says that Stonewall Jackson *is* outside at Camp Moore, and that this city is to be attacked as soon as the Port Hudson affair is over. *When* will it be over? we constantly ask ourselves. The varied reports one hears are enough to confuse one's intellect, fraught, as they are, with our dearest interests. All conversation now is a medley of what this spy or that has told, or what some returned prisoner has reported, or that Colonel This or Lieutenant That or Captain So and So has said. We have heard again for the hundredth time that Weitzel has been surrounded and cut to pieces. Brashear is now reported to have been captured by the Confederates. Provisions and artillery sent in that direction for Weitzel have been brought back. Some muddy, soiled and tired cavalry have ridden into town.

We took dinner at Mrs. Dameron's. Practiced on the piano a good deal—the first time for months. I regret that I have so neglected my music, but have had no heart for anything. Between three and four we heard cannon in the distance—listened with *our hearts* for some time. We concluded it to be a general clearing out of guns at Camp Parafet. Meant to take a walk, but calling in here for my gloves found so much company that I could not get away. We sat upon the gallery. Mary Waugh came; sent by her father to learn what we knew

of a Jackson paper of the 20th, said to be in town, and of which Judge Ogden had told us. These papers are contraband, but they get in sometimes in reality, but oftener by report. We often hear of wonderful victories of ours, said to be detailed by this paper, but the search after it often proves hopeless. You never find anyone who has read it with his *own eyes*. It is quite a common question, "Did you see it yourself?" Generally some very reliable person has been told by some other reliable person who would not deceive anyone in small matters or great. So many of these stories are proved false by time that the "reliable" man or woman has fallen into bad repute. *Three* rumors *now* bring *any* tale under the ban. This paper of the 20th, the reliable man said, confirmed the capture of Farragut and the *Hartford*. Great rumors of the cutting to pieces of Rosecrans prevail. The existence and non-existence of the *Indianola* are as much matters of discussion now as ever the lamented *Arkansas* gave rise to. We hear "reliable" proofs of both. I am somewhat confused *myself* by opposite statements, but some people walk with sublime faith through the labyrinth. Mrs. Harrison, whose husband is confined here so long, and whom she is still allowed to visit, sat on the gallery with us and told us many things she had heard the day before from the Confederate prisoners who had been brought in. Colonel

Frank Gardiner's Signal Corps, near Port Hudson, were captured; Captain Youngblood and others. The passing of Farragut, at Port Hudson, and the crippling and the return of the other vessels, and the burning of the *Mississippi* presented a sublime and awful spectacle. It all took place at night, and the roar of the guns, both from the ships and shore, must have been deafening and terrible to hear. The crew of the *Mississippi* were all captured or killed. Many a wounded man silently lay upon the decks and was devoured by the flames as she floated. My blood seems to curdle, and I believe my heart does really bleed. It seems strange that we can eat, drink, sleep and array ourselves while such horrors are enacting daily. This evening I sat on the gallery and listened while Mrs. H—— told prison tales and showed Annie Waugh how to make some *rose-trimming* that she had seen Ginnie wear and especially admired. I do not feel like a trifler, I know.

Thursday, 26th [March]. Mrs. Dameron, Ginnie, Mrs. White, Mrs. Waugh and myself paid a visit to the establishment of Mr. Burnside. He is very rich and an old bachelor and ladies are often asked to view his gardens and pictures. The house is built and furnished after the European fashion (on a small scale), and is really a bijou of comfort inside, though homely without. The pictures disappointed me, except in two instances. The china-

closet had nothing *old* in it. I have seen a far more beautiful collection of the real antique in my dear mother's closet at "Portland Manor," before we sold out in Maryland. Mr. B—— made his money himself, and I would not in the least object to being as rich as he. Whether new blood or old, I respect blood, but three generations of extreme poverty, with all the mean cares and roughening labors which surely accompanies it, changes its *promptings* as well as its color. The proud noble, warded off from every detrimental influence, may imagine himself formed by high heaven of the rarest porcelain, but he is a *money* production after *all*. And the famous blue blood is but a compound of the best of food and influences, relieved from *commonness*. I am observer enough to be thus far a materialist. Came home from the tour tired enough. We were desired to leave our names, and as I left that of Mrs. Dameron, the sister-in-law of Mr. Shepherd Brown, the richest man in town, and in whose house General Shepley is now living, I felt sure of being recommended by the servants at least; they were vastly polite and attentive. Mary Ogden and Rose Wilkinson took dinner with us. The latter hopes to get out of town soon. General Sherman has promised her mother a pass and a passage out. This officer has been very kind to the Wilkinsons. When Mrs. W—— was imprisoned he offered to do her shopping for

her. Found out that the small round silk capes that we women folk are now wearing are called "Beauregards." Mrs. White says that that story of the hero which depressed me so, is not true. I hope not—yet, he is a Creole. I have not faith in their domestic relations. Doctor Fenner was up to-day; he is clever, but I do not fancy him somehow. Anything outside of the common path would disturb and shock him. He is well-bred and amiable, however. Mr. Dudley was up with him; we all walked over to Mrs. Dameron's. Ginnie and I then paid a visit to Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Montgomery. They were very glad to see us. Mrs. M—— is not long for this world, I think. The Judge looks rosy and hale as an Englishman. He will live to get another wife, I expect—this is his second—but he is devotedly attached to her.

Heard much *report*. Read Jeff Davis' proclamation respecting the day appointed for fasting and prayer. It is to be celebrated to-morrow in the Cathedral in the lower part of the city. The Catholics are bolder here than others; 'tis said that they wish to provoke the Federals to attack them. Even Butler could never awe Father Mullen, who, when summoned to his presence, answered him boldly; when being accused of having refused to bury a Federal, replied fearlessly, "No, sir, I would bury you *all* with pleasure." He told Butler that his soul was his own, also

his lips, and that he would pray for the Southern Confederacy, and whatsoever he pleased. "Do you know," said Butler, "that I can send you to Fort Jackson?" "Do you know," returned Father Mullen, "that I can send your soul to hell?" Butler pronounced Doctor Stone and Father Mullen the boldest and bravest men in town. The first he sent to prison; the latter he never touched. This was because he feared to excite the indignation of his Catholic troops. We will go to the Cathedral if the weather and our health permit. Met Mrs. Miller, a sweet woman, returning from a visit to us in our absence. Found Mr. Waugh, Mrs. Waugh and Annie and Mrs. Evans when we reached home. The burning of the *Bio Bio*, which took place at the wharf on Sunday, was much discussed. The ladies were discussing whether the damaged silks would not be better and cheaper to wear than the now *royal calico*. Cotton seems really king at last. We hear daily of the burning of this valuable ware by the Confederates to prevent its falling into Federal hands. The Yankee *Era* reports the capture of three schooners laden with it at Manchac; also the taking of Pontchatoula by them. There was a great cannon on the newspaper, though no fight had taken place. *Our Camp* was some miles from Pontchatoula. This cannon belongs to the old press of the *Delta*, which was

taken from its editors among other printing paraphernalia. I remarked that the Yankees had fired *this* cannon with more effect than any other since the war commenced. They often have it stuck in for a fancied victory. Farragut has been heard of. He is *not* captured, the *Era* says, but is on his way to Vicksburg for coal. Barges of it will be brought to him through the famous canal. What can *our* boats be about if Farragut is free to run our batteries?

Friday, 27th [March]. Did not feel well enough to go to the Cathedral. The celebration of the Confederate Fast is contraband, and if held in any other church but the Catholic would be broken in upon. Mr. Harrison, Mr. Roselius, Detty Harrison and Mary and Mrs. Jearenand took up our whole morning. I was doing up collars, too, and they quite interfered with my time. Kitty brought Ginnie a letter from her young mistress in Europe, to read for her. It came in a letter to Mrs. Roselius. The child wrote very affectionately, and begged Kitty to think of her as often as she thought of Kitty. She has something very pretty for her, bought with her own money, and her mother has such a present for Kitty as will astonish her when she sees it. She wants to surprise her, and won't tell. This note had a great effect on the girl and made her dazed, bleary eyes sparkle. She had told Mrs. Norton

in the morning that she intended to run away, but after we talked to her and begged her not to listen to anything which bad people said to her, she seemed greatly moved. She will not go if Mrs. Norton does not frighten her to death by her manner, and if others do not take her off. We would not let her touch our bed-room yesterday or to-day, but she seems really anxious to do little things for us. I believe I could manage Kitty *by myself*. I hardly think we would have lost Julie if we had been at home, though she acted badly, I admit. Mrs. Roselius here again this afternoon; Mrs. White, Mrs. Dameron and all sat on the gallery. I did not go out. Mary Jane makes a very poor business of cooking. Mrs. Norton's boast that she could do better without Mary than with her has not held good. Mrs. Norton has a warrant out for Mary on the plea that she carried off Jake; the police are after her. Mary Jane has seen her. Mary told her that she had been to Mayor Miller's office and had obtained from him a *free pass*. It is easy to be generous with the property of other people. He and his master, General Shepley, should be content to live free in Mrs. Brown's house without further injuring her aged mother. When these people took possession of Mrs. Brown's elegant establishment they drove Mrs. Dameron out. She had moved to her sister's during the

absence of her husband for the sake of her companionship; but Mr. Brown falling under the Federal ban, Mrs. Brown grew alarmed for his safety; his health was feeble and he could not have lived through a short imprisonment even. He is kept alive by the easiest and most comfortable life.

They accordingly fled in secret, old Phelps, who is really the best of the Federals, having good-naturedly given them passes. This was in Butler's day; if they had been caught, heaven alone knows what might have happened. Mrs. Dameron was not allowed to take anything out of the house. She waited days before she could even get her baby's crib or her children's clothing. *Nothing* of her sister's was she allowed to touch. Mrs. Brown had already shipped off silver and other valuables; they, I believe, safely reached the Confederacy. She did not tell any of her family where they were lest old Butler would imprison them, as he did others, and make them tell where they were. Her carpets and curtains she shipped to New York; after Shepley came to the house a regular search was made for everything. Mrs. Brown's servants were all retained—her elegant carriage made a hack of, and her common one also. Her servants were questioned and cross-questioned about linens and other things, and the clerk who sent off the car-

pets and the very draymen who carried them to the boat were threatened with ball and chain unless they betrayed where everything had been taken. They recovered everything except the silver, and are living finely in the fine house. Mrs. Norton had been told by Mrs. Brown that she could take over unto herself the quantities of provisions of all kinds left in the storeroom; also a great deal of coal. Mrs. Dameron was surprised by two officers jumping over the railing one day whilst she was at dinner. Frightened, she ran upstairs, but the officers questioning her name of the servants, very wittily remarked that she better *damn* downstairs pretty quick. From that time the guard never left the house. They were insolent and searched everything, even the basket of soiled clothes.

Mrs. Dameron's friends soon filled the house and Mrs. Richardson, who has interest with the Federals, had the guard removed and a more courteous couple sent in their place. "But she is not to remove even a teaspoon," said Colonel French. The last guard behaved decently, refusing even to leave the gallery at night; so Mrs. Dameron did them the honor to pour out their coffee herself the next morning. She left the house and its belongings to the Federals that day. Mrs. Norton asked General Shepley for the provisions; he said he

had no objections; she sent for them, and had her dray returned with a note from one of Shepley's staff (Captain Miller). He could "not think," he said, "of depriving the poor servants of the provisions, as they had been deserted by their owners without a support for the coming winter." This was cool, certainly, after having driven Mrs. Dameron from her sister's house and preventing the servants from going to her. Captain Miller, with his own hands, *opened Mrs. Brown's trunks*; he told Mrs. Norton himself that he was on the search for linen. The carpets were brought back from New York, and one day when Mrs. Norton called, she found the General, or Governor, as he calls himself, overseeing the packing-box; he looked a little abashed, having that much grace left, and remarked that if he "had not gotten hold of the carpets and curtains, they would have been eaten with moth." Heaven preserve Lee and Stonewall from such saving propensities! Well, this same Captain Miller has given Mary a pass independent of her mistress. General Banks has nestled himself in Mrs. Harrison's house. She also is a daughter of Mrs. Norton. The editor of the *Yankee Delta*, now the *Era*, has carried off the books and splendid Magdalen of Mr. Harrison's. Mrs. Dameron and myself went over the house the day the transition was going on, to-wit, the removal of

French's staff of officers and the editor of the *Delta*, and the coming in of General Banks and *his staff*.

LETTER TO GENERAL BANKS.

NEW ORLEANS, *Jan. 14th, 1863.*

TO MAJOR GEN'L BANKS:

SIR:—I have understood that articles of value have been taken from the residence of my son-in-law, Mr. J. P. Harrison, since the military seizure of it.

Some days before you entered into possession of it, I took the liberty of addressing you a note requesting permission to go through the house to ascertain from a personal examination whether, and to what extent, the rumors on the subject were true. Having received no reply to this note, I concluded to call on you in person, and did so at the residence of my son-in-law, but you seemed to be too much occupied to hear what I had to say and left me before I had time to renew my request.

Believing it to be my duty, in the absence of my son-in-law, to bring the matter to your attention, I now take the liberty of saying, that I have reason to believe that articles of value have been taken from the house since the seizure, and before your occupancy of it, to-wit:

- 1st.—A handsome painting purchased in Europe, and known in the family as "The Magdalen."
- 2nd.—Lace curtains to parlor windows.
- 3rd.—Some large marble vases.
- 4th.—Books of value.

5th.—The wines and liquors—principally in bottles; there was, however, a quarter-cask of Madeira, purchased at \$12.00 a gallon, and from which little had been drawn up to the time of seizure.

I also have reason to believe that one or two or more bedsteads and bedding have been taken away.

If these or any other articles be missing, you are the only person having power to order their return. All I can do is to bring the matter to your attention, and desire to do so, and hope I have done so respectfully.

Yours respectfully,

A. P. NORTON.

P. S.—My residence fronts on the Carrollton Railroad—5th—No. 655, and near the crossing of Washington Street. Written for Mrs. Norton, Jan. 14th, 1863.—J. E. LEGRAND.

Mr. Harrison's brother has had some interviews with General Banks, having been introduced by a mutual friend (civil war makes strange connections). He found Banks a cold, selfish, disagreeable fellow, he says. Expected police to bring news of Mary and the children to-night. Left the lamp burning. This is an awful life. We try to persuade Mrs. Norton to be quiet, but she is restless and cannot.

Saturday, 28th [March]. Mr. Randolph here, and we all talked about Farragut and the *Hartford* for about two hours. He *will* have it that

we have both. Nowadays there seem to be but two classes of individuals, those that believe everything and those who believe nothing. I have fallen into a state of general infidelity. My head is dazed with talk and rumors. Mr. Randolph has *his* spy story. A Confederate officer is in, in Federal uniform; *he* says that Farragut never passed all the batteries at Port Hudson, but being crippled by passing the first, was forced to surrender. He was then sent as a prisoner to Jackson and thence to Richmond. The *Hartford* still floating the Federal stars and stripes, then proceeded on her way to Vicksburg, and as we had captured the signals, she lies there to entice other Federal vessels from the other fleet to run the Vicksburg batteries to come to her assistance; should they do so, they will fall into our hands, as did the *Queen of the West* and others. The officer says, too, that the *Indianola* is safe. The Federals here say that she sank and rose no more. He says, too, that the Confederates *are* coming soon to the defence of this poor city. Mr. Randolph believes in this officer, and says he has good reason to do so. We told him of our general infidelity which, for our better spirit's sake, he tried to combat.

The *Era* reports Farragut safe at the mouth of the famous canal, waiting for coal barges to pass down to him; it gives a threatening letter

of his to the Mayor of Natchez, said threats to be carried out should the guerrillas fire on him. (The *Era* distinguishes these irregulars as "Gorillas"). The capture of this famous rear-admiral is a great deal to us Confederates. He is a brave fellow, and his loss would give our enemies quite a blow, and the more of that stamp they lose the better. It seems a silly thing to me that he should place himself in such a dangerous position—parted from his fleet and hemmed in by batteries, deadly in their effectiveness. If we do not catch him, we should. In spite of the bravado and inflation of the *Era*, a very sensible fear of the Admiral's position appears. Banks is safe here in the city, and all his military show towards Port Hudson has come to naught. He says that he has done all that he wished to do—which was to march in great array out of Baton Rouge and then make a hasty retreat thereto without striking a blow at our strong point. The Federals, I believe, have changed their tactics; finding that the "gorilla" is strong, they very sublimely sit themselves down until he starves to death. It is amusing to hear how dreadfully we need *everything* (from their papers). Our people *are suffering* from the want of many accustomed luxuries, but the blessings of freedom and peace, I pray God, may so entice them from the future that they may continue to bear a bold front toward a ruthless and home-

desolating foe. Mr. Randolph tells us that if the Confederates do not come in for fifty days, quite a large sum of money will be saved to him; but, said he, "I would rather have them in to-morrow, and lose it." He comes of the blood of old John Randolph; if he had taken the oath, he says, his mother and his brothers in the army would have disowned him. When the oath-taking was going on last summer, he was so disheartened by the sight that he came up from town one day, just to be cheered by the sight of those he *knew* would never take it. He brought us one of the ballads which flood the city. It represents the reception of old John Brown into a place which shall be nameless in these decorous pages. He brought something better, however—Doctor Palmer's letter to Mr. Perkins on the subject of the oath-taking in this city. It is a fine thing, this letter, but *I* think, much too severe, and would have come with much better grace from one who had remained here and suffered the various influences of temptation which surrounded our poor people here under Butler's brutal reign.

29th [March]. A vote of thanks has been passed in our Confederate Congress to all those who were true and brave enough to refuse allegiance to the United States. This is well; I feel glad and proud and a thrill passes through me, knowing that I never, for one instant, faltered;

neither did Ginnie. We were both begged, too, and considered obstinate and romantic. No outsider can ever realize the state of mind to which the people of this city were reduced in those days. Our ideas of Butler's character enabled us easily to realize in full force any evil which report proclaimed him about to do. Prison, hard labor; exile we feared; evils of all sorts. A cotton press was fixed up by the authorities for some purpose. Report instantly proclaimed that it was for "Rebel women"—intended to put them to work at it. So also with a large stable which underwent some repairs; the women were to be confined there and made to wash and cook for Yankee soldiers. We tied up the few relics which we thought to conceal; burned many a dear old letter and made a general consignment to those who had taken the oath, then sat down patiently to wait our fate.

We knew that Butler had vowed to humiliate the women of New Orleans. We knew that the police were bribed as well as the servants to inform on every member of every household who had defied him, and the sufferings of Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Coan in solitary confinement on Ship Island enabled us to realize any fate which the tyrant might choose for us. Until the coming of General Banks we never knew what would be done with us or to us. How can an

outsider ever know what a temptation it was to us to take that oath? Many women, and men, too, took it in tears. Some went with the intention of taking it, and found they could not. Some fainted and some went crazy. Upon the whole, my opinion of the earnestness of our people was greatly strengthened by the hateful tests which Butler applied to their character. Mrs. Norton would go to town every day while the oathing was going on, and return each day with new reports. "We will be alone, girls, I do believe," she would say; "everybody is taking the oath." So we knew there would be no escape for us. I had really forgotten that Mrs. Roselius had taken it, although she had used so many arguments to make us do so, and to-day sent her Doctor Palmer's letter on the oath-taking. I was sorry for it afterward. She came over after dinner and cried as bitterly as she did the day she took it. She does not spare herself. "I should not have yielded to Mr. Roselius," she does not scruple to say. She is the warmest of Confederates and continues to talk like one, and hates the Yankees a thousand times worse than before. Mr. Roselius, though he made her take the oath, continually throws up the recollection to her. I despise French husbands! He is a Federal, too!

Mrs. Norton has been watching constantly for the policeman to whom she entrusted the

warrant for Mary. He has discovered that Mary is with Jake, Emma and Reuben, her husband. Just three weeks ago she ran in to her mistress for protection against Reuben, who had threatened to kill her. Mrs. Norton went to Mary's to get Jake, and Reuben slammed the door in her face—her hand barely escaping. Her hand was resting on the side of the jamb. He gave her much impudence, too, she says; so did Mary. The policeman came to-night late, saying that he had just got the three in jail; she has to appear early tomorrow in court and swear that Mary stole Jake; she has asked me to go with her. It makes me nervous to think of it. We have all advised and begged her not to meddle with her negroes now, knowing that the Federals will protect them, no matter what Mrs. Norton can say or do. Ginnie saw Reuben in this part of town to-day, pointing out *this* house to negro soldiers, and Jane saw white ones stoop and look at the name on the gate.

Monday, 30th [March]. Late last night I wrote a note to Captain Brittain for Mrs. Norton, asking him to go with us tomorrow to court. I scarcely had a wink of sleep, and felt wretchedly in more ways than one this morning. Mrs. Norton was stirring before day. I might have slept then if I could have been quiet. Captain Brittain came very early, saying that we need not go down

to the court so soon. Mrs. Norton said she had been told by the man who gave her the warrant to come at 7 o'clock A. M. The policeman then came to tell Mrs. Norton to appear before the Federal Court at 10 o'clock, where she is to be confronted with Mary. General Shepley had Mary and the children turned out of jail almost as soon as placed there, although put in by virtue of a search warrant. General Shepley is a deceitful, bad man, not so bold as Butler, but just as coarse and brutal. I feel very sorry for Mrs. Norton; she should have let this matter alone, but I will stand by her. I have the greatest repugnance to going to a court of any kind. She ought not to take me—I would not go for a thousand negroes of my own. I feel nervous, sick and wretched. I wish Mr. Randolph were not in Greenville, so that he could help us. I hate notoriety—all kinds of it, Federal notoriety the worst. This scurrilous *Era* may give a line to *me* tomorrow. It gave the other day a most disgusting article about a woman, and indeed, is constantly filled with insolence to our sex. They hate women here much more than men. The *Era* says, "The women of New Orleans screw up their thin, pale lips when they [the Federals] pass *them*, turn up their not very handsome noses and flash their handsome eyes—yes, they have handsome eyes, which they have inherited from negro ancestors." One of the

officers told Supt. McClean, a Confederate prisoner, that he *might* wear his uniform, but that the women of New Orleans were such d——d fools, that the mere sight of it might create an excitement. Lieutenant Andrews was very angry the other day because so many ladies rushed to see the captured Signal Corps and took them little comforts. No one goes now unless they can be of some real service. *I* have never been near them.

I have returned all safe, but tired and disgusted. This is my first visit to Canal Street for a long time. I hate the "Squares and Streets" as much as did ever the madman in "Maud," especially Canal Street. At all times its show of hard business faces, mingled with the perplexed, wearied and sad ones, and its display of glittering fashionables trailing along, tired and depressed me. I used always to say that I returned from a shopping tour on Canal Street as wearied as if I had journeyed to the poles. Now I am sad, despairing, weary, angry all at once. It makes me furious to meet the insolent faces of the Massachusetts mob which has been sent to rule over us—despairing to think that they *dare* and are *allowed* to represent a great Republic; that they are a part of humanity, and that *so* much of my trust in it has been overthrown by them. It has been a cold, rainy day—such a one as always lays Mrs. Nor-

ton up sick. She would take no advice; she would go; we tried to persuade her that she could do nothing to recover Jake. She had no idea, she says, that she could recover Mary, but the boy she stole. She could not bear to let her servants triumph over her, at least without making an effort to prevent them.

Before we left the house Ginnie became so uneasy about my being made a witness in Peabody's court, that she obtained a promise from her that she would not go. So, according to previous agreement with Captain Brittain, she went to the Custom House, expecting to meet him. Owing to some misunderstanding, we did not find him. We saw Captain Miller's carriage at the front and were on the pavement when the file of soldiers went up the steps. Captain Miller, the Mayor, organizes the court each day, and these soldiers, a hateful-looking set, attend on it. I was dreadfully afraid Mrs. Norton would go up; she was anxious, and as disagreeable as it would have been, I would have gone with her had I had the most distant idea that she would have escaped insult, and more than all, *Era* notoriety—worse than prison, worse than battle fire and pestilence. worse than *Butler*, do I dread the *Era*—the low, vulgar tongue of the Federal Government in this city! We paced up and down before that desolate-looking Custom House, listening to the drum-

beats of the soldiers drilling upon the river bank; also to some few cannon. Dirty-looking soldiers guarded the different entrances, and vile-appearing negroes, in filthy *blue* clothes, looked from the windows. I *felt* quite as desolate as everything looked. How my heart ached for a brother's strong arm on which to lean, or for that dear one, now lost to me forever. Well, we did not go up into the court-room. I escaped that shadow of infamy. After traipseing up and down for a full hour, and submitting to the gaze for that length of time of any infamous creature that chose to look at us, we walked up to the City Hall. The creature at the door of the Mayor's parlor would not let us in; he knew Mrs. Norton; so we stood outside with the negroes and other applicants until we were ready to drop. After awhile a negro vacated a chair and I boldly seized it for Mrs. Norton. She was cold and tired and looked so woe-begone that I pitied her, though I could not understand why she should wish to submit herself to all this degradation. Seeing the policeman whom she had engaged to put Mary in jail come out of the Mayor's parlor, she went into the hall to speak to him, and he told her that Mary was then in the Mayor's parlor and that he had been telegraphed for. What had taken place he could not tell her there, but would come to see her and tell.

We went into the Mayor's presence and his gentlemanship, the Mayor, came up to us instantly, with a face expressive of insolence and anger. I had never seen him before, but from Mrs. Norton's account of him, had at least supposed him to be good-natured. She had been in the habit of saying what she pleased to him. "Mrs. Norton," said he, "I have a very serious charge against you." "What have I done?" said she, terrified at his manner. "Bribed a policeman," he returned, with the greatest air of offended virtue. Mrs. Norton had unfortunately given the policeman \$10 that very morning. She had pressed it upon him from a true feeling of gratitude, because he had seemed to take such an interest in her affairs, and had taken so much extra trouble for her and had left her without telling her where she could find him again and without asking any payment. She had called him back after he had gone out of the gate, and unfortunately gave him the \$10. "Bribing a policeman!" we both cried in a breath; for the matter had never struck us in that light. "Yes," returned he, "bribing a policeman." "I never thought of such a thing," said Mrs. Norton, and indeed, she had not. "Oh, don't deny it," said Captain Miller, with the most insufferable appearance; "I have the very \$10 note here now to prove it on you."

“Do not bring it,” said Mrs. Norton, “I gave it to him.” “There must be some difference between a bribe and a reward,” said I, angrily; “this was a reward.” “He understood from the first he *would* be rewarded,” he returned insolently, “and there has been any quantity of this sort of thing, and it must be stopped. Now, see here, Mrs. Norton,” he continued, “I’ll make a bargain with you—if you don’t meddle with that woman, Mary, of yours, I’ll drop this matter, but so sure as you do, I’ll have you before the Provost Court for having bribed a policeman.” All this was said while he shook his hand almost in Mrs. Norton’s face. He was a young man, and I considered it mean and vulgar to speak in this way to an old feeble woman, especially, too, as he lived in her daughter’s house free of rent—after having driven her daughter out of it and made use of every article of provisions or clothing left behind, besides keeping all the servants and carriages. She had been prejudged; her side of the tale was not even heard—all of her servants were in Federal employ, and this last woman had not only stolen her little house boy, but other things. I was indignant, and but for the dread of that disgusting *Era*, would have spoken freely enough. “In the first place,” he went on, “you *imposed* upon the man who gave you the search warrant; if he had known that you had not taken the oath, he would not have given

it to you.” “Is there no justice?” I cried out angrily; “justice is but justice at all times.” “Yes,” said he, “justice is justice, but only for *some* people; justice is for the loyal; search warrants are for the disloyal.” Then turning to Mrs. Norton, “Do you see this ten dollars? I intend to give it to your woman, Mary.”

With that we both rose from our seats and Captain Miller took a theatrical position in the middle of the room. Said Mrs. Norton as she swept by: “I’ll not take that oath—I’ll *not* swear to a lie.” “Then,” said he with much emphasis and gesture, “I swear by my sacred word and honor, you’ll never have your servant.” “There is no honor in your courts,” said I, stalking out as boldly as I could, all the time fearing that he would grab me by the arm; he was quite angry enough to have done it. When I got out I wished that I had told him that if he considered that a bribe, and if bribing was such an offence against the government he served, he had no *right* to drop the matter. He had bribed Mrs. Norton that she should not disturb Mary. Ginie says I should have told him that I had two brothers serving in the army in Texas who would be happy to meet him some day. Every one had something to suggest, and of course every one could have arranged the interview in better style than we did. I was quite satisfied with my display of courage, for, from the manner in which Captain Chivalry turned toward me, I

could judge that I had shown him quite a defiant face, as well as having put my few remarks in rather a high key. I was indeed angry; so angry that I almost forgot the *Era*. A little more and Mrs. Norton and myself would have graced the annals of a police court, and above all, an abolition Federal court. The gallant Miller had no idea of my nerve. Mrs. Norton has never been so crushed and cowed in her life. To my astonishment she was silent when threatened; I, whom she thinks lacking in spirit, had to speak up in her defence. She was white and trembling when we came out, and was very unwell all day afterward. I was very sorry for her. She is convinced now that it is of no use to try and get justice from the Federals, and she may be induced to keep away from them now.

We paid Mrs. and Miss Callender a visit. Miss Betty looks like death—she is dying with consumption—her old mother will then be childless. I felt sorry to see her, knowing what must soon happen. I go out so seldom that when I came in Miss Betty clapped her hands and said it would certainly hail. I laughed and returned that “It was quite cold enough.” When we reached home we had our experience to give to every one. We fought our battles over again—at least, I did, for Mrs. Norton invariably turns to me and says, “You tell, for I can’t; I cannot forget that man’s looks.”

VI.

MARCH 31—APRIL 8, 1863.

Tuesday, 31st [March]. Mary Harrison, Mr. Randolph, Mrs. Waugh and Mary Ogden passed nearly the whole morning with us. Mary H—— stayed to dinner, as she missed the car for Greenville. Mr. Randolph was angry when we told him the Miller case. Said I should have sent for him. I had had an idea of beckoning to him from the gallery as he passed in the car, but I thought something might happen in that horrid court-room which might have brought trouble on him. I know he would never have allowed Miller to have treated us so without resenting it, and then he certainly would have gone to prison. He heard my story and took Captain Miller's name down. He believes the Confederates are coming. "Why do you do that?" said Ginnie. He laughed and said, "I shall have a lock of his hair some day," meaning that he intended to have his scalp. He has been so much in wild countries that he often talks in this Indian fashion. This was jest; but he declares that Miller *shall* apologize to Mrs. Norton on his knees. He says *I* must never go any more to such a place without calling on him.

Mary Ogden has lately played a favorite caper of

hers, which is representing some character of her fancy and deceiving her acquaintances. She has a perfect passion for this sort of thing, and does it remarkably well. She played rather too serious a game a few days ago. Mr. Randolph and some other gentlemen were at Judge Ogden's, and Mary thought it proper to disguise herself as a lady just got in from Natchez. Of course, she was brimful of good Confederate items, and her accounts were so very brilliant that one gentleman, quite excited, cried out, "I knew it—I told you so, Judge; you can't doubt now, Judge, with this lady just in from the outside." This, for these anxious days, when men's minds are drawn out to their finest tension and their hearts are longing for some precious tidings for a still doubtful cause, was rather too serious a game to play. Mary has a genius for this sort of acting, and can't help it. Mr. Randolph was giving us some of this Natchez lady's glad tidings, and we did not like the glances which he and Miss Mary exchanged. "If you doubt me, ladies," said he, "I can bring the very lady to you." "Oh, yes, go and get her," Mary H—and some of the rest of us cried. Whereupon Mr. Randolph rose and took the Natchez lady by the hand and stood her up before the company. Mary Harrison and Mary Ogden spoke to each other again in quite a friendly manner. They do not visit yet.

A boy cried out, "Extra," and immediately there was a sensation. It proved much better than most of the cheats we have had lately. Quite a brilliant affair at Vicksburg. We drove back two gunboats and sunk two; one passed—the *Benton*—said to be so much damaged that the *Albatross* sailed up to her assistance. The *Albatross* and the *Hartford* said to be at the mouth of the canal, though Mr. Randolph insists that they both are ours, and that they only fly the Federal flag to attract others to run the gauntlet. If that were true, we would not cripple and sink them so. It must have been an awful sight. It happened in daylight, and quite a collection of men, women and children beheld the sinking vessel and *cheered as she went down* with all her crew. They are our enemies; they must be killed or conquered, but, my God, I do not think I could have found voice to cheer as she sunk, leaving but a black spot behind her! My heart *would* have stood still and my tongue, too. Vicksburg claims the title of "The Gibraltar of the South." Went out with Mary Waugh to take a walk; came back and found a room full. Mr. Waugh says that Shepley has employed three or four hundred more policemen who are to hear (accidentally) conversations on the cars and in the streets. This sort of thing suits his tastes and instincts. He would like to adjust all sorts of cases of espionage himself. I hear, too (from

Federal sources, it is said), that next week all houses are to be searched in which British officers have been entertained and the United States flag stamped on. I am told that putting foot on the United States flag while toasts are being drunk to the Confederacy is often part of the ceremony on such occasions. A very silly performance, I think; we could never think of Lee or Jackson at such a feast.

Mrs. Norton once proposed to have some of them here, but *we* did not wish it and as she would have made us the excuse for more company, we refused to give her opportunity. Indeed, I would not like to be introduced to strangers and foreigners under her chaperonage. She is so very abrupt and peculiar. Mrs. Roselius, our most intimate neighbor, was very anxious to entertain them, and she has so much taste, tact and good breeding that she could have made a pleasant affair of it; but her husband is such a determined Federal that she could not give the matter a thought. He, like all the Federals now, hates the English. The French and Spanish here are also our friends, and I hear a great deal of their visiting among our pretty girls. A handsome young Spaniard from one of the ships made quite a sensation among them. I have no heart any more; no spirit to do anything. Anxiety, sickness and grief have sapped the last remnant of merriment or *interest* in me.



MRS. THEODORE SHUTE

Of New Orleans

Wednesday, April 1st [1863]. Mary Ogden here. She has been to see Mrs. Tutt, a lady who is just in. Mary Harrison called on her yesterday, and we had quite a laugh at her doleful face when she returned from the visit. "I have called to make you all miserable," was her greeting as she entered. Then followed a volley of disappointment. Mrs. Tutt stood sponsor for all. Stonewall Jackson is *not* outside; he is in Virginia. The *Hartford* is *not* taken; nor the *Albatross*. All of our gunboats are injured and undergoing repairs. We have lost Pontchatoula. There are three fine gunboats in Mobile harbor, but only intended for its defence; last of all, the Confederates are not *even thinking* of taking this place. One by one we recovered from these explosions. We began to take Mrs. Tutt's character into consideration. Indeed, she is not the sort of woman we could *even expect* to hear good tidings. She has no imagination; therefore, could tell nothing in its *true light*, for according to a theory popular with romantic people, the real truth *underlies* the common surface, and it is only by *realizing* what we feel and cannot see that we reach it. Stonewall J—— must be there in spite of Mrs. Tutt. But in *disguise*, as we had heard. Mrs. Tutt is as truthful as the sunlight, but so prosaic—who would expect *her* to realize so stupendous a romance as that, and as for the expected attack here—who would, for a moment,

suppose that our Generals would be so silly as to tell their plans to Mrs. Tutt! So we went on laughing very much and sighing a great deal audibly now and then. We *had* heard that Mrs. Tutt had taken a solemn oath to the Confederates not to reveal one single thing which she had seen or heard. This meant a great deal, we thought; if she could honestly reveal nothing, what might we not believe? This is the matter which Mary Ogden went to settle. One member of her family had said she had taken that very solemn oath; another said that it was only the oath to the Confederacy—taken Yankee fashion. Mrs. Wilkinson says that such an oath has never been administered in the Confederacy; so the matter must stand as we heard at first. They did not appeal directly to Mrs. Tutt, for she is in deep grief on account of her recently lost husband.

However, one by one our hopes are dying out. Our imprisonment is terrible. It does not seem to have the same effect on others as on Ginnie and me. We are so uncongenially situated. After Mary Ogden had gone home, Lizzie and Jule, who had been passing the day in town, came in. The Mitchell girls were with them—all bright, rosy and cheerful. The last two, however, said they were very low-spirited at home now. “Pa has gone to his plantation and cannot get back.” They ran on cheerfully enough about their young matters,

though. One of them raised her Beauregard (a small cape worn by Confederate women), and showed a huge button which she avowed to have stolen from "Somebody's" coat. Ginnie called it a Yankee button, but she made great haste to show her Pelican. They know all the Spanish officers, and like them "so much." We saw them to the cars and the Ogdens got in. Mrs. Saunders and Mr. R.'s little Eva were within. They called to us to come soon to Greenville. I wish we could go and stay awhile; they all come to see us so often and beg so earnestly for our return visits. I have no fancy for Mr. S——. The Yankee *Era* to-day acknowledged the loss of another gunboat, the *Diana*, in the Teche. We are told, too, that Sibley has beaten the Yankees well in the Teche country.

Weitzel is now in the city. The Yankees, too, have admitted that our men fought splendidly, and after capturing a number of them treated them in the kindest and most gallant manner. I do love this. Mrs. Roselius and ourselves were talking about this matter to-day. Mrs. Roselius repeated what she had heard from her husband. Weitzel has said that the *men* of Louisiana are as brave as any the world contains—they fought them splendidly, and afterwards treated their captives nobly, but it was astonishing to him that the women were so

very bitter, so uncompromising, that they could not give an enemy a civil word. I said I was so sorry to hear this, and mentioned what Mr. Harrison, who has been a prisoner for months in the Custom House, had seen there of the rudeness of our women who went to see after the prisoners. Mrs. Norton burst out in her abrupt way, "Dear knows, they treat *us* bad enough; for my part, I don't care what they say to them, the wretches." I remarked that it was at least for a woman's own sake that she avoid notoriety. Any notion that I may have formed of chivalry, true patriotism and courtesy I did not touch upon. Many women here insult the Federal soldiers, who will not sacrifice their love of finery for the sake of their anxious fathers and brothers. I would expect little true patriotism from such.

Went to see Mrs. Gilmour and her daughter. Mrs. G—— is a sweet, sweet old lady. She, too, is going to Texas on a visit to a married son there. She hopes that we may meet, and so do I. She knows a lady just in from Port Hudson. We have not captured the *Hartford* or Farragut, but he is yet between our batteries. The *Indianola* is under repairs at Alexandria, and is not destroyed. The Yankees are deserting Baton Rouge, after all their military display there. They are fortifying Donaldsonville, *they* say, because they wish to cut us off from supplies, but *we* say because they could

not remain where they were; their men were deserting, a dozen, sometimes fifteen, a day, and refused to fight when Banks marched out with them. Reports of our having four vessels in the Gulf. I fear our hopes are vain, and we are not to be delivered yet.

Saturday, April 4th [1863]. Judge and Mrs. Montgomery were here this morning, bringing reports of a bloody engagement in Yazoo. The enemy have been cut off from return after passing up some of the small rivers of that region in their attempts to reach the rear of Vicksburg. Seventeen transports, with men and supplies, have been captured by our people. This news is certainly true, the Judge says, and he is not easily deceived by evidence, and never lets his hopes run away with his judgment.

April 7th. I have been quite sick, and am still too weak to write and sew much; so depressed in spirits that I find no diversion in anything. Within the last week the great Yazoo expedition has been abandoned; so also has the Port Hudson one. What Banks has done so far can not aid his infamous Government much. A few days ago the paroled prisoners in town received a notice to appear before a certain person at a given hour, or be fetched by the military. They obeyed the order, not knowing what was to become of them, whereupon they were locked up in the Custom

House and sent off to be exchanged *secretly*, so that no crowd could collect and see them off. They left at night, and spite of secret movements, some knew of them and would at least appear upon the levee, though they dared make no demonstration in favor of the Confederate cause. One gentleman waved his hat to the departing boat and was immediately arrested. He proved to be a Scotchman, and nothing could be done to him. Ladies are constantly arrested for the color of the roses they wear on their bosoms and bonnets. Alas! for handkerchiefs bearing the Confederate flag! One of the paroled prisoners about to depart was presented with two roses by a lady—one red and the other white; he placed them in his button-hole, and the defiant exhibition caused his arrest and return. He was Lieutenant Musselman, and he was much disappointed at not being able to go with his companions beyond the lines. A flag of truce boat arrived here, but none of our people were allowed to put foot on the shore or to receive their friends on the boat. Mrs. Shute, who has been separated from her son for two years, went down to the levee to try to get a glimpse of him. She was denied the privilege of even standing on the shore and even getting a far-off glance at him. She went to each authority in town, begging the privilege of seeing him but for a moment or two on board the boat, but was refused.

There has never been such great and small tyrannies practised in the world before, I verily believe, as by those who now conduct the affairs of this city. A lady can not give a party in her own home without she receives a permit from some such creature as Captain Miller, or has her company broken in upon by the police. Such things make my blood boil, "Confederate blood," the *Era* would say. Mrs. Wells was here yesterday; just received a letter from her daughter whom she sent outside the lines months ago. The officers tell her, Mattie Wells says, that everything is going on splendidly for us, and that our troubles will be over in May. Sarah Wells also writes that they all look cheerful, and are far from starvation. Matty Wells has been the victim of a physician's blunder—he gave her poison, fortunately not in sufficient quantities to cause death, but she was perfectly blind for days. The mother is almost crazed about her two girls. She is here alone, her husband's property having been seized here. He ran the blockade and went to Vera Cruz. Her relations at the North are very rich. She says she would go to them but fears her girls would not be happy there. They were born in the South, though they have until now passed much time in the North, and loved it. The horrors of this civil strife are too great to realize. I saw a day or two ago two sad-

looking women on the street. "This is fulfilling the Scriptures," said one; "the sons are fighting against the fathers, and the fathers against the sons."

Mrs. Wilkinson has not yet gone out, having been put off from day to day by these miserable wretches here. Those who have taken the oath and are favorable to the Federal cause, can go out. The officers will positively deny that there is a schooner or any other opportunity for removal, when they know just as positively that people of their own stamp, who will swear to anything, are going often. The Wilkinsons have frequently summoned their friends for last good-byes, having been promised immediate transit, but here they are still. The Wilkinson girls hurried Mary Ogden and Betty Neely in from Greenville day before yesterday, having been promised by General Sherman that they should go out the next day; the same gentleman told Mrs. Wells the very same day that they would not get off for weeks. They are sitting with their trunks packed and their daily interests are suspended, having been told that they might receive but an hour's notice to depart. They treat Mrs. Wilkinson this way because her sons are in the army, her husband killed at Manassas, and because she will not take *the oath*. Mary Ogden was here yesterday, looking very badly and complaining. Lizzie and Jule

look like roses; so also does Betty Neely. Mrs. Dameron, too, looks very healthy and very pretty. She is plump and clean-looking. She has been parted from the kindest and best of husbands for a whole year now. What a blessed thing good nerves are; 'tis a good thing, too, to lack that realizing sense of surrounding evils which eats out the very life principle when it once takes possession. It kills Ginnie and myself; we dwell on our misfortunes and those of others until the whole world seems *Hope's sepulcher*.

Doctor Cartwright once said to Ginnie, "Oh, what a joyous little creature you were intended to be by Nature—how happy you might have been." The old Doctor saw that no disease but that of the mind preyed upon her. He tried once to learn of me what it was that made her so unhappy, but finding that I could not confide, he desisted and wound up by telling me that we must go about *more and be cheerful*. We must marry, he said; but learning that it was quite impossible for us to love anyone, he said that it was not necessary for a woman to love before marriage, so that a man did. "Every woman," said he, "will love the man who is kind to her." Heavens, what a theory! The Doctor is a theorist, I know, but I am glad that he has not the power to practice upon his patients after this style. He was horrified when I told him that

if I married a person without love that I should *hate him afterward and myself, too*. Dr. C—— realizes more fully than any man I ever knew the word “philosopher,” but *no* man knows how to philosophize about a woman—there are pages in her heart-history which the wisest of them can never read.

Many friends have been to see us. Ginnie looks so tired and ill; she is constantly telling me that I look so; indeed, our great anxiety about each other does us much harm. To meet her sad, pale face in the mornings is sometimes as much as I can bear. We two have grown to love each other very tenderly. People laugh and say that they think of us as one person. Our most angry words with one another are in the other’s behalf. Indeed, I am often worried over Ginnie when she refuses to eat some little delicacy, which these hard times have made scarce, because I won’t take it, too. It is very common for us to say to each other, “I will not touch one mouthful unless you do, too.” This seems a silly way to act, and sillier to record, but even in small matters we think the most of the other’s comfort than our own; to save the other little labors more than repays for taking them to ourselves. I know that if I were to die Ginnie could not be comforted, and should I lose *her*, I am finished forever. Were there no death or suffering in the world such love would be

a source of infinite sweetness, but as it is, there is fear in every heart-throb.

The time passes; we hear no word from those that are near and dear. If letters have been sent, they have failed to reach us in these sad times. My sisters, my poor maimed brother, can it be that we are never, never to meet any more? It seems so. We may die in this Yankee-beset town and have no kindred to close our eyes! I sometimes wonder if they are not very anxious about us; but they know that we have friends here, and may not remember us as we remember them. Indeed, I would not wish them to know how *we* suffer, knowing that they can not reach us with help. Whenever I have been able to send off a few lines to them, I have said that we are well and *safe*. God forgive the untruth, but I hope some of my words have reached them. We *are* as well as sleepless nights and headaches from anxiety can leave us, and we have *some* friends, and many who *say* they are friends—one whom I would trust as a brother and *one* to whom I would not fear to open my heart as to a sister. I shall never forget Mr. Randolph and Mrs. Waugh. Simple-hearted, honest, true and kind, wiser and *more spirited* than those who pretend to more.

April 8th [1863]. Mrs. Waugh came over this morning to see if we would go to Greenville with her. I did not feel well, but made the attempt to

dress myself; I was still in doubt when she left us to dress. In attempting to put on my clothes I was so weak that I felt fainty, and so determined to delay. I wrote her a note, putting off till some other time. I had not finished it when in rushed Mary Harrison, almost wild with joy. In these sad times a little joy will sometimes leaven the whole lump. Mary has just received two letters from her aut Ellen, whose husband is a colonel in our army. She is at Franklin, Louisiana, a few hours' ride on the car from this place. She is there with Sibley's army, and that army is mostly composed of "Texans." We were soon almost as excited as she—a certain wild hope of getting out there and under the protection of some of *our people*; get to Texas, or at least, hear of our sisters and brothers. A Captain Harley, mentioned in the late taking of Galveston, is a friend of Mrs. Riley's (Mary's aunt). He is also a friend of Mr. Randolph's, and is the very redoubtable hero to whose care he was about to commend us when he was stationed at Galveston before its first fall, and when we thought we had some chance of reaching it. This gentleman (knight, nowadays) his two friends proclaim to be the ugliest of the ugly, but he is accomplished, wise, kind and brave, and, like all brave men, ready to serve a woman (I don't say "lady"). He is at Franklin, and what is more than probable, Dick and James Pye,

who were also in Galveston's defence service, are there. They, my brother-in-law's brothers, would be friends indeed; many and many an unthinking, joyous day have we spent together in the old times past. Never then did they or we think of the brass buttons, the stripes, the shoulder-straps and the *grey cloth* which now represents a *new idea* (Greybacks, these Federals call our soldiers), when, in the old time, before our two families moved South, we sat on the banks of the blue Potomac, watching the white sails and listening to the "Hail, Columbia," of the steamers; little did we think that the dear river would one day shut out old Maryland from *our country*. They are Texans now, wearing her colors, bearing her lone star banner, and we have a foothold still in this desolated Louisiana; and Maryland, our mother, is torn and oppressed by Federal soldiers, and *she*, for her undecided course, the scorn, the pity of the world. Oh, is it not best to die early?

I was almost forgetting Mary Harrison and her letters. Well, her aunt wants her, and indeed, the whole family, to come to her immediately; says she is splendidly situated with the army and can make them comfortable. The girls are crazy to go out, but all depends on their father and these Federals. Ginnie said to Mary, "Yes, you can hear from *your* friends, but *we* hear nothing." With one of her impulses, Mary leaped from her

chair, and throwing her arms around Ginnie, kissed her, saying, "Yes, I thought of you as soon as I got my letter; I ought to be ashamed to tell you of it." She then fell to begging *us* to go out with them if they went, promising us a warm welcome at her aunt's and a splendid time until we could get farther on our journey. I have met Mrs. Riley, and like her very much. She has seen much of the world, and yet preserves her kindness; she is both cultivated and agreeable. I have *almost* a hope of getting out. Oh, what a joy it would be to be under the roof of kindred once more! Sister, the children, Claude and brother [Washington LeGrand]; I never knew how much I loved them until now. Mary's excited talk gave her a headache, and we made her a cup of tea, and we sat and had a long chat. But for Mrs. Norton's making us nervous, saying every now and then, "Can't listen to anything *I* have to say," we could have had a pleasant time. Presently Mr. Randolph came in, and he and Mary having met here so often, Ginnie met him in the parlor with, "Yes, Miss Harrison is here; walk in; she has been here for some time." Whereupon he blushed mightily. Mary made Ginnie introduce her to him as he entered, which made him blush again. Mrs. Dameron was here, too, and the talk was too mixed up for Mrs. Norton to take it all in, and while Mr. Randolph was telling her something, she spoke

sharply to Ginnie, who was listening to Mary, to "Stop and listen to somebody." "I *am* listening to somebody," returned Ginnie, bowing to Mary. This was high satire, and when I remarked that "Miss Harrison was annihilated," and Mary said she would never have the boldness to speak again, and Mr. Randolph had stopped in the middle of his speech and blushed, she became confused, and in some sort made apology. "Well," she said, "when anybody is telling anything interesting, I want every one to hush and hear it." Mr. Randolph was trying to convince her that *we had* Faragut, and as we had heard all his arguments before, and as we were sitting——
[Here the JOURNAL, as preserved, abruptly ends.]

NOTES

Page 37, "S. C." :—"Sallie" Chilton, daughter of John Marshall and Sarah [Norton] Chilton. She married Major John Devereaux, C.S.A., and died early, leaving one son, Chilton Devereaux. Miss Chilton was one of the noted belles and beauties of the sixties.

P. 37, "Lizzie Ogden," "Billy" Ogden :—The "Ogden girls," as they are called in the JOURNAL, Mary, Julia and Eliza, were daughters of Judge A. N. Ogden. Mary and Julia died several years ago. Miss Eliza Ogden is living with her nephew, the Rev. Dunbar H. Ogden, Atlanta, Georgia, son of William F. Ogden, the "Billy" Ogden of the JOURNAL. Miss Eliza Ogden writes, June 2, 1910: "The Misses LeGrand were dear friends of mine. They were exceptionally fine women, cultured, refined and aristocratic. We were near neighbors in Greenville and spent many delightful moments together."

Pp. 47 and 57, "Doctor Cartwright" :—A personal friend of President Davis, a resident of Natchez, Mississippi, before he removed to New Orleans. Mrs. Alice Gordon Walworth, of Natchez, is his granddaughter.

P. 62, "The Harrison Family," "Mary Harrison" :—Mr. James O. Harrison, a distinguished lawyer of Lexington, Kentucky, was a brother of the gentleman who married Miss Norton. Mr. Harrison and his family were refugees from Kentucky during the war, and after they left New Orleans came to Richmond, the Confederate Capital, where they had many friends who were homeless like themselves. Among these friends were Miss Emily V. Mason and her sister, Mrs. Catharine A. Rowland. A letter from Miss Mary Harrison to Miss Mason, dated from Lexington, Ky., a few years ago, recalls her visits to these ladies at Winder Hospital where they were nurses, or "Matrons," the term then in use for the positions they held:

Camp Winder is clearly before me. I can see Cousin Kate and hear her cheerful greetings to the sick soldier boys. And I

recall the happy evenings I spent with you, happy even among such surroundings. I can hear your reproaches in tragic tones because I said at dinner one day I could not eat cold carrots. "What," you exclaimed, "you refuse to eat what our soldiers would be glad to have enough of! You make me hopeless! How can the Confederacy succeed if this is the spirit of her women!" I felt awfully guilty, and when the end came I found myself hoping my faltering before the detested carrots had had nothing to do with the failure of our cause.

Mr. James O. Harrison was a prisoner in New Orleans for many months, confined in the Custom House, as is related in the JOURNAL.

P. 73, "Mr. Wilkinson," "Katie" Wilkinson; p. 76, "Miss Marcella Wilkinson":—Mr. Biddle Wilkinson was the son of General James Wilkinson, of the Revolution, and his wife, Anne Biddle. He married Catharine Andrews, of Williamsburg, Virginia, and they had Dr. Biddle Wilkinson, father of Theodore Wilkinson, Senator from Louisiana, and Ernest Wilkinson, lawyer in Washington, D. C. (1910); Robert Andrews Wilkinson, father of Mrs. Toby, of New Orleans; a daughter who married Col. Clement Penrose, and two other daughters, Marcella and Julia Wilkinson. The latter married Dr. Frederic Egan and was a widow at the time of her death in 1909. The Wilkinsons had owned a beautiful sugar plantation at "Point Celeste," Parish of Plaquemines, Louisiana, and here they were living in, 1834, 1835 and 1848, as mentioned in contemporary letters of the Mason family, Catharine Andrews having been a girl friend of Mrs. John Thomson Mason, of Williamsburg, mother of Miss Emily V. Mason. The latter visited Point Celeste in 1835 and 1848, and has left on record charming descriptions of Louisiana plantation life as seen in this interesting family.

P. 78, "Miss Emanuel's wedding":—This lady, Mrs. Mary E. Wheeler, now a widow, is living (1909) at Roslyn, near Baltimore. The following are extracts from her letters to Mrs. M. L. Croxall:

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me the JOURNAL, which I have read with great interest; it has thrilled me, coming like a deep-toned echo from that dark, and, to me, misty haze, of the long ago. Name after name recalls the friends of a

period, well nigh faded from memory, a period so painful in retrospect. Of the names you mention, one especially sends a thrill through me, Sarah Chilton, my most beloved schoolmate, friend of my girlhood and young married life. Her father, John M. Chilton, a lawyer of great repute, was the law partner of S. S. Prentiss, the famous orator and lawyer. He and my father were like brothers. General Chilton, of Lee's staff [brother of John M. Chilton] was a dear friend of my father's also. [General R. H. Chilton married Laura Mason, sister of Miss Emily V. Mason, and Mrs. C. A. Rowland.] As someone aptly writes, "I'd like to throttle Memory and bury her in a deep hole." Such horrors are here recalled, that I live again through those days of fear and torture; and again is stirred within me the animosity which almost drove people to madness. Yet through it all, in her writing of and depicting the time and scenes in which she was living, Miss LeGrand preserves her dignity, Christian patience, charity and endurance—writes with rare force and culture, sorrows most for the human heart that mocks a fellow's woe, and tramples rights, to humiliate those already down-trodden and forlorn,—while she moralizes and discusses hard problems with the wisdom of a sage. To the citizens of New Orleans who bore their trials so nobly, and whom neither threat nor bribery could move from their loyalty to their State, city and country, this JOURNAL is as noble a monument as could be raised.

P. 148, "Davis was a partisan":—Miss LeGrand doubtless came later to a realization of the unselfish character and all-embracing patriotism of the Confederate President.

P. 162, "Capt. Harry Flash":—Author of three of the finest dirges the Southern cause produced—"Zollicoffer, killed, battle of Somerset, Ky., January 19th, 1862;" "Polk," and "Stonewall Jackson" (see "Southern Poems of the War," by Emily V. Mason, Baltimore, Md., Fifth Edition, 1885).

P. 176, "The Battle of the Handkerchiefs":—This poem appeared in Southern newspapers of the period under the heading: "The Greatest Victory of the War, La Bataille des Mouchoirs, Fought Friday, February 20, 1863, By Eugenie." The authorship, it is believed, has never been revealed.

P. 184, "Dreux":—Capt. Charles D. Dreux commanded the Orleans Cadets at the beginning of the war. He was killed at Young's Mills, Virginia, July 5, 1861. His untimely death

inspired two lyrics to his memory to be found in "The Southern Poems of the War," one by Mrs. Marie B. Williams, and the other by James R. Randall, who calls Dreux *The rose and mirror of the bold Creole*.

P. 202, "Portland Manor":—Up to the time this JOURNAL was written, the Croxalls had owned in Maryland at different periods from 1729, "Brother's Generosity," left to Joanna Carroll Croxall by the will of her brother, James Carroll, in Prince George County, "The Range," in the same county; "Hempfield," "Croxall's Elbow Room," and "Garrison" in Baltimore County; "Betsy's Chance," "Woodhaim," and "Poplar Island" in Talbot County; and "Portland Manor" in Anne Arundel County, a large tract where now is located the Pimlico Race Course, besides ten acres of ground in the heart of Baltimore. The estates mentioned above were all large, comprising hundreds of acres. *A. B. C.*

P. 221, "The separation of States and the bloodshedding":—

Our Confederate strength will be too great to tempt aggression, and never was there a people whose interests and principles committed them so fully to a peaceful policy as those of the Confederate States. By the character of their productions they are too deeply interested in foreign commerce wantonly to disturb it. War of conquest they cannot wage because the Constitution of their Confederacy admits of no coerced association. Civil war there cannot be between States held together by their volition only. *Inaugural Address of President Davis, Richmond, February 22d, 1862.*

P. 280, "Dr. Palmer's letter":—Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer, of Charleston, South Carolina, Rector of the First Presbyterian Church at New Orleans for many years, and but lately (1910) dead. He was a distinguished divine, a man of much intellectual force, and universally beloved.

P. 281, "Butler had vowed to humiliate the women of New Orleans":—His infamous Order No. 28, and other acts, such as the execution of William B. Mumford, led President Davis to issue a proclamation declaring Butler to be an outlaw and a felon, and if captured he should be instantly hanged. Butler had taken possession of New Orleans May 1, 1862. He was superseded by General Banks, who assumed command of the city December 17, 1862. *A. B. C.*

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The battle of New Orleans was as great a defeat for the Confederates as the battle of Hampton Roads was for the Federals. But when we come to consider the vast inequality between the two fleets, a more desperate engagement was not fought during the war, and the bravery displayed by the Confederate naval officers and men is without parallel in naval history. That the reader may have an insight into the odds that the Confederates had to meet, we give the names and number of guns as taken from Admiral Farragut's report to the Secretary of the United States Navy:

The United States fleet consisted of ship Hartford, 26; Brooklyn, 25; Richmond, 22; Pensacola, 25; Portsmouth, 22; Mississippi, 12; Oneida, 10; Varuna, 10; Katadid, 7; Kineo, 4; Wissahickon, 4; Pinola, 4; Cayuga, 6; Sciota, 3; Iroquois, 8; Kennebec, 4; Itasca, 4; Winona, 4; total, 18 ships and 198 guns. This was the fleet that ascended the river, besides twenty-one schooners, under Porter, mortar boats, which had incessantly bombarded and almost wrecked the forts before Farragut attempted to turn by them at night.

The Confederate fleet consisted of the Louisiana, a half-finished iron-clad, without steam power to stem the Mississippi current, eight guns; McRae, river steamer, eight guns; Manassas, a small tin-plated, so to speak, ram, too small to do much ramming, one gun; Jackson, small river steamer, two guns; Launch No. 3, three guns, and Launch No. 6, one gun; Governor Moore, river steamer, two guns; General Quitman, river steamer, two guns; Anglo-Norman, Defiance, Stonewall Jackson, General Lovell, Breckinridge and Warrior, small river steamers, one gun each; Resolute, river steamer, two guns. Total gunboats, 15; total guns, 33.

A few small steamers were used on the Confederate side to tow fire rafts. The whole of the Confederate fleet was, with perhaps one or two exceptions, destroyed either by the enemy or by the Confederates to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. On the 18th day of April, 1862, the mortar schooners got into a position greatly protected from the guns

of the forts, Jackson and St. Philip, and opened fire, with some firing from the fleet, as Farragut says, only to divert attention from the mortar boats. This continued without intermission until, as General Lovell estimates, over seventy-five thousand shells were thrown, one-third of which fell inside the fort (Jackson). Now, under this terrific fire, Admiral Farragut put his fleet in motion at 1:55 on the morning of April 24, 1862, and in two lines steamed up the river, and, as he says, the smoke was so dense that ships could not be discerned at a very short distance, and he was guided entirely by the flash of guns to enable him to locate the forts.

In this state of affairs it was hard to tell friend from foe, and several Confederate ships received shot from the forts. The chain raft had been washed away by the tremendous freshet then in the river. The fire rafts sent down to destroy the enemy's ships had proved failures, and the fighting was every ship for itself on the Confederate side, as no signals could be seen. Perhaps no naval battle of the world has ever been fought under such circumstances and against such odds. But no man flinched.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*, 1908, from "*The Confederate Navy*," by W. F. Clayton.



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